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THE

POEMS OF MARVELL.

Andrew Marvell

M.DCCC.LVII.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ANDREW MARVELL.

WITH A

MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

BOSTON:
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NOTICE OF THE AUTHOR.

ANDREW MARVELL was a native of Kingston-upon-Hull,* where he was born November 15, 1620. His father, of the same name, was master of the grammar school, and lecturer of Trinity Church in that town. He is described by Fuller and Echard as "facetious," so that his son's wit, it would appear, was hereditary. He is also said to have displayed considerable eloquence in the pulpit; and even to have excelled in that kind of oratory which would seem at first sight least allied to a mirthful temperament—we mean the *pathetic*. The conjunction, however, of wit and sensibility, has been found in a far greater number of instances than would at first sight be imagined, as we might easily prove by examples, if this were the place for it: nor would it be difficult to give the *rationale* of the fact. Both, at all events, are amongst the most general, though far from universal accompaniments of genius.

* So all the biographers; but a writer in "Notes and Queries," says that he was born at Winstead in Holderness, where his baptismal register is still extant.

The diligence of Mr. Marvell's pulpit preparations has been celebrated by Fuller in his "Worthies," with characteristic quaintness. "He was a most excellent preacher," says he, "who never broached what he had new brewed, but preached what he had pre-studied some competent time before, insomuch that he was wont to say, that he would cross the common proverb, which called Saturday the working day and Monday the holiday of preachers." The lessons of the pulpit he enforced by the persuasive eloquence of a devoted life. During the pestilential epidemic of 1637, we are told that he distinguished himself by an intrepid discharge of his pastoral functions.

Having given early indications of superior talents, young Andrew was sent, when not quite fifteen years of age, to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was partly or wholly maintained by an exhibition from his native town. He had not been long there, when, like Chillingworth, he was ensnared by the proselyting arts of the Jesuits, who, with subtilty equal to their zeal, commissioned their emissaries specially to aim at the conversion of such of the university youths as gave indications of signal ability. It appears that he was inveigled from college to London. Having been tracked thither by his father, he was discovered, after some months, in a bookseller's shop, and restored to the university. During the two succeeding years he pursued his studies

with diligence. About this period he lost his father under circumstances peculiarly affecting.

The death of this good man forms one of those little domestic tragedies—not infrequent in real life—to which imagination itself can scarcely add one touching incident, and which are as affecting as any that fiction can furnish. It appears that on the other side of the Humber lived a lady (an intimate friend of Marvell's father) who had an only and lovely daughter, endeared to all who knew her, and so much the idol of her mother that she could scarcely bear her to be out of her sight. On one occasion, however, she yielded to the importunity of Mr. Marvell, and suffered her daughter to cross the water to Hull, to be present at the baptism of one of his children. The day after the ceremony, the young lady was to return. The weather was tempestuous, and on reaching the river's side, accompanied by Mr. Marvell, the boatmen endeavored to dissuade her from crossing. But, afraid of alarming her mother by prolonging her absence, she persisted. Mr. Marvell added his importunities to the arguments of the boatmen, but in vain. Finding her inflexible, he told her that as she had incurred this peril to oblige him, he felt himself "bound in honour and conscience" not to desert her, and, having prevailed on some boatmen to hazard the passage, they embarked together. As they were putting off, he flung his gold-headed cane on shore, and

told the spectators that, in case he should never return, it was to be given his son, with the injunction "to remember his father." The boat was upset, and both were lost.*

As soon as the mother had a little recovered the shock, she sent for the young orphan, intimated her intention to provide for his education, and at her death left him all she possessed.

One of his biographers informs us that young Marvell took his degree of B. A. in the year 1638, and was admitted to a scholarship.† If so, he did not retain it very long. Though in no further danger from the Jesuits, he seems to have been beset by more formidable enemies in his own bosom. Either from too early becoming his own master, or from being betrayed into follies to which his lively temperament and social qualities readily exposed him, he became negligent of his studies; and having absented himself from certain "exercises," and otherwise been guilty of sundry unacademic irregularities, he, with four others, was adjudged by the masters and seniors unworthy of "receiving any further benefit from the college," unless they showed just cause to the

* Another and more poetical version of the story is, that Mr. Marvell had a presentiment of his fate and that he threw on shore his staff, as the boat shoved off, crying, "Ho, for Heaven!" See Hartley Coleridge's Life of Marvell in Biographia Borealis, 1st ed. p. 5.—ED.

† Cooke, in the life prefixed to Marvell's Poems, 1726.

contrary within three months. The required vindication does not appear to have been found, or at all events was never offered. The record of this transaction bears date September 24, 1641.

Soon after this, probably at the commencement of 1642, Marvell seems to have set out on his travels, in the course of which he visited a great part of Europe. At Rome he stayed a considerable time, where Milton was then residing, and where, in all probability, their life-long friendship commenced. With an intrepidity, characteristic of both, it is said they openly argued against the superstitions of Rome within the precincts of the Vatican.

After this we have no trace whatever of Marvell for some years; and his biographers have, as usual, endeavoured to supply the deficiency by conjecture—some of them so idly, that they have made him secretary to an embassy which had then no existence.

It is not known when he returned to England; but that he was already there in 1652, and had been there for some time, appears by a recommendatory letter of Milton to Bradshaw, dated February 21, of that year. It appears that Marvell was then an unsuccessful candidate for the office of Assistant Latin Secretary. In this letter, after describing Marvell as a man of "singular desert," both from "report" and personal "converse," he proceeds to say—"He hath spent

four years abroad, in Holland, France, Italy, and Spain, to very good purpose, as I believe, and the gaining of those four languages; besides, he is a scholar, and well read in the Latin and Greek authors, and no doubt of an approved conversation; *for he comes now lately out of the house of the Lord Fairfax, where he was intrusted to give some instructions in the languages to the lady, his daughter.*" Milton concludes the letter with a sentence which fully discloses the very high estimation he had formed of Marvell's abilities—"This, my lord, I write sincerely, without any other end than to perform my duty to the public in helping them to an humble servant; laying aside those jealousies and that emulation which mine own condition might suggest to me by bringing in *such a coadjutor.*"

In the year, 1657, Marvell was appointed tutor to Cromwell's nephew, Mr. Dutton.* Shortly after receiving his charge, he addressed a letter to the Protector, from which we extract one or two sentences characteristic of his caution,

* This Mr. Dutton, though called Cromwell's nephew in all the notices of Marvell we have seen, seems to have been in no way related to him. Perhaps he was the son of Sir Ralph Dutton, and nephew to John Dutton, Esq., who became his guardian on the death of his father, and bequeathed him to the care of Cromwell, with a wish that he might marry his daughter, the Lady Frances Cromwell. His will was proved 30 June, 1657. The marriage never took place. See Noble's Memoirs, i. 196, note. ED.

good sense, and conscientiousness. "I have taken care," says he, "to examine him [his pupil] several times in the presence of Mr. Oxenbridge, as those who weigh and tell over money before some witness ere they take charge of it; for I thought there might be, possibly, some lightness in the coin, or error in the telling, which, hereafter, I should be bound to make good." . . . . . "He is of a gentle and waxen disposition; and God be praised, I cannot say he hath brought with him any evil impression, and I shall hope to set nothing into his spirit but what may be of a good sculpture. He hath in him two things that make youth most easy to be managed—modesty, which is the bridle to vice—and emulation, which is the spur to virtue. . . . . Above all, I shall labour to make him sensible of his duty to God; for then we begin to serve faithfully when we consider He is our master."

On the publication of Milton's second "Defence," Marvell was commissioned to present it to the Protector. After doing so, he addressed a letter of compliment to Milton, the terms of which evince the strong admiration with which his illustrious friend had inspired him. His eulogy of the "Defence" is as emphatic as that of the Paradise Lost, in the well-known recommendatory lines prefixed to most editions of that poem.

In 1657, Marvell entered upon his duties as Assistant Latin Secretary with Milton. Cromwell died in the following year; and from this period till the Parliament of 1660, we have no further account of him. We have seen it stated that he became member for Hull in 1658. But this is not true, and would be at variance with the statement in his epitaph, where it is said that he had occupied that post nearly twenty years.* Had he been first elected in 1658, he would have been member somewhat more than that period.

During his long parliamentary career, Marvell maintained a close correspondence with his constituents—regularly sending to them, almost every post night during the sittings of Parliament, an account of its proceedings. These letters were first made public by Captain Thompson, and occupy about four hundred pages of the first volume of his edition of Marvell's works. They are written with great plainness, and with a busi-

* Perhaps we are not to expect verbal exactness in an epitaph, or perhaps allowance was made for the period of Marvell's absence from his duties, but if he had *not* been chosen to the Parliament of 1658–9 under Richard's Protectorate, it would be hard to explain why Marvell, in returning thanks to the Corporation of Hull in a letter dated 6th April, 1661, should say, "I perceive you have again made choice of me, now the *third* time, to serve you in Parliament." According to the statement in the text, he should have said *second*. ED.

ness-like brevity, which must have satisfied, we should think, even the most laconic of his merchant constituents. They are chiefly valuable now, as affording proofs of the ability and fidelity with which their author discharged his public duties.

Marvell's stainless probity and honour everywhere appear, and in no case more amiably than in the unhappy misunderstanding with his colleague, or "his partner," as he calls him, Colonel Gilby, in 1661, and which seems to have arisen out of some electioneering proceedings. With such unrivalled talents for ridicule as Marvell possessed, one might not unnaturally have expected that this dispute would have furnished an irresistible tempation to some ebullition of witty malice. But his magnanimity was far superior to such mean retaliation. He is eager to do his opponent the amplest justice, and to put the fairest construction on his conduct. He is fearful only lest their private quarrel should be of the slighest detriment to the public service. He says—"The bonds of civility betwixt Colonel Gilby and myself being unhappily snapped in pieces, and in such a manner that I cannot see how it is possible ever to knit them again: the only trouble that I have is, lest by our mis-intelligence your business should receive any disadvantage. . . . . Truly, I believe, that as to your public trust and the discharge thereof,

we do each of us still retain the same principles upon which we first undertook it; and that, though perhaps we may sometimes differ in our advice concerning the way of proceeding, yet we have the same good ends in the general; and by this unlucky falling out, we shall be provoked to a greater emulation of serving you." * Yet the offence, whatever it was, must have been a grave one, for he says at the conclusion of the same letter—"I would not tell you any tales, because there are nakednesses which it becomes us to cover, if it be possible; as I shall, unless I be obliged to make some vindications by any false report or misinterpretations. In the mean time, pity, I beseech you, my weakness; *for there are some things which men ought not, others that they cannot patiently suffer.*"†

Of his integrity even in little things—of his desire to keep his conscience pure and his reputation untarnished—we have some striking proofs. On one occasion he had been employed by his constituents to wait on the Duke of Monmouth, then governor of Hull, with a complimentary letter, and to present him with a purse containing "six broad pieces" as an honorary fee. He says—"He had before I came in, as I was told, considered what to do with the gold; and but that I by all means prevented the offer, I had

* Marvell's Letters, pp. 33, 34.
† Ibid. p. 36.

been in danger of being reimbursed with it."* In the same letter he says—"I received the bill which was sent me on Mr. Nelehorpe; but the surplus of it exceeding much the expense I have been at on this occasion, I desire you to make use of it, and of me, upon any other opportunity." †

In one of his letters he makes the following declaration, which we have no doubt was perfectly sincere, and, what is still more strange, implicitly believed:—"I shall, God willing, maintain the same *incorrupt mind and clear conscience, free from faction or any self-ends, which I have, by his grace, hitherto preserved.*" ‡

Not seldom, to the very moderate "wages" of a legislator, was added some homely expression of good-will on the part of the constituents. That of the Hull people generally appeared in the shape of a stout cask of ale, for which Marvell repeatedly returns thanks. In one letter he says—"We must first give you thanks for the kind present you have pleased to send us, which will give occasion to us to remember you often; but the quantity is so great that it might make sober men forgetful." §

Marvell's correspondence extends through nearly twenty years. From June, 1661, there is, however, a considerable break, owing to his

* Marvell's Letters, p. 210.
† Ibid. p. 210.
‡ Ibid. p. 276.
§ Ibid. pp. 14, 15.

absence for an unknown period—probably about two years—in Holland. He showed little disposition to return till Lord Bellasis, then high steward of Hull, proposed to that worthy corporation to choose a substitute for their absent member. They replied that he was not far off, and would be ready at their summons. He was then at Frankfort, and at the solicitation of his constituents immediately returned, April, 1663.

But he had not been more than three months at home, when he intimates to his correspondents his intention to accept an invitation to accompany Lord Carlisle, who had been appointed ambassador-extraordinary to Russia, Sweden, and Denmark. He formally solicits the assent of his constituents to this step, urges the precedents for it, and assures them that during his watchful colleague's attendance, his own services may be easily dispensed with. His constituents consented; he sailed in July, and appears to have been absent rather more than a year. We find him in his place in the Parliament that assembled at Oxford, 1665.

In 1671, for some unknown reason, there is another *hiatus* in his correspondence. It extends over three years. From 1674, the letters are regularly continued till his death. There is no proof that he ever spoke in Parliament; but it appears that he made copious notes of all the debates.

The strong views which Marvell took on public affairs—the severe, satirical things which he had said and written from time to time—and the conviction of his enemies, that it was impossible to silence him by the usual methods of a place or a bribe, must have rendered a wary and circumspect conduct very necessary. In fact, we are informed that on more than one occasion he was menaced with assassination. But, though hated by the court party generally, he was as generally feared, and in some few instances respected. Prince Rupert continued to honour him with his friendship long after the rest of his party had honoured him by their hatred, and occasionally visited the patriot at his lodgings. When he voted on the side of Marvell, which was not infrequently the case, it used to be said that "he had been with his tutor."

Inaccessible as Marvell was to flattery and offers of preferment, it certainly was not for want of temptations. The account of his memorable interview with the Lord Treasurer Danby has been often repeated, and yet it would be unpardonable to omit it here. Marvell, it appears, once spent an evening at court, and fairly charmed the merry monarch by his accomplishments and wit. At this we need not wonder: Charles loved wit above all things—except sensual pleasure. To his admiration of it, especially the humorous species, he was continually sacrificing his royal

dignity. On the morning after the above-mentioned interview, he sent Lord Danby to wait on the patriot with a special message of regard. His lordship had some difficulty in ferreting out Marvell's residence; but at last found him on a second floor, in a dark court leading out of the Strand. It is said, that groping up the narrow staircase, he stumbled against the door of Marvell's humble apartment, which, flying open, discovered him writing. A little surprised, he asked his lordship with a smile, if he had not mistaken his way. The latter replied, in courtly phrase—"No; not since I have found Mr. Marvell." He proceeded to inform him that he came with a message from the king, who was impressed with a deep sense of his merits, and was anxious to serve him. Marvell replied with somewhat of the spirit of the founder of the Cynics, but with a very different manner, "that his Majesty had it not in his power to serve him." * Becoming more serious, however, he told his lordship that he well knew

* Another and less authentic version of this anecdote has been given, much more circumstantial, indeed, but on that very account, in our judgment, more apocryphal. But if the main additions to the story be fictitious, they are amongst those fictions which have gained extensive circulation only because they are felt to be not intrinsically improbable. We have been at some pains to investigate the origin of this version; but can trace it no further than to a pamphlet printed in Ireland about the middle of the last century. Of this we have not been able to get a perusal. Suffice it

that he who accepts court favour is expected to vote in its interest. On his lordship's saying, "that his Majesty only desired to know whether there was any place at court he would accept;" the patriot replied, "that he could accept nothing with honour, for either he must treat the king with ingratitude by refusing compliance with court measures, or be a traitor to his country by yielding to them." The only favour, therefore, he begged of his Majesty, was to esteem him as a loyal subject, and truer to his interests in *refusing* his offers than he could be by *accepting* them. His lordship having exhausted this species of logic, tried the *argumentum ad crumenam*, and told him that his Majesty requested his acceptance of £1,000. But this, too, was rejected with firmness; "though," says his biographer, "soon after the departure of his lordship, Marvell was compelled to borrow a guinea from a friend."

In 1672 commenced Marvell's memorable controversy with Samuel Parker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, of which we shall give a somewhat copious account. To this it is entitled from the important influence which it had on Marvell's reputation and fortunes; and as having led to the composition of that work, on which his literary

to say, that the version it contains of the above interview, and which has been extensively circulated, is not borne out by the early biographies; for example, that of Cooke, 1726.

fame, so far as he has any, principally depends—we mean the *Rehearsal Transprosed.*

Parker was one of the worst specimens of the highest of the high churchmen of the reign of Charles II. It is difficult in such times as these to conceive of such a character as, by universal testimony, Parker is proved to have been. Such men could not well flourish in any other age than that of Charles II. Only in such a period of unblushing profligacy—of public corruption, happily unexampled in the history of England—could we expect to find a Bishop Parker, and his patron and parallel, Archbishop Sheldon. The high churchmen of that day managed to combine the most hideous bigotry, with an utter absence of seriousness—a zeal worthy of a "Pharisee" with a character which would have disgraced a "publican." Scarcely Christians in creed, and any thing rather than Christians in practice, they yet insisted on the most scrupulous compliance with the most trivial points of ceremonial; and persisted in persecuting thousands of devout and honest men, because they hesitated to obey. Things which they admitted to be indifferent, and which, without violation of conscience, they might have forborne to enforce, they remorselessly urged on those who solemnly declared that without such a violation they could not comply. More tolerant of acknowledged vice than of supposed error, drunkenness and debauchery were venial, com-

pared with doubts about the propriety of making the sign of the cross in baptism, or using the ring in marriage; and it would have been better for a man to break half the commands in the decalogue, than admit a doubt of the most frivolous of the church's rites. Equally truculent and servile, they displayed to all above them a meanness proportioned to the insolence they evinced to all below them. They formally invested the monarch with absolute power over the consciences of his subjects; and, with a practice in harmony with their principles, were ready at any moment (if they had had any) to surrender their own. As far as appears, they would have been willing to embrace the faith of Mahometans or Hindoos at the bidding of his Majesty; and to believe and disbelieve as he commanded them. Extravagant as all this may appear, we shall shortly see it gravely propounded by Parker himself. It was fit that those who were willing to offer such vile adulation, should be suffered to present it to such an object as Charles II.—that so grotesque an idolatry should have as grotesque an idol. As it was, the God was every way worthy of the worshippers. In a word, these men seemed to reconcile the most opposite vices and the widest contrarieties; bigotry and laxity—pride and meanness—religious scrupulosity and mocking scepticism—a persecuting zeal against conscience, and an indulgent latitudinarianism towards vice—

the truculence of tyrants and the sycophancy of parasites.

Happily the state of things which generated such men has long since passed away. But examples of this sort of high churchmanship were not infrequent in the age of Charles II.; and perhaps Bishop Parker may be considered the most perfect specimen of them. His father was one of Oliver Cromwell's most obsequious committee-men; his son, who was born in 1640, was brought up in the principles of the Puritans, and was sent to Oxford in 1659. He was just twenty at the Restoration, and immediately commenced and soon completed his transformation into one of the most arrogant and time-serving of high churchmen.

Some few propositions, for which he came earnestly to contend as for the faith once delivered to the saints, may give an idea of the principles and the temper of this worthy successor of the Apostles. He affirms, "That unless princes have power to bind their subjects *to that religion they apprehend most advantageous to public peace and tranquillity*, and restrain those religious mistakes that tend to its subversion, they are no better than statues and images of authority: That in cases and disputes of public concernment, private men are not properly *sui juris*; they have no power over their own actions; they are not to be directed by their own judgments, or

determined by their own wills, but by the commands and the determinations of the public conscience; *and that if there be any sin in the command, he that imposed it shall answer for it, and not I, whose whole duty it is to obey. The commands of authority will warrant my obedience; my obedience will hallow, or at least excuse my action, and so secure me from sin, if not from error; and in all doubtful and disputable cases 'tis better to err with authority, than to be in the right against it:* That it is absolutely necessary to the peace and happiness of kingdoms, that there be set up a more severe government *over men's consciences and religious persuasions than over their vices and immoralities;* and that princes may with less hazard give liberty to *men's vices and debaucheries than their consciences.*" *

He must have a very narrow mind or uncharitable heart, who cannot give poor human nature credit for the sincere adoption of the most opposite opinions. Still there are limits to this exercise of charity; there may be such a concurrence of suspicious symptoms, that our charity can be exercised only at the expense of common sense. We can easily conceive, under ordinary circumstances, Dissenters becoming Churchmen, and Churchmen becoming Dissenters; Tories and Whigs changing sides; Protestants and Roman-

* *The Rehearsal Transprosed*, vol. i. pp. 97, 98, 99, 100, 101.

ists, like those two brothers mentioned in Locke's second "Letters on Toleration," * so expert in logic as to convert one another, and then, unhappily, not expert enough to convert one another back again—and all without any suspicion of insincerity. But when we find very great revolutions of opinion, at the same time very sudden, and exquisitely well-timed in relation to private interest;—when we find these changes, let them be what they may, always, like those of the heliotrope, towards the sun;—when we find a man utterly uncharitable even to his own previous errors, and maligning and abusing all who still retain them, it is impossible to doubt the motives which have animated him. On this subject, Marvell himself well observes—"Though a man be obliged to change a hundred times backward and forward, if his judgment be so weak and variable, yet there are some drudgeries that no man of honour would put himself upon, and but few submit to if they were imposed; as, suppose one had thought fit to pass over from one persuasion of the Christian religion into another, he would not choose to spit thrice at every article that he relinquished, to curse solemnly his father and mother for having educated him in those opinions, to animate his new acquaintances to the massacring of his former comrades. These are busi-

* Locke's Works, vol. v. p. 79.

nesses that can only be expected from a renegade of Algiers and Tunis—to overdo in expiation, and gain better credence of being a sincere Mussulman."*

Marvell gives an amusing account of the progress of Parker's conversion—of the transformation by which the maggot became a carrion-fly. In the second part of the *Rehearsal*, after a humorous description of his parentage and youth, he tells us that at the Restoration "he came to London, where he spent a considerable time in creeping into all corners and companies, horoscoping up and down" ("astrologizing" as he elsewhere expresses it) "concerning the duration of the government;—not considering any thing as *best*, but as *most lasting*, and *most profitable*. And after having many times cast a figure, he at last satisfied himself that the Episcopal government would endure as long as this king lived, and from thenceforward cast about how to be admitted into the Church of England, and find the highway to her preferments. In order to this, he daily enlarged not only his conversation but his conscience, and was made free of some of the town vices: imagining, like Muleasses, King of Tunis, (for I take witness that on all occasions I treat him rather above his quality than otherwise,) that, by hiding himself among the onions, he

* *Rehearsal Transprosed*, vol. i. pp. 91, 92.

should escape being traced by his perfumes."* Marvell sketches the early history and character of Parker in both parts of the *Rehearsal*—though, as might be expected, with greater severity in the second than in the first. A few ludicrous sentences may not displease the reader. He says:—

"This gentleman, as I have heard, after he had read Don Quixote and the Bible, besides such school-books as were necessary for his age, was sent early to the university; and there studied hard, and in a short time became a competent rhetorician, and no ill disputant. He had learned how to erect a *thesis*, and to defend it *pro* and *con* with a serviceable distinction., ... And so, thinking himself now ripe and qualified for the greatest undertakings and highest fortune, he therefore exchanged the narrowness of the university for the town; but coming out of the confinement of the square cap and the quadrangle into the open air, the world began to turn round with him, which he imagined, though it were his own giddiness, to be nothing less than the quadrature of the circle. This accident concurring so happily to increase the good opinion which he naturally had of himself, he thenceforward applied to gain a like reputation with others. He followed the town life, haunted the best companies; and, to polish himself from any pedantic roughness, he read and saw the plays with much care, and more proficiency than most of the auditory. But all this while he forgot not the main chance; but hearing of a vacancy with a nobleman, he clapped in, and easily

* *Rehearsal Transprosed*, vol. ii. pp. 77, 78.

obtained to be his chaplain; from that day you may take the date of his preferments and his ruin; for having soon wrought himself dexterously into his patron's favour, by short graces and sermons, and a mimical way of drolling upon the Puritans, which he knew would take both at chapel and at table, he gained a great authority likewise among all the domestics. They all listened to him as an oracle; and they allowed him, by common consent, to have not only all the divinity, but more wit, too, than all the rest of the family put together. . . . . Nothing now must serve him, but he must be a madman in print, and write a book of Ecclesiastical Polity. There he distributes all the territories of conscience into the Prince's province, and makes the Hierarchy to be but Bishops of the air; and talks at such an extravagant rate in things of higher concernment, that the reader will avow that in the whole discourse he had not one lucid interval." *

The work here mentioned, his *Ecclesiastical Polity*, was published in the year 1670. But the book which called forth Marvell, was a Preface to a posthumous work of Archbishop Bramhall's, which appeared in 1672. In this piece Parker had displayed his usual zeal against the Nonconformists with more than usual acrimony, and pushed to the uttermost extravagance his favourite maxims of ecclesiastical tyranny. Like his previous works on similar matters, it was anonymous, though the author was pretty well

* *Rehearsal Transprosed*, vol. i. pp. 62–69.

known. Marvell dubs him "Mr. Bayes," under which name the Duke of Buckingham had ridiculed Dryden in the well-known play of the *Rehearsal;* from the title of which Marvell designated his book, *The Rehearsal Transprosed.*

The success of the *Rehearsal* was instant and signal. "After Parker had for some years entertained the nation with several virulent books," says Burnet, "he was attacked by the liveliest droll of the age, who wrote in a burlesque strain, but with so peculiar and entertaining a conduct, that, from the King down to the tradesman, his books were read with great pleasure; that not only humbled Parker, but the whole party; for the author of the *Rehearsal Transprosed* had all the men of wit (or, as the French phrase it, all the *laughers*) on his side."

In fact, Marvell exhibited his adversary in so ridiculous a light, that even his own party could not keep their countenances. The unhappy churchman resembled Gulliver at the court of Brobdignag, when the mischievous page stuck him into the marrow-bone. He cut such a ridiculous figure, that, says the author, even the King and his courtiers could not help laughing at him.

The first part of the *Rehearsal* elicited several answers. They were written, for the most part, in very unsuccessful imitation of Marvell's style of banter, and are now wholly forgotten. Mar-

vell gives an amusing account of the efforts which were made to obtain effective replies, and of the hopes of preferment which may be supposed to have inspired their authors. Parker himself for some time declined any reply. At last came out his *Reproof to the Rehearsal Transprosed*, in which he urged the Government to *crush the pestilent wit*, the servant of Cromwell, and the friend of Milton." To this work Marvell replied in the second part of the *Rehearsal*. He was further spirited to it by an anonymous letter, pleasant and laconic enough, left for him at a friend's house, signed "T. G." and concluding with the words—"If thou darest to print any lie or libel against Dr. Parker, by the eternal God, I will cut thy throat!" He who wrote it, whoever he was, was ignorant of Marvell's nature, if he thought thereby to intimidate him into silence. His intrepid spirit was but further provoked by this insolent threat, which he took care to publish in the title-page of his reply. To this publication Parker attempted no rejoinder. Anthony Wood himself tells us, that Parker "judged it more prudent to lay down the cudgels, than to enter the lists again with an untowardly combatant, so hugely well versed and experienced in the then but newly refined art; though much in mode and fashion ever since, of sporting and jeering buffoonery. It was generally thought, however, by many of those who were otherwise favourers of Parker's

cause, that the victory lay on Marvell's side, and it wrought this good effect on Parker, that forever after it took down his great spirit." And Burnet tells us, that he "withdrew from the town, and ceased writing for some years."

Of this greatest work of Marvell's singular genius it is difficult, even if we had space for it, to present the reader with any considerable extracts. The allusions are often so obscure—the wit of one page is so dependent on that of another—the humour and pleasantry are so continuous—and the character of the work, from its very nature, is so excursive, that its merits can be fully appreciated only on a regular perusal. We regret to say, also, that there are other reasons which render any very lengthened citations undesirable. The work has faults which would, in innumerable cases, disguise its real merit from modern readers, or rather deter them from giving it a reading altogether. It is characterized by much of the coarseness which was so prevalent in that age, and from which Marvell was by no means free; though, as we shall endeavour hereafter to show, his spirit was far from partaking of the malevolence of ordinary satirists.

Yet the reader must not infer that the only, or even the chief, merit of the *Rehearsal Transprosed* consists in wit and banter. Not only is there amidst all its ludicrous levities, "a vehemence of solemn reproof, and an eloquence of invective, that

awes one with the spirit of a modern Junius;"* but there are many passages of very powerful reasoning, in advocacy of truths then but ill understood, and of rights which had been shamefully violated.

Perhaps the most interesting passages of the work are those in which Marvell refers to his great friend, John Milton. Parker, with his customary malignity, had insinuated that the poet, who was then living in cautious retirement, might have been the author of the *Rehearsal*—apparently with the view of turning the indignation of government upon the illustrious recluse. Marvell had always entertained towards Milton a feeling of reverence akin to idolatry, and this stroke of deliberate malice was more than he could bear. He generously hastened to throw his shield over his aged and prostrate patron.

"J. M. was, and is, a man of great learning and sharpness of wit as any man. It was his misfortune, living in a tumultuous time, to be tossed on the wrong side, and he writ, *flagrante Bello*, certain dangerous treatises of no other nature than that which I mentioned to you writ by your own father, only with this difference, that your father's, which I have by me, was written with the same design, but with much less wit or judgment. At his Majesty's happy return, J. M. did partake, even as you yourself did, of his regal clemency, and has ever since lived in a most retired

* D'Israeli.

silence. It was after that, I well remember it, that being one day at his house, I there first met you accidentally. But there it was, when you, as I told you, wandered up and down Moorfields, astrologizing on the duration of his Majesty's government, that you frequented J. M. incessantly, and haunted his house day by day. What discourses you there used he is too generous to remember."

About three years after the publication of the second part of the *Rehearsal*, Marvell's chivalrous love of justice impelled him again to draw the sword. In 1675, Dr. Croft, Bishop of Hereford, had published a work entitled "The Naked Truth, or the true state of the Primitive Church, by a humble Moderator." It enjoined on all religious parties the unwelcome duties of forbearance and charity; but as it especially exposed the danger and folly of enforcing a minute uniformity, it could not be suffered to pass unchallenged in that age of high church intolerance. It was petulantly attacked by Dr. Francis Turner, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, in a pamphlet entitled "Animadversions on the Naked Truth." This provoked our satirist, who replied in a pamphlet entitled, "Mr. Smirke, or the Divine in Mode." He here fits his antagonist with a character out of Etherege's "Man of Mode"—as he had before fitted Parker with one from Buckingham's "Rehearsal." The merits and defects of this pamphlet are of much the

same order as those of his former work—it is perhaps less disfigured by coarseness and vehemence. Of Dr. Croft's pamphlet, he beautifully expresses a feeling, of which we imagine few of us can have been unconscious when perusing any work which strongly appeals to our reason and conscience, and in which, as we proceed, we seem to recognize what we have often thought, but never uttered. "It is a book of that kind, that no Christian can peruse it without wishing himself to have been the author, and almost imagining that he is so; the conceptions therein being of so eternal an idea, that every man finds it to be but a copy of the original in his own mind."

To this little *brochure* was attached, "A Short Historical Essay concerning General Councils, Creeds, and Impositions in matters of Religion." It is characterized by the same strong sense and untiring vivacity as his other writings, and evinces a creditable acquaintance with ecclesiastical history; but it is neither copious nor profound enough for the subject.

In 1677, Marvell published his last controversial piece, elicited like the rest by his disinterested love of fair play. It was a defence of the celebrated divine, John Howe, whose conciliatory tract on the "Divine Prescience" had been rudely assailed by three several antagonists. This little volume, which is throughout in Marvell's vein, is now extremely scarce, is not included in any edi-

tion of his works, and was evidently unknown to all his biographers.

His last work of any extent was entitled "An Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England." It first appeared in 1678. It is written with much vigour—boldly vindicates the great principles of the constitution—and discusses the limits of the royal prerogative. The gloomy anticipations expressed by the author were but too well justified by the public events which transpired subsequently to his death. But the fatal consequences of the principles and policy he denounced, were happily averted by the Revolution of 1688.

A reward was offered by the government for the discovery of the author of this "libel," as it was pleasantly designated. Marvell seems to have taken the matter very coolly, and thus humorously alludes to the subject in a private letter to Mr. Ramsden, dated June 10, 1678—"There came out about Christmas last, here, a large book concerning the growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government. There have been great rewards offered in private, and considerable in the Gazette, to any one who could inform of the author or printer, but not yet discovered. Three or four printed books since have described, as near as it was proper to go (the man being a member of Parliament) Mr. Marvell to have been the author; but, if he had, surely he should not have

escaped being questioned in Parliament, or some other place."

Marvell also published, during the latter years of his life, several other political pamphlets, which, though now forgotten, were doubtless not without their influence in unmasking corruption, and rousing the nation to a consciousness of its political degradation.

Marvell's intrepid patriotism and bold writings had now made him so odious to the corrupt court, and especially to the bigoted heir presumptive, James, that he was compelled frequently to conceal himself for fear of assassination. He makes an affecting allusion to this in one of his private letters—"*Magis occidere*," says he, "*metuo quam occidi; non quod vitam tanti æstimam, sed ne imparatus moriar.*" *

He died August 16, 1678, the very year that his obnoxious work on the growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government appeared; and, as he was in vigorous health just before, strong suspicions were entertained that he had been poisoned.

In person, according to the description of Aubrey, who knew him well, Marvell "was of a middling stature, pretty strong set, roundish-faced, cherry-cheeked, hazel-eyed, brown-haired. In his conversation he was modest, and of very few words. He was wont to say, he would not drink high or freely with any one with whom he could not trust his life."

* Cooke's Life of Marvell, prefixed to his Poems, p. 14.

Of the editions of Marvell's collected works, that of 1726, in two volumes duodecimo, contains only his poems and some of his private letters. That of Captain Thompson, in three volumes quarto, was published in 1776. Yet even this, as already said, omits one treatise. The Captain's diligence is indeed worthy of commendation, and his enthusiasm may be pardoned. But he was far from being a correct or judicious editor; and is often betrayed by his indiscriminate admiration into excessive and preposterous eulogy. The only separate biography is, we believe, that of John Dove.

The characteristic attribute of Marvell's genius was unquestionably wit, in all the varieties of which—brief sententious sarcasm, fierce invective, light raillery, grave irony, and broad laughing humour—he seems to have been by nature almost equally fitted to excel. To say that he *has* equally excelled in all would be untrue, though striking examples of each might easily be selected from his writings. The activity with which his mind suggests ludicrous images and analogies is astonishing; he often absolutely startles us by the remoteness and oddity of the sources from which they are supplied, and by the unexpected ingenuity and felicity of his repartees.*

* In this respect he constantly reminds one of Butler, and in proof of his literary catholicity, we quote the following from the Rehearsal Transprosed. "But lest I might be mis-

His *forte*, however, appears to be a grave ironical banter, which he often pursues at such a length that there seems no limit to his fertility of invention. In his endless accumulation of ludicrous images and allusions, the untiring exhaustive ridicule with which he will play upon the same topics, he is unique; yet this peculiarity not seldom leads him to drain the generous wine even to the dregs—to spoil a series of felicitous railleries by some far-fetched conceit or unpardonable extravagance.

But though Marvell was so great a master of wit, and especially of that caustic species which is appropriate to satirists, we will venture to say that he was singularly free from many of the faults which distinguish that irritable brotherhood. Unsparing and merciless as his ridicule is, contemptuous and ludicrous as are the lights in which he exhibits his opponent; nay, further, though his invectives are not only often terribly severe, but (in compliance with the spirit of the age) often grossly coarse and personal, it is still impossible to detect a single particle of malignity. His general tone is that of broad laughing banter,

taken as to the persons I mention, I will assure the reader that I intend not Hudibras; for he is a man of the other robe, and his excellent wit hath taken a flight far above these whifflers; that whoever dislikes his subject cannot but commend his performance of it, and calculate if on so barren a theme he were so copious, what admirable sport he would have made of an ecclesiastical politician." Ed.

or of the most cutting invective; but he appears equally devoid of malevolence in both. In the one, he seems amusing himself with opponents too contemptible to move his anger; in the other, to lay on with the stern imperturbable gravity of one who is performing the unpleasant but necessary functions of a public executioner. This freedom from the usual faults of satirists may be traced to several causes; partly to the *bonhommie* which, with all his talents for satire, was a peculiar characteristic of the man, and which rendered him as little disposed to take offence, and as placable when it was offered, as any man of his time; partly to the integrity of his nature, which, while it prompted him to champion any cause in which justice had been outraged or innocence wronged, effectually preserved him from the wanton exercise of his wit for the gratification of malevolence; partly, perhaps principally, to the fact, that both the above qualities restricted him to encounters in which he had personally no concern. If he carried a keen sword, it was a most peaceable and gentlemanly weapon; it never left the scabbard except on the highest provocation, and even then, only on behalf of others. His magnanimity, self-control, and good temper, restrained him from avenging any insult offered to himself;—his chivalrous love of justice instantly roused all the lion within him on behalf of the injured and oppressed. It is perhaps well for

Marvell's fame that his quarrels were not personal: had they been so, it is hardly probable that such powers of sarcasm and irony should have been so little associated with bitterness of temper.

We must not quit the subject of his wit, without presenting the reader with some few of his pleasantries: premising that they form but a very small part of those which we had marked in the perusal of his works; and that, whatever their merit, it were easy to find others far superior to them, if we could afford space for long citations.

Of the invention of printing, he writes in the following cutting train of irony:—

'The press, (that villanous engine,) invented much about the same time with the Reformation, hath done more mischief to the discipline of our Church than the doctrine can make amends for. It was a happy time, when all learning was in manuscript, and some little officer, like our author, did keep the keys of the library: When the clergy needed no more knowledge than to read the liturgy, and the laity no more clerkship than to save them from hanging. But now, since printing came into the world, such is the mischief, that a man cannot write a book, but presently he is answered. Could the press but at once be conjured to obey only an *imprimatur*, our author might not disdaine, perhaps, to be one of its most zealous patrons. There have been wayes found out to banish ministers, to find not only the people, but even the grounds and fields where they assembled, in conventicles; but no

art yet could prevent these seditious meetings of letters. Two or three brawny fellows in a corner, with meer ink and elbow-grease, do more harm than a hundred systematical divines, with their sweaty preaching. And, what is a strange thing, the very spunges, which one would think should rather deface and blot out the whole book, and were anciently used for that purpose, are become now the instruments to make them legible. Their ugly printing letters look but like so many rotten teeth, how oft have they been pulled out by B. & L. the public tooth drawers; and yet these rascally operators of the press have got a trick to fasten them again in a few minutes, that they grow as firm a set, and as biting and talkative as ever. O, printing! how hast thou disturbed the peace of mankind!—that lead, when moulded into bullets, is not so mortal as when formed into letters! There was a mistake, sure, in the story of Cadmus; and the serpent's teeth which he sowed were nothing else but the letters which he invented. The first essay that was made towards this art, was in single characters upon iron, wherewith, of old, they stigmatized slaves and remarkable offenders; and it was of good use, sometimes, to brand a schismatic; but a bulky Dutchman diverted it quite from its first institution, and contriving those innumerable *syntagmes* of alphabets, hath pestered the world ever since, with the gross bodies of their German divinity. One would have thought in reason, that a Dutchman might have contented himself only with the wine-press."

The following passage from "Mr. Smirke, or the Divine in Mode," would be enough to show

even without any acknowledgment on his own part, that Swift studied and profited by the prose of Marvell.

"And from hence it proceeds, that, to the no small scandal and disreputation of our church, a great arcanum of their state hath been discovered and divulged; that, albeit wit be not inconsistent and incompatible with a clergyman, yet neither is it inseparable from them. So that it is of concernment to my Lords the Bishops henceforward to repress those of them who have no wit from writing, and to take care that even those that have, do husband it better, as not knowing to what exigency they may be reduced; but however, that they the Bishops be not too forward in licensing and prefixing their venerable names to such pamphlets. For admitting, though *I am not too positive in it*, that our episcopacy is of apostolical right, yet we do not find, among all those gifts there given to men, that Wit is enumerated; nor yet among those qualifications requisite to a Bishop. And therefore should they, out of complacency for an author, or delight in the argument, or facility of their judgments, approve of a dull book, their own understandings will be answerable, and irreverent people, that cannot distinguish, will be ready to think that such of them differ from men of wit, not only in degree, but in order. For all are not of my mind, who could never see any one elevated to that dignity, but I presently conceived a greater opinion of his wit than ever I had formerly. But some do not stick to affirm, that even they, the Bishops, come by theirs, not by inspiration, not by teaching, but even as the poor laity do sometimes

light upon it,—by a good mother. Which has occasioned the homely Scotch proverb, that "an ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of clergy." And as they come by it as do other men, so they possess it on the same condition: that they cannot transmit it by breathing, touching, or any natural effluvium, to other persons; not so much as to their most domestick chaplains, or to the closest residentiary. That the King himself, who is no less the spring of that, than he is the fountain of honour, yet has never used the dubbing or creating of wits as a flower of his prerogative; much less can the ecclesiastical power conferre it with the same ease as they do the holy orders. That whatsoever they can do of that kind is, at uttermost, to impower men by their authority and commission, no otherwise than in the licensing of midwives or physicians. But that as to their collating of any internal talent or ability, they could never pretend to it; their grants and their prohibitions are alike invalid, and they can neither capacitate one man to be witty, nor hinder another from being so, further than as they press it at their devotion. Which, if it be the case, they cannot be too exquisite, seeing this way of writing is found so necessary, in making choice of fit instruments. The Church's credit is more interested in an ecclesiastical droll, than in a lay chancellor. It is no small trust that is reposed in him to whom the Bishop shall commit *omne et omni modo suum ingenium, tam temporale quam spirituale;* and, however it goes with excommunication, they should take good heed to what manner of person they delegate the keys of laughter. It is not every man that is qualified to sustain the dignity of the Church's jester, and, should they take

as exact a scrutiny of them as of the Nonconformists through their dioceses, the numbers would appear inconsiderable upon this Easter visitation. Before men be admitted to so important an employment, it were fit they underwent a severe examination; and that it might appear, first, whether they have any sense; for without that, how can any man pretend—and yet they do—to be ingenious? Then, whether they have any modesty; for without that they can only be scurrilous and impudent. Next, whether any truth; for true jests are those that do the greatest execution. And lastly, it were not amiss that they gave some account, too, of their Christianity; for the world has hitherto been so uncivil as to expect something of that from the clergy, in the design and style even of their lightest and most uncanonical writings."

Marvell's learning must have been very extensive. His education was superior; and as we have seen from the testimony of Milton, his industry had made him master, during his long sojourn on the Continent, of several continental languages. It is certain also, that he continued to be a student all his days: his works bear ample evidence of his wide and miscellaneous reading. He appears to have been well versed in most branches of literature, though he makes no pedantic display of erudition, and in this respect is favourably distinguished from many of his contemporaries; yet he cites his authors with the familiarity of a thorough scholar. In the department of history he appears to have been particularly well read;

and derives his witty illustrations from such remote and obscure sources, that Parker did not hesitate to avow his belief that he had sometimes drawn on his invention for them. In his Reply, Marvell justifies himself in all the alleged instances, and takes occasion to show that his opponent's learning is as hollow as all his other pretensions.

Numerous examples show, that it is almost impossible for even the rarest talents to confer permanent popularity on books which turn on topics of temporary interest, however absorbing at the time. If Pascal's transcendent genius has been unable to rescue even the *Letters Provinciales* from partial oblivion, it is not to be expected that Marvell should have done more for the *Rehearsal Transprosed.* Swift, it is true, about half a century later, has been pleased, while expressing this opinion, to make an exception in favour of Marvell. "There is indeed," says he, "an exception, when any great genius thinks it worth his while to expose a foolish piece: so we still read Marvell's answer to Parker with pleasure, though the book it answers be sunk long ago." But this statement is scarcely applicable now. It is true that the "Rehearsal" is occasionally read by the curious; but it is by the resolutely curious alone.

But admirable as were Marvell's intellectual endowments, it is his moral worth, after all, which

constitutes his principal claim on the admiration of posterity, and which sheds a redeeming lustre on one of the darkest pages of the English annals. Inflexible integrity was the basis of it—integrity by which he has not unworthily earned the glorious name of the "British Aristides." With talents and acquirements which might have justified him in aspiring to almost any office, if he could have disburdened himself of his conscience; with wit which, in that frivolous age, was a surer passport to fame than any amount either of intellect or virtue, and which, as we have seen, mollified even the monarch himself in spite of his prejudices; Marvell preferred poverty and independence to riches and servility. He had learned the lesson, practised by few in that age, of being content with little—so that he preserved his conscience. He could be poor, but he could not be mean; could starve, but could not cringe. By economizing in the articles of pride and ambition, he could afford to keep what their votaries were compelled to retrench, the necessaries, or rather the luxuries, of integrity, and a good conscience. Neither menaces, nor caresses, nor bribes, nor poverty, nor distress, could induce him to abandon his integrity; or even to take an office in which it might be tempted or endangered. He only who has arrived at this pitch of magnanimity, has an adequate security for his public virtue. He who cannot subsist upon a little; who has not learned

to be content with such things as he has, and even to be content with almost nothing; who has not learned to familiarize his thoughts to poverty, much more readily than he can familiarize them to dishonour, is not yet free from peril. Andrew Marvell, as his whole course proves, had done this. But we shall not do full justice to his public integrity, if we do not bear in mind the corruption of the age in which he lived; the manifold apostasies amidst which he retained his conscience; and the effect which such wide-spread profligacy must have had in making thousands almost sceptical as to whether there were such a thing as public virtue at all. Such a relaxation in the code of speculative morals, is one of the worst results of general profligacy in practice. But Andrew Marvell was not to be deluded; and amidst corruption perfectly unparalleled, he still continued untainted. We are accustomed to hear of his virtue as a truly Roman virtue, and so it was; but it was something more. Only the best pages of Roman history can supply a parallel: there was no Cincinnatus in those ages of her shame which alone can be compared with those of Charles II. It were easier to find a Cincinnatus during the era of the English Commonwealth, than an Andrew Marvell in the age of Commodus.

The integrity and patriotism which distinguished him in his relations to the Court, also

marked all his public conduct. He was evidently most scrupulously honest and faithful in the discharge of his duty to his constituents; and, as we have seen, almost punctilious in guarding against any thing which could tarnish his fair fame, or defile his conscience. On reviewing the whole of his public conduct, we may well say that he attained his wish, expressed in the lines which he has written in imitation of a chorus in the Thyestes of Seneca:—

"Climb at *court* for me that will—
Tottering favour's pinnacle;
All I seek is to lie still.
Settled in some secret nest,
In calm leisure let me rest,
And far off the public stage,
Pass away my silent age.

Thus, when without noise, unknown,
I have lived out all my span,
I shall die without a groan,
An old honest countryman."

He seems to have been as amiable in his private as he was estimable in his public character. So far as any documents throw light upon the subject, the same integrity appears to have belonged to both. He is described as of a very reserved and quiet temper; but, like Addison (whom in this respect as in some few others he resembled,) exceedingly facetious and lively amongst his intimate friends. His disinterested

championship of others is no less a proof of his sympathy with the oppressed than of his abhorrence of oppression; and many pleasing traits of amiability occur in his private correspondence as well as in his writings. On the whole, we think that Marvell's epitaph, strong as the terms of panegyric are, records little more than the truth; and that it was not in the vain spirit of boasting, but in the honest consciousness of virtue and integrity, that he himself concludes a letter to one of his correspondents in the words—

"Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem;
Fortunam ex aliis."

*** The foregoing notice of Marvell (which is, on the whole, the best in print,) has been taken from the Edinburgh Review, and is said to have been written by Mr. Henry Rogers.* The editor has shortened it by some omissions, and has added a few notes. He has also given fuller extracts from Marvell's prose.

There has been no edition of Marvell's poems since 1776, and that seems to have retained the blunders of the three previous editions, beside adding a few of its own. If it were possible to reverse the author's meaning by any ingenuity of punctuation, the occasion seems never to have been neglected. In the present edition, all the

* Poole's Index to Periodical Literature.

more apparent errors have been corrected, and some advance made toward a pure text. The poems were never published, or at any rate, collected, by the author himself.

The intellect of Marvell was a remarkably compact and sincere one, and his habitual character was that of prudence and uprightness. But whenever he surrendered himself to his temperament, his mind sought relief in wit, so sportful and airy, yet at the same time so recondite, that it is hard to find anywhere an instance in which the Court, the Tavern, and the Scholar's Study are blended with such Corinthian justness of measure. Nowhere is there so happy an example of the truth that wit and fancy are different operations of the same principle. The wit is so spontaneous and so interfused with feeling, that we can scarce distinguish it from fancy; and the fancy brings together analogies so remote that they give us the pleasurable shock of wit. Now and then, in his poems, he touches a deeper vein, but shuns instinctively the labour of laying it open, and escapes gleefully into the more congenial sunshine. His mind presents the rare combination of wit with the moral sense, by which the one is rescued from scepticism and the other from prosing. His poems form the synthesis of Donne and Butler.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

POEMS.

UPON THE HILL AND GROVE AT BILLBOROW.

TO THE LORD FAIRFAX.

See how the arched earth does here
Rise in a perfect hemisphere!
The stiffest compass could not strike
A line more circular and like,
Nor softest pencil draw a brow
So equal as this hill does bow;
It seems as for a model laid,
And that the world by it was made.
Here learn, ye mountains more unjust,
Which to abrupter greatness thrust,
Which do, with your hook-shoulder'd height,
The earth deform, and heaven fright,
For whose excrescence, ill design'd,
Nature must a new centre find,
Learn here those humble steps to tread,
Which to securer glory lead.

See what a soft access, and wide,
Lies open to its grassy side,
Nor with the rugged path deters
The feet of breathless travellers;
See then how courteous it ascends,
And all the way it rises, bends,
Nor for itself the height does gain,
But only strives to raise the plain,
Yet thus it all the field commands,
And in unenvy'd greatness stands,
Discerning farther than the cliff
Of heaven-daring Teneriff.
How glad the weary seamen haste,
When they salute it from the mast!
By night, the northern star their way
Directs, and this no less by day.
Upon its crest, this mountain grave,
A plume of aged trees does wave.
No hostile hand does e'er invade,
With impious steel, the sacred shade;
For something always did appear
Of the GREAT MASTER'S terror there,
And men could hear his armour still,
Rattling through all the grove and hill.
Fear of the MASTER, and respect
Of the great nymph, did it protect,
VERA, the nymph, that him inspired,
To whom he often here retir'd,
And on these oaks engrav'd her name,—
Such wounds alone these woods became,—

But ere he well the barks could part,
'Twas writ already in their heart;
For they, 'tis credible, have sense,
As we, of love and reverence,
And underneath the coarser rind,
The genius of the house do bind.
Hence they successes seem to know,
And in their Lord's advancement grow,
But in no memory were seen,
As under this, so straight and green;
Yet now no farther strive to shoot,
Contented, if they fix their root,
Nor to the wind's uncertain gust,
Their prudent heads too far intrust.
Only sometimes a flutt'ring breeze
Discourses with the breathing trees,
Which in their modest whispers name
Those acts which swell'd the cheeks of Fame.
"Much other groves," say they, "than these,
"And other hills, him once did please.
"Through groves of pikes he thunder'd then,
"And mountains rais'd of dying men.
"For all the civic garlands due
"To him, our branches are but few;
"Nor are our trunks enough to bear
"The trophies of one fertile year."
'Tis true, ye trees, nor ever spoke
More certain oracles in oak;
But peace, if you his favour prize!
That courage its own praises flies:

Therefore to your obscurer feats,
From his own brightness he retreats;
Nor he the hills, without the groves,
Nor height, but with retirement, loves.

APPLETON HOUSE.*

TO THE LORD FAIRFAX.

WITHIN this sober frame expect
Work of no foreign architect,
That unto caves the quarries drew,
And forests did to pastures hew;
Who, of his great design in pain,
Did for a model vault his brain;
Whose columns should so high be rais'd,
To arch the brows which on them gaz'd.
Why should, of all things, man, unrul'd,
Such unproportion'd dwellings build?
The beasts are by their dens express'd,
And birds contrive an equal nest;
The low-roof'd tortoises do dwell
In cases fit of tortoise-shell;
No creature loves an empty space;
Their bodies measure out their place.

* A house of the Lord Fairfax, in Yorkshire, now called Nun-Appleton.

But he, superfluously spread,
Demands more room alive than dead;
And in his hollow palace goes,
Where winds, as he, themselves may lose.
What need of all this marble crust,
To impark the wanton mole of dust,
That thinks by breadth the world to unite,
Though the first builders fail'd in height?
But all things are composed here,
Like nature, orderly, and near;
In which we the dimensions find
Of that more sober age and mind,
When larger-sized men did stoop
To enter at a narrow loop,
As practising, in doors so strait,
To strain themselves through heaven's gate.
And surely, when the after-age
Shall hither come in pilgrimage,
These sacred places to adore,
By VERE and FAIRFAX trod before,
Men will dispute how their extent
Within such dwarfish confines went,
And some will smile at this, as well
As Romulus's bee-like cell.
Humility alone designs
Those short but admirable lines,
By which, ungirt and unconstrain'd,
Things greater are in less contain'd.
Let others vainly strive to immure
The circle in the quadrature!

These holy mathematics can
In every figure equal man.
Yet thus the laden house does sweat,
And scarce endures the master great:
But, where he comes, the swelling hall
Stirs, and the square grows spherical;
More by his magnitude distressed,
Than he is by its straitness pressed:
And too officiously it slights,
That in itself, which him delights.
So honour better lowness bears,
Than that unwonted greatness wears;
Height with a certain grace does bend,
But low things clownishly ascend.
And yet what need there here excuse,
Where every thing does answer use?
Where neatness nothing can condemn,
Nor pride invent what to contemn?
A stately frontispiece of poor,
Adorns without the open door;
Daily new furniture of friends,
No less the rooms within commends.
The house was built upon the place,
Only as for a mark of grace,
And for an inn to entertain
Its Lord awhile, but not remain.
Him Bishop's-hill or Denton may,
Or Bilborow, better hold than they:
But nature here hath been so free,
As if she said, 'Leave this to me.

Art would more neatly have defac'd
What she had laid so sweetly waste
In fragrant gardens, shady woods,
Deep meadows, and transparent floods.

While, with slow eyes, we these survey,
And on each pleasant footstep stay,
We opportunely may relate
The progress of this house's fate.
A nunnery first gave it birth,
(For virgin buildings oft brought forth,)
And all that neighbour-ruin shows
The quarries whence this dwelling rose.
Near to this gloomy cloister's gates,
There dwelt the blooming virgin THWATES,
Fair beyond measure, and an heir,
Which might deformity make fair;
And oft she spent the summer's suns
Discoursing with the subtle Nuns,
Whence, in these words, one to her weav'd,
As 'twere by chance, thoughts long conceiv'd:
'Within this holy leisure, we
'Live innocently, as you see.
'These walls restrain the world without,
'But hedge our liberty about;
'These bars inclose that wider den
'Of those wild creatures, called men;
'The cloister outward shuts its gates,
'And, from us, locks on them the grates.
'Here we, in shining armour white,

'Like virgin amazons do fight,
'And our chaste lamps we hourly trim,
'Lest the great bridegroom find them dim.
'Our orient breaths perfumed are
'With incense of incessant pray'r;
'And holy-water of our tears
'Most strangely our complexion clears;
'Not tears of grief,—but such as those
'With which calm pleasure overflows,
'Or pity, when we look on you
'That live without this happy vow.
'How should we grieve must we be seen,
'(Each one a spouse, and each a queen,)
'Who can in heaven hence behold
'Our brighter robes and crowns of gold!
'When we have prayed all our beads,
'Some one the holy legend reads,
'While all the rest with needles paint
'The face and graces of the Saint,
'But what the linen can't receive,
'They in their lives do interweave.
'This work the Saints best represents
'That serves for altar's ornaments.
'But much it to our work would add,
'If here your hand, your face, we had:
'By it we would our Lady touch;
'Yet thus she you resembles much.
'Some of your features, as we sewed,
'Through every shrine should be bestow'd,
'And in one beauty we would take

'Enough a thousand Saints to make.
'And (for I dare not quench the fire
'That me does for your good inspire)
''Twere sacrilege a man to admit
'To holy things, for heaven fit.
'I see the angels, in a crown,
'On you the lilies showering down;
'And round about you, glory breaks,
'That something more than human speaks.
'All beauty, when at such a height,
'Is so already consecrate.
'FAIRFAX I know, and long ere this
'Have mark'd the youth, and what he is;
'But can he such a rival seem,
'For whom you heaven should disesteem?
'Ah, no! and 'twould more honour prove
'He your devoto were than Love.
'Here live beloved and obeyed,
'Each one your sister, each your maid,
'And, if our rule seem strictly penned,
'The rule itself to you shall bend.
'Our Abbess, too, now far in age,
'Doth your succession near presage.
'How soft the yoke on us would lie,
'Might such fair hands as yours it tie!
'Your voice, the sweetest of the choir,
'Shall draw heaven nearer, raise us higher,
'And your example, if our head,
'Will soon us to perfection lead.
'Those virtues to us all so dear,

'Will straight grow sanctity when here;
'And that, once sprung, increase so fast,
'Till miracles it work at last.
'Nor is our order yet so nice,
'Delight to banish as a vice:
'Here Pleasure Piety doth meet,
'One perfecting the other sweet;
'So through the mortal fruit we boil
'The sugar's uncorrupting oil,
'And that which perished while we pull,
'Is thus preserved clear and full.
'For such indeed are all our arts,
'Still handling Nature's finest parts:
'Flowers dress the altars; for the clothes
'The sea-born amber we compose;
'Balms for the griev'd we draw; and pastes
'We mould as baits for curious tastes.
'What need is here of man, unless
'These as sweet sins we should confess?
'Each night among us to your side
'Appoint a fresh and virgin bride,
'Whom, if our Lord at midnight find,
'Yet neither should be left behind!
'Where you may lie as chaste in bed,
'As pearls together billeted,
'All night embracing, arm in arm,
'Like crystal pure, with cotton warm.
'But what is this to all the store
'Of joys you see, and may make more?
'Try but awhile, if you be wise:
'The trial neither costs nor ties."

Now, FAIRFAX, seek her promised faith;
Religion that dispensed hath
Which she henceforward does begin;
The Nun's smooth tongue has sucked her in.
Oft, though he knew it was in vain,
Yet would he valiantly complain:
'Is this that sanctity so great,
'An art by which you finelier cheat?
'Hypocrite witches, hence avaunt,
'Who, though in prison, yet enchant!
'Death only can such thieves make fast,
'As rob, though in the dungeon cast.
'Were there but, when this house was made,
'One stone that a just hand had laid,
'It must have fallen upon her head
'Who first thee from thy faith misled.
'And yet, how well soever meant,
'With them 'twould soon grow fraudulent;
'For like themselves they alter all,
'And vice infects the very wall;
'But sure those buildings last not long,
'Founded by folly, kept by wrong.
'I know what fruit their gardens yield,
'When they it think by night concealed.
'Fly from their vices: 'tis thy state,
'Not thee, that they would consecrate.
'Fly from their ruin: how I fear,
'Though guiltless, lest thou perish there!'

What should he do? He would respect
Religion, but not right neglect:

For first, religion taught him right,
And dazzled not, but cleared his sight.
Sometimes, resolved, his sword he draws,
But reverenceth then the laws;
For justice still that courage led,
First from a judge, then soldier bred.
Small honour would be in the storm;
The Court him grants the lawful form,
Which licensed either peace or force,
To hinder the unjust divorce.
Yet still the Nuns his right debarr'd,
Standing upon their holy guard.
Ill-counselled women, do you know
Whom you resist, or what to do?
Is not this he, whose offspring fierce
Shall fight through all the universe;
And with successive valour try
France, Poland, either Germany,
Till one, as long since prophesied,
His horse through conquered Britain ride?
Yet, against fate, his spouse they kept,
And the great race would intercept.
Some to the breach, against their foes,
Their wooden Saints in vain oppose;
Another bolder, stands at push,
With their old holy-water brush,
While the disjointed Abbess threads
The jingling chain-shot of her beads;
But their loud'st cannon were their lungs,
And sharpest weapons were their tongues.

But, waving these aside like flies,
Young FAIRFAX through the wall does rise.
Then the unfrequented vault appeared,
And superstitions, vainly feared;
The relicks false were set to view;
Only the jewels there were true,
And truly bright and holy THWATES,
That weeping at the altar waits.
But the glad youth away her bears,
And to the Nuns bequeathes her tears,
Who guiltily their prize bemoan,
Like gypsies who a child have stol'n.
Thenceforth (as, when the enchantment ends,
The castle vanishes or rends)
The wasting cloister, with the rest,
Was, in one instant, dispossessed.

At the demolishing, this seat,
To FAIRFAX fell, as by escheat;
And what both Nuns and Founders willed,
'Tis likely better thus fulfilled.
For if the virgin proved not theirs,
The cloister yet remained hers;
Though many a Nun there made her vow,
'Twas no religious house till now.
From that blest bed the hero came
Whom France and Poland yet does fame,
Who, when retired here to peace,
His warlike studies could not cease,
But laid these gardens out in sport
In the just figure of a fort,

And with five bastions it did fence,
As aiming one for every sense.
When in the east the morning ray
Hangs out the colours of the day,
The bee through these known alleys hums,
Beating the dian with its drums.
Then flowers their drowsy eyelids raise,
Their silken ensigns each displays,
And dries its pan yet dank with dew,
And fills its flask with odours new.
These, as their Governor goes by,
In fragrant volleys they let fly,
And to salute their Governess
Again as great a charge they press:
None for the virgin nymph; for she
Seems with the flowers, a flower to be.
And think so still! though not compare
With breath so sweet, or cheek so fair!
Well shot, ye firemen! Oh how sweet
And round your equal fires do meet,
Whose shrill report no ear can tell,
But echoes to the eye and smell!
See how the flowers, as at parade,
Under their colours stand displayed;
Each regiment in order grows,
That of the tulip, pink, and rose.
But when the vigilant patrol
Of stars walk round about the pole,
Their leaves, which to the stalks are curled,
Seem to their staves the ensigns furled.

Then in some flower's beloved hut,
Each bee, as sentinel, is shut,
And sleeps so too, but, if once stirred,
She runs you through, nor asks the word.

Oh thou, that dear and happy isle,
The garden of the world erewhile,
Thou Paradise of the four seas,
Which heaven planted us to please,
But, to exclude the world, did guard
With watery, if not flaming sword,—
What luckless apple did we taste,
To make us mortal, and thee waste?
Unhappy! shall we never more
That sweet militia restore,
When gardens only had their towers,
And all the garrisons were flowers,
When roses only arms might bear,
And men did rosy garlands wear?
Tulips, in several colours barred,
Were then the Switzers of our guard;
The gardener had the soldier's place,
And his more gentle forts did trace;
The nursery of all things green
Was then the only magazine;
The winter quarters were the stoves,
Where he the tender plants removes.
But war all this doth overgrow:
We ordnance plant, and powder sow.
And yet there walks one on the sod,

Who, had it pleased him and God,
Might once have made our gardens spring,
Fresh as his own, and flourishing.
But he preferred to the Cinque Ports,
These five imaginary forts,
And, in those half-dry trenches, spanned
Power which the ocean might command.
For he did, with his utmost skill,
Ambition weed, but conscience till,—
Conscience, that heaven-nursed plant,
Which most our earthly gardens want.
A prickling leaf it bears, and such
As that which shrinks at every touch,
But flowers eternal, and divine,
Which in the crowns of Saints do shine.

The sight does from these bastions ply,
The invisible artillery,
And at proud Cawood Castle seems
To point the battery of its beams,
As if it quarrelled in the seat,
The ambition of his prelate great,
But o'er the meads below it plays,
Or innocently seems to gaze.
And now to the abyss I pass
Of that unfathomable grass,
Where men like grasshoppers appear,
But grasshoppers are giants there:
They, in their squeaking laugh, contemn
Us as we walk more low than them,

And from the precipices tall
Of the green spires to us do call.
To see men through this meadow dive,
We wonder how they rise alive;
As under water, none does know
Whether he fall through it or go,
But, as the mariners who sound,
And show upon their lead the ground,
They bring up flowers so to be seen,
And prove they've at the bottom been.
No scene, that turns with engines strange,
Does oftener than these meadows change;
For when the sun the grass hath vexed,
The tawny mowers enter next,
Who seem like Israelites to be,
Walking on foot through a green sea.
To them the grassy deeps divide,
And crowd a lane to either side;
With whistling scythe and elbow strong
These massacre the grass along,
While one, unknowing, carves the rail,
Whose yet unfeathered quills her fail;
The edge all bloody from its breast
He draws, and does his stroke detest,
Fearing the flesh, untimely mowed,
To him a fate as black forebode.
But bloody Thestylis, that waits
To bring the mowing camp their cates,
Greedy as kite, has trussed it up
And forthwith means on it to sup,

When on another quick she lights,
And cries, "he call'd us Israelites;
But now, to make his saying true,
Rails rain for quails, for manna dew."
Unhappy birds! what does it boot
To build below the grass's root;
When lówness is unsafe as height,
And chance o'ertakes what 'scapeth spite?
And now your orphan parent's call
Sounds your untimely funeral;
Death-trumpets creak in such a note,
And 'tis the sourdine in their throat.
Or sooner hatch, or higher build;
The mower now commands the field;
In whose new traverse seemeth wrought
A camp of battle newly fought,
Where, as the meads with hay, the plain
Lies quilted o'er with bodies slain:
The women that with forks it fling,
Do represent the pillaging.
And now the careless victors play,
Dancing the triumphs of the hay,
Where every mower's wholesome heat
Smells like an ALEXANDER'S sweat,
Their females fragrant as the mead
Which they in fairy circles tread:
When at their dance's end they kiss,
Their new-made hay not sweeter is;
When, after this, 'tis piled in cocks,
Like a calm sea it shews the rocks;

We wondering in the river near
How boats among them safely steer;
Or, like the desert Memphis' sand,
Short pyramids of hay do stand;
And such the Roman camps do rise
In hills for soldiers' obsequies.

This scene, again withdrawing, brings
A new and empty face of things;
A levelled space, as smooth and plain,
As cloths for LILLY * stretched to stain.
The world when first created sure
Was such a table rase and pure;
Or rather such is the Toril,
Ere the bulls enter at Madril;
For to this naked equal flat,
Which levellers take pattern at,
The villagers in common chase
Their cattle, which it closer rase;
And what below the scythe increased
Is pinched yet nearer by the beast.
Such, in the painted world, appeared
Davenant, with the universal herd.
They seem within the polished grass
A landscape drawn in looking-glass;
And shrunk in the huge pasture, show
As spots, so shaped, on faces do;
Such fleas, ere they approach the eye,
In multiplying glasses lie.

* An eminent cloth dyer.

They feed so wide, so slowly move,
As constellations do above.
Then, to conclude these pleasant acts,
Denton sets ope its cataracts;
And makes the meadow truly be
(What it but seemed before) a sea;
For, jealous of its Lord's long stay,
It tries to invite him thus away.
The river in itself is drowned,
And isles the astonished cattle round.

Let others tell the paradox,
How eels now bellow in the ox;
How horses at their tails do kick,
Turned, as they hang, to leeches quick;
How boats can over bridges sail,
And fishes to the stables scale;
How salmons trespassing are found,
And pikes are taken in the pound;
But I, retiring from the flood,
Take sanctuary in the wood;
And, while it lasts, myself embark
In this yet green, yet growing ark,
Where the first carpenter might best
Fit timber for his keel have pressed,
And where all creatures might have shares,
Although in armies, not in pairs.
The double wood, of ancient stocks,
Linked in so thick an union locks,
It like two pedigrees appears,

On one hand FAIRFAX, t'other VERES:
Of whom though many fell in war,
Yet more to heaven shooting are:
And, as they Nature's cradle decked,
Will, in green age, her hearse expect.
When first the eye this forest sees,
It seems indeed as wood, not trees;
As if their neighbourhood so old
To one great trunk them all did mould.
There the huge bulk takes place, as meant
To thrust up a fifth element,
And stretches still so closely wedged,
As if the night within were hedged.
Dark all without it knits; within
It opens passable and thin,
And in as loose an order grows,
As the Corinthian porticos.
The arching boughs unite between
The columns of the temple green,
And underneath the winged quires
Echo about their tuned fires.
The nightingale does here make choice
To sing the trials of her voice;
Low shrubs she sits in, and adorns
With music high the squatted thorns;
But highest oaks stoop down to hear,
And listening elders prick the ear;
The thorn, lest it should hurt her, draws
Within the skin its shrunken claws.
But I have for my music found

A sadder, yet more pleasing sound;
The stock-doves, whose fair necks are graced
With nuptial rings, their ensigns chaste,
Yet always, for some cause unknown,
Sad pair, unto the elms they moan.
O why should such a couple mourn,
That in so equal flames do burn!
Then as I careless on the bed
Of gelid strawberries do tread,
And through the hazels thick espy
The hatching throstle's shining eye,
The heron, from the ash's top,
The eldest of its young lets drop,
As if it stork-like did pretend
That tribute to its lord to send.
But most the hewel's wonders are,
Who here has the holtselster's care;
He walks still upright from the root,
Measuring the timber with his foot,
And all the way, to keep it clean,
Doth from the bark the wood-moths glean;
He, with his beak, examines well
Which fit to stand, and which to fell;
The good he numbers up, and hacks
As if he marked them with an axe;
But where he, tinkling with his beak,
Does find the hollow oak to speak,
That for his building he designs,
And through the tainted side he mines.
Who could have thought the tallest oak

Should fall by such a feeble stroke?
Nor would it, had the tree not fed
A traitor worm, within it bred,
(As first our flesh, corrupt within,
Tempts impotent and bashful sin,)
And yet that worm triumphs not long,
But serves to feed the hewel's young,
While the oak seems to fall content,
Viewing the treason's punishment.

Thus, I, easy philosopher,
Among the birds and trees confer,
And little now to make me wants
Or of the fowls, or of the plants:
Give me but wings as they, and I
Straight floating on the air shall fly;
Or turn me but, and you shall see
I was but an inverted tree.
Already I begin to call
In their most learned original,
And, where I language want, my signs
The bird upon the bough divines,
And more attentive there doth sit
Than if she were with lime-twigs knit.
No leaf does tremble in the wind,
Which I returning cannot find;
Out of these scattered Sibyl's leaves,
Strange prophecies my fancy weaves,
And in one history consumes,
Like Mexique paintings, all the plumes;

What Rome, Greece, Palestine, e'er said,
I in this light Mosaic read.
Thrice happy he, who, not mistook,
Hath read in nature's mystic book!
And see how chance's better wit
Could with a mask my studies hit!
The oak-leaves me embroider all,
Between which caterpillars crawl;
And ivy, with familiar trails,
Me licks and clasps, and curls and hales.
Under this Attic cope I move,
Like some great prelate of the grove;
Then, languishing with ease, I toss
On pallets swoln of velvet moss,
While the wind, cooling through the boughs,
Flatters with air my panting brows.
Thanks for my rest, ye mossy banks,
And unto you, cool zephyrs, thanks,
Who, as my hair, my thoughts too shed,
And winnow from the chaff my head!

How safe, methinks, and strong behind
These trees, have I encamped my mind,
Where beauty, aiming at the heart,
Bends in some tree its useless dart,
And where the world no certain shot
Can make, or me it toucheth not,
But I on it securely play,
And gall its horsemen all the day.
Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines,

Curl me about, ye gadding vines,
And oh so close your circles lace,
That I may never leave this place!
But, lest your fetters prove too weak,
Ere I your silken bondage break,
Do you, O brambles, chain me too,
And, courteous briars, nail me through!
Here in the morning tie my chain,
Where the two woods have made a lane,
While, like a guard on either side,
The trees before their Lord divide;
This, like a long and equal thread,
Betwixt two labyrinths does lead.
But, where the floods did lately drown,
There at the evening stake me down;
For now the waves are fallen and dried,
And now the meadows fresher dyed,
Whose grass, with moister colour dashed,
Seems as green silks but newly washed.
No serpent new, nor crocodile,
Remains behind our little Nile,
Unless itself you will mistake,
Among these meads the only snake.
See in what wanton harmless folds,
It everywhere the meadow holds,
And its yet muddy back doth lick,
'Till as a crystal mirror slick,
Where all things gaze themselves, and doubt
If they be in it, or without,
And for his shade which therein shines,

Narcissus-like, the sun too pines.
Oh what a pleasure 'tis to hedge
My temples here with heavy sedge,
Abandoning my lazy side,
Stretched as a bank unto the tide,
Or to suspend my sliding foot
On the osier's undermined root,
And in its branches tough to hang,
While at my lines the fishes twang!
But now away my hooks, my quills,
And angles, idle utensils!
The young MARIA walks to-night:
Hide, trifling youth, thy pleasures slight:
'Twere shame that such judicious eyes
Should with such toys a man surprise;
She that already is the law
Of all her sex, her age's awe,
See how loose nature, in respect
To her, itself doth recollect,
And every thing so washed and fine,
Starts forth with it to its *bonne mine*.
The sun himself of her aware,
Seems to descend with greater care,
And, lest she see him go to bed,
In blushing clouds conceals his head.
So when the shadows laid asleep,
From underneath these banks do creep,
And on the river, as it flows,
With ebon shuts begin to close,
The modest halcyon comes in sight,

Flying betwixt the day and night,
And such a horror calm and dumb,
Admiring nature does benumb;
The viscous air, where'er she fly,
Follows and sucks her azure dye;
The jellying stream compacts below,
If it might fix her shadow so;
The stupid fishes hang, as plain
As flies in crystal overta'en,
And men the silent scene assist,
Charmed with the sapphire-winged mist;—
MARIA such, and so doth hush
The world, and through the evening rush.
No new-born comet such a train
Draws through the sky, nor star new slain.
For straight those giddy rockets fail,
Which from the putrid earth exhale,
But by her flames, in heaven tried,
Nature is wholly vitrified.
'Tis she, that to these gardens gave
That wondrous beauty which they have;
She straightness on the woods bestows;
To her the meadow sweetness owes;
Nothing could make the river be
So crystal pure, but only she,
She yet more pure, sweet, straight, and fair
Than gardens, woods, meads, rivers are.
Therefore what first she on them spent,
They gratefully again present;
The meadow carpets where to tread,

The garden flowers to crown her head,
And for a glass the limpid brook,
Where she may all her beauties look,
But, since she would not have them seen,
The wood about her draws a screen.
For she to higher beauties raised,
Disdains to be for lesser praised.
She counts her beauty to converse
In all the languages as hers;
Nor yet in those herself employs,
But for the wisdom not the noise;
Nor yet that wisdom would affect,
But as 'tis heaven's dialect.
Blest nymph! that couldst so soon prevent
Those trains by youth against thee meant;
Tears (watery shot that pierce the mind,)
And sighs (love's cannon charged with wind;)
True praise (that breaks through all defence,)
And feigned complying innocence;
But knowing where this ambush lay,
She 'scaped the safe, but roughest way.
This 'tis to have been from the first
In a domestic heaven nursed,
Under the discipline severe
Of FAIRFAX, and the starry VERE,
Where not one object can come nigh
But pure, and spotless as the eye,
And goodness doth itself entail
On females, if there want a male.

Go now, fond sex, that on your face
Do all your useless study place,
Nor once at vice your brows dare knit,
Lest the smooth forehead wrinkled sit:
Yet your own face shall at you grin,
Thorough the black bag of your skin,
When knowledge only could have filled,
And virtue all those furrows tilled.
Hence she with graces more divine
Supplies beyond her sex the line,
And, like a sprig of misletoe,
On the Fairfacian oak does grow,
Whence, for some universal good,
The priest shall cut the sacred bud,
While her glad parents most rejoice
And make their destiny their choice.
Meantime, ye fields, springs, bushes, flowers,
Where yet she leads her studious hours,
(Till Fate her worthily translates
And find a FAIRFAX for our THWATES,)
Employ the means you have by her,
And in your kind yourselves prefer,
That, as all virgins she precedes,
So you all woods, streams, gardens, meads.
For you, Thessalian Tempe's seat
Shall now be scorned as obsolete;
Aranjuez, as less, disdained;
The Bel-Retiro, as constrained;
But name not the Idalian grove,
For 'twas the seat of wanton love;

Nor e'en the dead's Elysian fields,
Yet not to them your beauty yields.
'Tis not, as once appeared the world,
A heap confused together hurled,
All negligently overgrown,
Gulfs, deserts, precipices, stone;
Your lesser world contains the same,
But in more decent order tame,
You, Heaven's centre, Nature's lap;
And Paradise's only map.

And now the salmon-fishers moist,
Their leathern boats begin to hoist;
And, like Antipodes in shoes,
Have shod their heads in their canoes.
How tortoise-like, but not so slow,
These rational amphibii go!
Let's in; for the dark hemisphere
Does now like one of them appear.

THE CORONET.

When with the thorns with which I long, too long,
With many a piercing wound,
My Saviour's head have crowned,
I seek with garlands to redress that wrong,—
Through every garden, every mead,
I gather flowers (my fruits are only flowers)
Dismantling all the fragrant towers
That once adorned my shepherdess's head:
And now, when I have summed up all my store,
Thinking (so I myself deceive)
So rich a chaplet thence to weave
As never yet the King of Glory wore,
Alas! I find the Serpent old,
Twining in his speckled breast,
About the flowers disguised does fold,
With wreaths of fame and interest.
Ah foolish man, that would'st debase with them,
And mortal glory, Heaven's diadem!
But thou who only could'st the Serpent tame,

Either his slippery knots at once untie,
And disentangle all his winding snare,
Or shatter too with him my curious frame,
And let these wither so that he may die,
Though set with skill, and chosen out with care,
That they, while thou on both their spoils dost tread,
May crown thy feet, that could not crown thy head.

EYES AND TEARS.

How wisely Nature did decree,
With the same eyes to weep and see,
That, having viewed the object vain,
They might be ready to complain!
And, since the self-deluding sight,
In a false angle takes each height,
These tears, which better measure all,
Like watery lines and plummets fall.
Two tears, which sorrow long did weigh,
Within the scales of either eye,
And then paid out in equal poise,
Are the true price of all my joys.
What in the world most fair appears,
Yea, even laughter, turns to tears,
And all the jewels which we prize,
Melt in these pendants of the eyes.
I have through every garden been,
Amongst the red, the white, the green,
And yet from all those flowers I saw,
No honey, but these tears could draw.

So the all-seeing sun each day,
Distils the world with chymic ray,
But finds the essence only showers,
Which straight in pity back he pours.
Yet happy they whom grief doth bless,
That weep the more, and see the less,
And, to preserve their sight more true,
Bathe still their eyes in their own dew.
So Magdalen in tears more wise
Dissolved those captivating eyes,
Whose liquid chains could flowing meet
To fetter her Redeemer's feet.
Not full sails hasting loaden home,
Nor the chaste lady's pregnant womb,
Nor Cynthia teeming shows so fair
As two eyes swollen with weeping are.
The sparkling glance that shoots desire,
Drenched in these waves, does lose its fire,
Yea oft the Thunderer pity takes,
And here the hissing lightning slakes.
The incense was to heaven dear,
Not as a perfume, but a tear,
And stars shew lovely in the night,
But as they seem the tears of light.
Ope then, mine eyes, your double sluice,
And practise so your noblest use;
For others too can see, or sleep,
But only human eyes can weep.
Now, like two clouds dissolving, drop,
And at each tear, in distance stop;

Now, like two fountains, trickle down;
Now like two floods o'errun and drown:
Thus let your streams o'erflow your springs,
Till eyes and tears be the same things,
And each the other's difference bears,
These weeping eyes, those seeing tears.

BERMUDAS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride,
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat, that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song.

"What should we do but sing his praise,
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels every thing,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air;
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close,
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows;

He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet,
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice;
With cedars chosen by his hand,
From Lebanon, he stores the land,
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergrease on shore;
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.
Oh! let our voice his praise exalt,
'Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which, then (perhaps) rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay."

Thus sung they, in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

CLORINDA AND DAMON.

CLORINDA.

DAMON, come drive thy flocks this way.

DAMON.

No: 'tis too late they went astray.

CLORINDA.

I have a grassy scutcheon spied,
Where Flora blazons all her pride;
The grass I aim to feast thy sheep,
The flowers I for thy temples keep.

DAMON.

Grass withers, and the flowers too fade.

CLORINDA.

Seize the short joys then, ere they vade.
Seest thou that unfrequented cave?

DAMON.

That den?

CLORINDA.

Love's shrine.

DAMON.

But virtue's grave.

CLORINDA.

In whose cool bosom we may lie,
Safe from the sun.

DAMON.

Not heaven's eye.

CLORINDA.

Near this, a fountain's liquid bell
Tinkles within the concave shell.

DAMON.

Might a soul bathe there and be clean,
Or slake its drought?

CLORINDA.

What is't you mean?

DAMON.

Clorinda, pastures, caves, and springs,
These once had been enticing things.

CLORINDA.

And what late change?

DAMON.

The other day
Pan met me.

CLORINDA.

What did great Pan say?

DAMON.

Words that transcend poor shepherd's skill;
But he e'er since my songs does fill,
And his name swells my slender oat.

CLORINDA.

Sweet must Pan sound in Damon's note.

DAMON.

Clorinda's voice might make it sweet.

CLORINDA.

Who would not in Pan's praises meet?

CHORUS.

Of Pan the flowery pastures sing,
Caves echo, and the fountains ring.
Sing then while he doth us inspire;
For all the world is our Pan's quire.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE SOUL AND BODY.

SOUL.

O who shall from this dungeon raise
A soul enslaved so many ways?
With bolts of bones, that fettered stands
In feet, and manacled in hands;
Here blinded with an eye, and there
Deaf with the drumming of an ear;
A soul hung up, as 'twere, in chains
Of nerves, and arteries, and veins;
Tortured, besides each other part,
In a vain head, and double heart?

BODY.

O who shall me deliver whole,
From bonds of this tyrannic soul,
Which, stretched upright, impales me so
That mine own precipice I go,
And warms and moves this needless frame,
(A fever could but do the same,)
And, wanting where its spite to try,
Has made me live to let me die

A body that could never rest,
Since this ill spirit it possessed?

SOUL.

What magic could me thus confine
Within another's grief to pine,
Where, whatsoever it complain,
I feel, that cannot feel, the pain,
And all my care itself employs,
That to preserve, which me destroys;
Constrained not only to endure
Diseases, but, what's worse, the cure;
And, ready oft the port to gain,
Am shipwrecked into health again?

BODY.

But Physic yet could never reach
The maladies thou me dost teach,
Whom first the cramp of hope does tear,
And then the palsy shakes of fear;
The pestilence of love does heat,
Or hatred's hidden ulcer eat;
Joy's cheerful madness does perplex,
Or sorrow's other madness vex;
Which knowledge forces me to know,
And memory will not forego;
What but a soul could have the wit
To build me up for sin so fit?
So architects do square and hew
Green trees that in the forest grew.

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN.

The wanton troopers riding by,
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
Them any harm, alas! nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wished them ill;
Nor do I for all this, nor will:
But, if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears,
Rather than fail. But, O my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's king
Keeps register of every thing,
And nothing may we use in vain;
Even beasts must be with justice slain,
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood which doth part
From thine and wound me to the heart,

Yet could they not be clean, their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain.
There is not such another in
The world, to offer for their sin.

Inconstant SYLVIO, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well)
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me: nay, and I know
What he said then, I'm sure I do;
Said he, 'Look how your huntsman here
'Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer.'
But SYLVIO soon had me beguiled;
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
And quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this; and, very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent;
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game: it seemed to bless
Itself in me; how could I less
Than love it? O I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me.

Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so

As SYLVIO did; his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he;
But I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at my own fingers nursed;
And as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! And oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft
And white, shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wond'rous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet;
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And, when it had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness,
And all the spring time of the year
It only loved to be there.

Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie,
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed,
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold:
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

O help! O help! I see it faint
And die as calmly as a saint!
See how it weeps! the tears do come
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam; so
The holy frankincense doth flow;
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.

I in a golden vial will
Keep these two crystal tears, and fill
It till it doth o'erflow with mine,
Then place it in DIANA'S shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanish'd to
Whither the swans and turtles go;
In fair Elysium to endure,
With milk-white lambs, and ermines pure.
O do not run too fast: for I
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.

First, my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble; and withal,
Let it be weeping too; but there
The engraver sure his art may spare;
For I so truly thee bemoan,
That I shall weep, though I be stone,
Until my tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there;
Then at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

YOUNG LOVE.

I.

Come, little infant, love me now,
While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine aged father's brow
From cold jealousy and fears.

II.

Pretty surely 'twere to see
By young Love old Time beguiled,
While our sportings are as free
As the nurse's with the child.

III.

Common beauties stay fifteen;
Such as yours should swifter move,
Whose fair blossoms are too green
Yet for lust, but not for love.

IV.

Love as much the snowy lamb,
Or the wanton kid, does prize,
As the lusty bull or ram,
For his morning sacrifice.

V.

Now then love me: Time may take
Thee before thy time away;
Of this need we'll virtue make,
And learn love before we may.

VI.

So we win of doubtful fate,
And, if good to us she meant,
We that good shall antedate,
Or, if ill, that ill prevent.

VII.

Thus do kingdoms, frustrating
Other titles to their crown,
In the cradle crown their king,
So all foreign claims to drown.

VIII.

So to make all rivals vain,
Now I crown thee with my love:
Crown me with thy love again,
And we both shall monarchs prove.

TO HIS COY MISTRESS.

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Should'st rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews;
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near,
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song: then worms shall try
That long preserved virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust:
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chaped power.
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife,
Thorough the iron gates of life;
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVER.

Alas! how pleasant are their days,
With whom the infant love yet plays!
Sorted by pairs, they still are seen
By fountains cool and shadows green;
But soon these flames do lose their light,
Like meteors of a summer's night;
Nor can they to that region climb,
To make impression upon time.
'Twas in a shipwreck, when the seas
Ruled, and the winds did what they please,
That my poor lover floating lay,
And, ere brought forth, was cast away;
'Till at the last the master wave
Upon the rock his mother drave,
And there she split against the stone,
In a Cæsarian section.
The sea him lent these bitter tears,
Which at his eyes he always bears,
And from the winds the sighs he bore,
Which through his surging breast do roar;

No day he saw but that which breaks
Through frighted clouds in forked streaks,
While round the rattling thunder hurled,
As at the funeral of the world.
While nature to his birth presents
This masque of quarrelling elements,
A numerous fleet of cormorants black,
That sailed insulting o'er the wrack,
Received into their cruel care,
The unfortunate and abject heir;
Guardians most fit to entertain
The orphan of the hurricane.
They fed him up with hopes and air,
Which soon digested to despair,
And as one cormorant fed him, still
Another on his heart did bill;
Thus, while they famish him, and feast,
He both consumed, and increased,
And languished with doubtful breath,
The amphibium of life and death.
And now, when angry heaven would
Behold a spectacle of blood,
Fortune and he are called to play
At sharp before it all the day,
And tyrant Love his breast does ply
With all his winged artillery,
Whilst he, betwixt the flames and waves,
Like Ajax, the mad tempest braves.
See how he naked and fierce does stand,
Cuffing the thunder with one hand,

While with the other he does lock,
And grapple, with the stubborn rock,
From which he with each wave rebounds,
Torn into flames, and ragged with wounds,
And all he says, a lover drest
In his own blood does relish best.
This is the only banneret,
That ever love created yet;
Who, though by the malignant stars,
Forced to live in storms and wars,
Yet dying, leaves a perfume here,
And music within every ear;
And he in story only rules,
In a field sable, a lover gules.

THE GALLERY.

CHLORA, come view my soul, and tell
Whether I have contrived it well;
How all its several lodgings lie,
Composed into one gallery,
And the great arras-hangings, made
Of various faces, by are laid,
That, for all furniture, you'll find
Only your picture in my mind.
Here thou art painted in the dress
Of an inhumane murtheress,
Examining upon our hearts,
(Thy fertile shop of cruel arts,)
Engines more keen than ever yet
Adorned a tyrant's cabinet,
Of which the most tormenting are,
Black eyes, red lips, and curled hair.
But, on the other side, thou'rt drawn,
Like to AURORA in the dawn,
When in the east she slumbering lies,
And stretches out her milky thighs,

While all the morning quire does sing,
And MANNA falls and roses spring,
And, at thy feet, the wooing doves
Sit perfecting their harmless loves.
Like an enchantress here thou show'st,
Vexing thy restless lover's ghost,
And, by a light obscure, dost rave
Over his entrails, in the cave,
Divining thence, with horrid care,
How long thou shalt continue fair,
And (when informed) them throw'st away
To be the greedy vulture's prey.
But, against that, thou sittest afloat,
Like VENUS in her pearly boat;
The halcyons, calming all that's nigh,
Betwixt the air and water fly;
Or, if some rolling wave appears,
A mass of ambergrease it bears,
Nor blows more wind than what may well
Convoy the perfume to the smell.
These pictures, and a thousand more,
Of thee, my gallery do store,
In all the forms thou can'st invent,
Either to please me, or torment;
For thou alone, to people me,
Art grown a numerous colony,
And a collection choicer far
Than or Whitehall's, or Mantua's were.
But of these pictures, and the rest,
That at the entrance likes me best,

Where the same posture and the look
Remains with which I first was took;
A tender shepherdess, whose hair
Hangs loosely playing in the air,
Transplanting flowers from the green hill
To crown her head and bosom fill.

THE FAIR SINGER.

I.

To make a final conquest of all me,
Love did compose so sweet an enemy,
In whom both beauties to my death agree,
Joining themselves in fatal harmony,
That, while she with her eyes my heart does bind,
She with her voice might captivate my mind.

II.

I could have fled from one but singly fair;
My disentangled soul itself might save,
Breaking the curled trammels of her hair;
But how should I avoid to be her slave,
Whose subtle art invisibly can wreath
My fetters of the very air I breathe?

III.

It had been easy fighting in some plain,
Where victory might hang in equal choice

But all resistance against her is vain,
Who has the advantage both of eyes and voice,
And all my forces needs must be undone,
She having gained both the wind and sun.

MOURNING.

I.

You, that decipher out the fate
Of human offsprings from the skies,
What mean these infants which, of late,
Spring from the stars of Chlora's eyes?

II.

Her eyes confused, and doubled o'er
With tears suspended ere they flow,
Seem bending upwards to restore
To heaven, whence it came, their woe.

III.

When, moulding of the watery spheres,
Slow drops untie themselves away,
As if she with those precious tears,
Would strew the ground where Strephon lay.

IV.

Yet some affirm, pretending art,
Her eyes have so her bosom drown'd,
Only to soften, near her heart,
A place to fix another wound.

V.

And, while vain pomp does her restrain
Within her solitary bower,
She courts herself in amorous rain,
Herself both Danae and the shower.

VI.

Nay others, bolder, hence esteem
Joy now so much her master grown,
That whatsoever does but seem
Like grief is from her windows thrown.

VII.

Nor that she pays, while she survives,
To her dead love this tribute due,
But casts abroad these donatives,
At the installing of a new.

VIII.

How wide they dream! the Indian slaves,
Who sink for pearl through seas profound,
Would find her tears yet deeper waves,
And not of one the bottom sound.

IX.

I yet my silent judgment keep,
Disputing not what they believe:
But sure as oft the women weep,
It is to be supposed they grieve.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

I.

DAPHNIS must from Chloe part;
Now is come the dismal hour,
That must all his hopes devour,
All his labour, all his art.

II.

Nature, her own sex's foe,
Long had taught her to be coy;
But she neither knew to enjoy,
Nor yet let her lover go.

III.

But, with this sad news, surprised,
Soon she let that niceness fall,
And would gladly yield to all,
So it had his stay comprised.

IV.

Nature so herself does use
To lay by her wonted state,
Lest the world should separate;
Sudden parting closer glues.

V.

He, well read in all the ways
By which men their siege maintain,
Knew not that, the fort to gain,
Better 'twas the siege to raise.

VI.

But he came so full possessed
With the grief of parting thence,
That he had not so much sense
As to see he might be blessed,

VII.

Till Love in her language breathed
Words she never spake before;
But than legacies no more,
To a dying man bequeathed.

VIII.

For alas! the time was spent;
Now the latest minute's run,
When poor Daphnis is undone,
Between joy and sorrow rent.

IX.

At that *why?* that *stay, my dear!*
His disordered locks he tare,
And with rolling eyes did glare,
And his cruel fate forswear.

X.

As the soul of one scarce dead,
With the shrieks of friends aghast,
Looks distracted back in haste,
And then straight again is fled;

XI.

So did wretched Daphnis look,
Frighting her he loved most;
At the last this lover's ghost,
Thus his leave resolved took.

XII.

"Are my hell and heaven joined,
More to torture him that dies?
Could departure not suffice,
But that you must then grow kind?

XIII.

"Ah! my Chloe, how have I
Such a wretched minute found,
When thy favours should me wound,
More than all thy cruelty?

XIV.

"So to the condemned wight,
The delicious cup we fill,
And allow him all he will,
For his last and short delight.

XV.

"But I will not now begin
Such a debt unto my foe,
Nor to my departure owe,
What my presence could not win.

XVI.

"Absence is too much alone;
Better 'tis to go in peace,
Than my losses to increase,
By a late fruition.

XVII.

"Why should I enrich my fate?
Tis a vanity to wear,
For my executioner,
Jewels of so high a rate.

XVIII.

"Rather I away will pine,
In a manly stubborness,
Than be fatted up express,
For the Cannibal to dine.

XIX.

"While this grief does thee disarm,
All the enjoyment of our love
But the ravishment would prove
Of a body dead while warm;

XX.

" And I parting should appear
Like the gourmand Hebrew dead
While, with quails and manna fed,
He does through the desert err,

XXI.

" Or the witch that midnight wakes
For the fern, whose magic weed
In one minute casts the seed
And invisible him makes.

XXII.

" Gentler times for love are meant:
Who for parting pleasure strain,
Gather roses in the rain,
Wet themselves and spoil their scent.

XXIII.

" Farewell, therefore, all the fruit
Which I could from love receive:
Joy will not with sorrow weave,
Nor will I this grief pollute.

XXIV.

" Fate, I come, as dark, as sad,
As thy malice could desire;
Yet bring with me all the fire,
That love in his torches had."

XXV.

At these words away he broke,
As who long has praying lien,
To his head's-man makes the sign
And receives the parting stroke.

XXVI.

But hence virgins all beware;
Last night he with Phlogis slept,
This night for Dorinda kept,
And but rid to take the air.

XXVII.

Yet he does himself excuse;
Nor indeed without a cause:
For, according to the laws,
Why did Chloe once refuse?

THE DEFINITION OF LOVE.

I.

My Love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis, for object, strange and high;
It was begotten by despair,
Upon impossibility.

II.

Magnanimous despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing,
Where feeble hope could ne'er have flown,
But vainly flapped its tinsel wing.

III.

And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended soul is fixed;
But fate does iron wedges drive,
And always crowds itself betwixt.

IV.

For fate with jealous eye does see
Two perfect loves, nor lets them close;
Their union would her ruin be,
And her tyrannic power depose.

V.

And therefore her decrees of steel
Us as the distant poles have placed,
(Though Love's whole world on us doth wheel)
Not by themselves to be embraced,

VI.

Unless the giddy heaven fall,
And earth some new convulsion tear,
And, us to join, the world should all
Be cramped into a planisphere.

VII.

As lines, so loves oblique may well
Themselves in every angle greet:
But ours, so truly parallel,
Though infinite, can never meet.

VIII.

Therefore the love which us doth bind,
But fate so enviously debars,
Is the conjunction of the mind,
And opposition of the stars.

THE PICTURE OF T. C. IN A PROSPECT OF FLOWERS.

I.

See with what simplicity
This nymph begins her golden days!
In the green grass she loves to lie,
And there with her fair aspect tames
The wilder flowers and gives them names,
But only with the roses plays,
And them does tell
What colours best become them and what smell.

II.

Who can foretell for what high cause,
This darling of the Gods was born?
Yet this is she whose chaster laws
The wanton Love shall one day fear,
And, under her command severe,
See his bow broke, and ensigns torn.
Happy who can
Appease this virtuous enemy of man!

III.

O then let me in time compound
And parley with those conquering eyes,
Ere they have tried their force to wound;
Ere with their glancing wheels they drive
In triumph over hearts that strive,
And them that yield but more despise,
Let me be laid,
Where I may see the glories from some shade.

IV.

Meantime, whilst every verdant thing
Itself does at thy beauty charm,
Reform the errors of the spring;
Make that the tulips may have share
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;
And roses of their thorns disarm;
But most procure
That violets may a longer age endure,

V.

But O, young beauty of the woods,
Whom nature courts with fruits and flowers,
Gather the flowers, but spare the buds,
Lest FLORA, angry at thy crime
To kill her infants in their prime,
Should quickly make the example yours,
And ere we see,
Nip, in the blossom, all our hopes in thee.

TWO SONGS

ON THE LORD FAUCONBERG, AND THE LADY MARY CROMWELL.

CHORUS, ENDYMION, LUNA.

CHORUS.

THE astrologer's own eyes are set,
And even wolves the sheep forget;
Only this shepherd, late and soon,
Upon this hill outwakes the moon.
Hark how he sings with sad delight,
Thorough the clear and silent night!

ENDYMION.

CYNTHIA, O CYNTHIA, turn thine ear,
Nor scorn ENDYMION'S plaints to hear!
As we our flocks, so you command
The fleecy clouds with silver wand.

CYNTHIA.

If thou a mortal, rather sleep;
And if a shepherd, watch thy sheep.

ENDYMION.

The shepherd, since he saw thine eyes,
And sheep, are both thy sacrifice;
Nor merits he a mortal's name,
That burns with an immortal flame.

CYNTHIA.

I have enough for me to do,
Ruling the waves that ebb and flow.

ENDYMION.

Since thou disdain'st not then to share
On sublunary things thy care,
Rather restrain these double seas',
Mine eyes, incessant deluges.

CYNTHIA.

My wakeful lamp all night must move.
Securing their repose above.

ENDYMION.

If therefore thy resplendent ray
Can make a night more bright than day,
Shine thorough this obscurer breast,
With shades of deep despair oppressed.

CHORUS.

Courage, ENDYMION, boldly woo!
ANCHISES was a shepherd too,

Yet is her younger sister laid
Sporting with him in IDA's shade:
And CYNTHIA, though the strongest,
Seeks but the honour to have held out longest.

ENDYMION.

Here unto Latmos' top I climb,
How far below thine orb sublime!
O why, as well as eyes to see,
Have I not arms that reach to thee?

CYNTHIA.

'Tis needless then that I refuse,
Would you but your own reason use.

ENDYMION.

Though I so high may not pretend,
It is the same, so you descend.

CYNTHIA.

These stars would say I do them wrong,
Rivals, each one, for thee too strong.

ENDYMION.

These stars are fixed unto their sphere
And cannot, though they would, come near.
Less loves set off each other's praise,
While stars eclipse by mixing rays.

CYNTHIA.

That cave is dark.

ENDYMION.

Then none can spy:
Or shine thou there, and 'tis the sky.

CHORUS.

Joy to ENDYMION!
For he has CYNTHIA'S favour won,
And JOVE himself approves
With his serenest influence their loves.
For he did never love to pair
His progeny above the air,
But to be honest, valiant, wise,
Makes mortals matches fit for deities.

SECOND SONG.

HOBBINOL, PHILLIS, TOMALIN.

HOBBINOL.

PHILLIS, TOMALIN, away!
Never such a merry day,
For the northern shepherd's son
Has MENALCAS' daughter won.

PHILLIS.

Stay till I some flowers have tied
In a garland for the bride.

TOMALIN.

If thou would'st a garland bring,
PHILLIS, you may wait the spring:
They have chosen such an hour
When she is the only flower.

PHILLIS.

Let's not then, at least, be seen
Without each a sprig of green.

HOBBINOL.

Fear not; at MENALCAS' hall
There are bays enough for all.
He, when young as we, did graze,
But when old he planted bays.

TOMALIN.

Here she comes; but with a look
Far more catching than my hook;
'Twas those eyes, I now dare swear,
Led our lambs we knew not where.

HOBBINOL.

Not our lambs own fleeces are
Curled so lovely as her hair,
Nor our sheep new-washed can be
Half so white or sweet as she.

PHILLIS.

He so looks as fit to keep
Somewhat else than silly sheep.

HOBBINOL.

Come, let's in some carol new
Pay to love and them their due.

ALL.

Joy to that happy pair
Whose hopes united banish our despair.

What shepherd could for love pretend,
Whilst all the nymphs on Damon's choice attend?
What shepherdess could hope to wed
Before MARINA'S turn were sped?
Now lesser beauties may take place,
And meaner virtues come in play,
While they,
Looking from high,
Shall grace
Our stocks and us with a propitious eye.
But what is most, the gentle swain
No more shall need of love complain;
But virtue shall be beauty's hire,
And those be equal, that have equal fire.
MARINA yields. Who dares be coy?
Or who despair, now DAMON does enjoy?
Joy to that happy pair,
Whose hopes united banish our despair!

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THYRSIS AND DORINDA.

DORINDA.

When death shall snatch us from these kids,
And shut up our divided lids,
Tell me, Thyrsis, prythee do,
Whither thou and I must go.

THYRSIS.

To the Elysium.

DORINDA.

Oh, where is't?

THYRSIS.

A chaste soul can never miss't.

DORINDA.

I know no way but one; our home
Is our Elysium.

THYRSIS.

Cast thine eye to yonder sky,
There the milky way doth lie;
'Tis a sure, but rugged way,
That leads to everlasting day.

DORINDA.

There birds may nest, but how can I,
That have no wings and cannot fly?

THYRSIS.

Do not sigh, fair nymph, for fire
Hath no wings, yet doth aspire
Till it hit against the pole;
Heaven's the centre of the soul.

DORINDA.

But in Elysium how do they
Pass eternity away?

THYRSIS.

O! there's neither hope nor fear,
There's no wolf, no fox, no bear,
No need of dog to fetch our stray,
Our Lightfoot we may give away;
And there, most sweetly, may thine ear
Feast with the music of the sphere.

DORINDA.

How I my future state,
By silent thinking, antedate!
I prythee let us spend our time, come,
In talking of Elysium.

THYRSIS.

Then I'll go on: there sheep are full
Of softest grass, and softest wool;
There birds sing consorts, garlands grow,
Cool winds do whisper, springs do flow;
There always is a rising sun,
And day is ever but begun;
Shepherds there bear equal sway,
And every nymph's a queen of May.

DORINDA.

Ah me! ah me!

THYRSIS.

DORINDA, why dost cry?

DORINDA.

I'm sick, I'm sick, and fain would die.

THYRSIS.

Convince me now that this is true
By bidding, with me, all adieu.

DORINDA.

I cannot live without thee, I
Will for thee, much more with thee, die.

THYRSIS.

Then let us give CORELLIA charge o'the sheep,
And thou and I pick poppies and them steep
In wine, and drink of it e'en till we weep,
So shall we smoothly pass away in sleep.

THE MATCH.

I.

NATURE had long a treasure made,
Of all her choicest store,
Fearing, when she should be decayed,
To beg in vain for more.

II.

Her orientest colours there,
And essences most pure,
With sweetest perfumes hoarded were,
All, as she thought, secure,

III.

She seldom them unlocked or used
But with the nicest care;
For, with one grain of them diffused,
She could the world repair.

IV.

But likeness soon together drew,
What she did separate lay;
Of which one perfect beauty grew,
And that was CELIA.

V.

Love wisely had of long foreseen
That he must once grow old,
And therefore stored a magazine
To save him from the cold.

VI.

He kept the several cells replete
With nitre thrice refined,
The naphtha's and the sulphur's heat,
And all that burns the mind.

VII.

He fortified the double gate,
And rarely thither came;
For, with one spark of these, he straight
All nature could inflame.

VIII.

Till, by vicinity so long,
A nearer way they sought,
And, grown magnetically strong,
Into each other wrought.

IX.

Thus all his fuel did unite
To make one fire high:
None ever burned so hot, so bright:
And, CELIA, that am I.

X.

So we alone the happy rest,
Whilst all the world is poor,
And have within ourselves possessed
All love's and nature's store.

THE MOWER AGAINST GARDENS.

Luxurious man, to bring his vice in use,
Did after him the world seduce,
And from the fields the flowers and plants allure,
Where nature was most plain and pure.
He first inclosed within the gardens square
A dead and standing pool of air,
And a more luscious earth from them did knead,
Which stupefied them while it fed.
The pink grew then as double as his mind;
The nutriment did change the kind.
With strange perfumes he did the roses taint:
And flowers themselves were taught to paint.
The tulip white did for complexion seek,
And learned to interline its cheek;
Its union root they then so high did hold,
That one was for a meadow sold:
Another world was searched through oceans new,
To find the marble of Peru,
And yet these rarities might be allowed
To man, that sovereign thing and proud,

Had he not dealt between the bark and tree,
Forbidden mixtures there to see.
No plant now knew the stock from which it came;
He grafts upon the wild the tame,
That the uncertain and adulterate fruit
Might put the palate in dispute.
His green seraglio has its eunuchs too,
Lest any tyrant him outdo,
And in the cherry he does nature vex,
To procreate without a sex.
'Tis all enforced, the fountain and the grot,
While the sweet fields do lie forgot,
Where willing nature does to all dispense
A wild and fragrant innocence,
And fauns and fairies do the meadows till
More by their presence than their skill.
Their statues, polished by some ancient hand,
May to adorn the gardens stand,
But, howsoe'er the figures do excel,
The Gods themselves with us do dwell.

DAMON THE MOWER.

HARK how the Mower DAMON sung,
With love of Juliana stung,
While every thing did seem to paint
The scene more fit for his complaint!
Like her fair eyes the day was fair,
But scorching like his amorous care;
Sharp, like his scythe, his sorrow was,
And withered, like his hopes, the grass.

Oh what unusual heats are here,
Which thus our sun-burned meadows fear!
The grasshopper its pipe gives o'er,
And hamstringed frogs can dance no more,
But in the brook the green frog wades,
And grasshoppers seek out the shades;
Only the snake, that kept within,
Now glitters in its second skin.
This heat the sun could never raise,
Nor dog-star so inflame the days;
It from an higher beauty groweth,
Which burns the fields and mower both,

Which made the dog, and makes the sun
Hotter than his own Phaeton;
Not July causeth these extremes,
But Juliana's scorching beams.

Tell me where I may pass the fires
Of the hot day, or hot desires;
To what cool cave shall I descend,
Or to what gelid fountain bend?
Alas! I look for ease in vain,
When remedies themselves complain,
No moisture but my tears do rest,
Nor cold but in her icy breast.

How long wilt thou, fair shepherdess,
Esteem me and my presents less?
To thee the harmless snake I bring,
Disarmed of its teeth and sting;
To thee chameleons, changing hue,
And oak leaves tipt with honey-dew;
Yet thou ungrateful hast not sought
Nor what they are, nor who them brought.

I am the mower DAMON, known
Through all the meadows I have mown.
On me the morn her dew distils
Before her darling daffodils,
And, if at noon my toil me heat,
The sun himself licks off my sweat;
While going home the evening sweet
In cowslip-water baths my feet.

What though the piping shepherd stock
The plains with an unnumbered flock,
This scythe of mine discovers wide
More ground than all his sheep do hide.
With this the golden fleece I shear
Of all these closes every year,
And though in wool more poor than they,
Yet I am richer far in hay.

Nor am I so deformed to sight,
If in my scythe I looked right;
In which I see my picture done,
As in a crescent moon the sun.
The deathless fairies take me oft
To lead them in their dances soft,
And when I tune myself to sing,
About me they contract their ring.

How happy might I still have mowed,
Had not Love here his thistle sowed!
But now I all the day complain,
Joining my labour to my pain,
And with my scythe cut down the grass,
Yet still my grief is where it was;
But when the iron blunter grows,
Sighing I whet my scythe and woes.

While thus he drew his elbow round,
Depopulating all the ground,
And, with his whistling scythe, does cut
Each stroke between the earth and root,

The edged steel, by careless chance,
Did into his own ankle glance,
And there among the grass fell down,
By his own scythe the mower mown.

Alas! said he, these hurts are slight
To those that die by love's despite.
With shepherd's-purse, and clown's all-heal,
The blood I stanch and wound I seal.
Only for him no cure is found,
Whom Juliana's eyes do wound;
'Tis death alone that this must do;
For, Death, thou art a Mower too.

THE MOWER TO THE GLOW WORMS.

I.

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate;

II.

Ye country comets, that portend
No war nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no other end
Than to presage the grass's fall;

III.

Ye Glow-worms, whose officious flame
To wandering mowers shows the way,
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray;

IV.

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since Juliana here is come,
For she my mind hath so displaced,
That I shall never find my home.

THE MOWER'S SONG.

I.

My mind was once the true survey
Of all these meadows fresh and gay,
And in the greenness of the grass
Did see its hopes as in a glass,
When Juliana came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

II.

But these, while I with sorrow pine,
Grew more luxuriant still and fine,
That not one blade of grass you spied,
But had a flower on either side,—
When Juliana came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

III.

Unthankful meadows, could you so
A fellowship so true forego,
And in your gaudy May-games meet,
While I lay trodden under feet,

When Juliana came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me?

IV.

But what you in compassion ought,
Shall now by my revenge be wrought,
And flowers, and grass, and I, and all,
Will in one common ruin fall;
For Juliana comes, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

V.

And thus, ye meadows, which have been
Companions of my thoughts more green,
Shall now the heraldry become
With which I shall adorn my tomb;
For Juliana comes, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

AMETAS AND THESTYLIS MAKING HAY-ROPES.

AMETAS.

THINK'ST thou that this love can stand,
Whilst thou still dost say me nay?
Love unpaid does soon disband:
Love binds love, as hay binds hay.

THESTYLIS.

Think'st thou that this rope would twine,
If we both should turn one way?
Where both parties so combine,
Neither love will twist, nor hay.

AMETAS.

Thus you vain excuses find,
Which yourself and us delay:
And love ties a woman's mind,
Looser than with ropes of hay.

THESTYLIS.

What you cannot constant hope
Must be taken as you may.

AMETAS.

Then let's both lay by our rope,
And go kiss within the hay.

MUSIC'S EMPIRE.

First was the world as one great cymbal made,
Where jarring winds to infant nature played;
All music was a solitary sound,
To hollow rocks and murmuring fountains bound.
Jubal first made the wilder notes agree,
And Jubal tuned Music's Jubilee;
He called the echoes from their sullen cell,
And built the organ's city, where they dwell;
Each sought a consort in that lovely place,
And virgin trebles wed the manly base,
From whence the progeny of numbers new
Into harmonious colonies withdrew;
Some to the lute, some to the viol went,
And others chose the cornet eloquent;
These practising the wind, and those the wire,
To sing man's triumphs, or in heaven's choir.
Then music, the mosaic of the air,
Did of all these a solemn noise prepare,
With which she gained the empire of the ear,
Including all between the earth and sphere.

Victorious sounds! yet here your homage do
Unto a gentler conqueror than you;
Who, though he flies the music of his praise,
Would with you heaven's hallelujahs raise.

TO HIS

WORTHY FRIEND DOCTOR WITTY,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE POPULAR ERRORS.

Sit farther and make room for thine own fame,
Where just desert enrolls thy honoured name,
The Good Interpreter. Some in this task
Take off the cypress veil, but leave a mask,
Changing the Latin, but do more obscure
That sense in English which was bright and pure.
So of translators they are authors grown,
For ill translators make the book their own.
Others do strive with words and forced phrase
To add such lustre, and so many rays,
That but to make the vessel shining, they
Much of the precious metal rub away.
He is translation's thief that addeth more,
As much as he that taketh from the store
Of the first author. Here he maketh blots,
That mends; and added beauties are but spots.

Cælia whose English doth more richly flow
Than Tagus, purer than dissolved snow,

And sweet as are her lips that speak it, she
Now learns the tongues of France and Italy;
But she is CÆLIA still; no other grace
But her own smiles commend that lovely face;
Her native beauty's not Italianated,
Nor her chaste mind into the French translated;
Her thoughts are English, though her speaking wit
With other language doth them featly fit.

Translators, learn of her: but stay, I slide
Down into error with the vulgar tide;
Women must not teach here: the doctor doth
Stint them to cordials, almond-milk, and broth.
Now I reform, and surely so will all
Whose happy eyes on thy translation fall.
I see the people hastening to thy book,
Liking themselves the worse the more they look,
And so disliking, that they nothing see
Now worth the liking, but thy book and thee.
And (if I judgment have) I censure right,
For something guides my hand that I must write;
You have translation's statutes best fulfilled,
That handling neither sully nor would gild.

ON MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

When I beheld the poet blind, yet bold,
In slender book his vast design unfold,
Messiah crowned, God's reconciled decree,
Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,
Heaven, hell, earth, chaos, all; the argument
Held me awhile misdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
The sacred truths to fable and old song;
So Samson groped the temple's posts in spite,
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight.

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
I liked his project, the success did fear;
Through that wide field how he his way should find,
O'er which lame faith leads understanding blind;
Lest he'd perplex the things he would explain,
And what was easy he should render vain.

Or if a work so infinite he spanned,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand

(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel)
Might hence presume the whole creation's day
To change in scenes, and show it in a play.

Pardon me, mighty poet, nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinced, and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a share.
Thou hast not missed one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper dost omit;
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.

That majesty which through thy work doth reign
Draws the devout, deterring the profane;
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us seize,
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease,
And above human flight dost soar aloft,
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft:
The bird named from that paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind?
Just heaven thee, like Tiresias, to requite,
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

Well might thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure,
While the Town-Bayes writes all the while and spells,
And like a pack-horse tires without his bells.
Their fancies like our bushy points appear:
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.
I too, transported by the mode, offend,
And while I meant to praise thee, must commend;
Thy verse created like thy theme sublime,
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme.

AN EPITAPH.

ENOUGH; and leave the rest to fame;
'Tis to commend her, but to name.
Courtship, which, living, she declined,
When dead, to offer were unkind.
Where never any could speak ill,
Who would officious praises spill?
Nor can the truest wit, or friend,
Without detracting, her commend;
To say, she lived a virgin chaste
In this age loose and all unlaced,
Nor was, when vice is so allowed,
Of virtue or ashamed or proud;
That her soul was on heaven so bent,
No minute but it came and went;
That, ready her last debt to pay,
She summed her life up every day;
Modest as morn, as mid-day bright,
Gentle as evening, cool as night;
'Tis true; but all too weakly said:
'Twas more significant, she's dead.

TRANSLATED FROM SENECA'S TRAGEDY OF THYESTES.

CHORUS II.

Climb, at court, for me, that will,
Tottering favour's pinnacle;
All I seek is to lie still:
Settled in some secret nest,
In calm leisure let me rest,
And, far off the public stage,
Pass away my silent age.
Thus, when, without noise, unknown,
I have lived out all my span,
I shall die, without a groan,
An old honest countryman.
Who, exposed to other's eyes,
Into his own heart never pries,
Death to him's a strange surprise.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE RESOLVED SOUL, AND CREATED PLEASURE.

COURAGE, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Close on thy head thy helmet bright;
Balance thy sword against the fight;
See where an army, strong as fair,
With silken banners spread the air!
Now, if thou be'st that thing divine,
In this day's combat let it shine,
And show that nature wants an art
To conquer one resolved heart.

PLEASURE.

Welcome; the creation's guest,
Lord of earth, and heaven's heir!
Lay aside that warlike crest,
And of nature's banquet share,
Where the souls of fruits and flowers,
Stand prepared to heighten yours.

SOUL.

I sup above, and cannot stay,
To bait so long upon the way.

PLEASURE.

On these downy pillows lie,
Whose soft plumes will thither fly:
On these roses, strewed so plain
Lest one leaf thy side should strain.

SOUL.

My gentler rest is on a thought,
Conscious of doing what I ought.

PLEASURE.

If thou be'st with perfumes pleased,
Such as oft the gods appeased,
Thou in fragrant clouds shalt show,
Like another god below.

SOUL.

A soul that knows not to presume,
Is Heaven's, and its own, perfume.

PLEASURE.

Every thing does seem to vie
Which should first attract thine eye:
But since none deserves that grace,
In this crystal view thy face.

SOUL.

When the Creator's skill is prized,
The rest is all but earth disguised.

PLEASURE.

Hark how music then prepares
For thy stay these charming airs,
Which the posting winds recall,
And suspend the river's fall.

SOUL.

Had I but any time to lose,
On this I would it all dispose.
Cease tempter! None can chain a mind,
Whom this sweet cordage cannot bind.

CHORUS.

Earth cannot show so brave a sight,
As when a single soul does fence
The battery of alluring sense,
And Heaven views it with delight.
Then persevere; for still new charges sound,
And if thou overcom'st thou shalt be crowned.

PLEASURE.

All that's costly, fair, and sweet,
Which scatteringly doth shine,
Shall within one beauty meet,
And she be only thine.

SOUL.

If things of sight such heavens be,
What heavens are those we cannot see?

PLEASURE.

Wheresoe'er thy foot shall go
The minted gold shall lie,
Till thou purchase all below,
And want new worlds to buy.

SOUL.

Wer't not for price who'd value gold?
And that's worth naught that can be sold.

PLEASURE.

Wilt thou all the glory have
That war or peace commend?
Half the world shall be thy slave,
The other half thy friend.

SOUL.

What friends, if to myself untrue?
What slaves, unless I captive you?

PLEASURE.

Thou shalt know each hidden cause,
And see the future time,
Try what depth the centre draws,
And then to heaven climb.

SOUL.

None thither mounts by the degree
Of knowledge, but humility.

CHORUS.

Triumph, triumph, victorious soul!
The world has not one pleasure more:
The rest does lie beyond the pole,
And is thine everlasting store.

A DROP OF DEW.

(TRANSLATED.)

See, how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn,
Into the blowing roses,
(Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born,)
Round in itself incloses
And, in its little globe's extent,
Frames, as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies;
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls, and unsecure,
Trembling, lest it grow impure;
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves, and blossoms green,
And, recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater heaven in a heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away,
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day,
Dark beneath, but bright above,
Here disdaining, there in love.
How loose and easy hence to go;
How girt and ready to ascend;
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upwards bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire, although congealed and chill;
Congealed on earth; but does, dissolving, run
Into the glories of the almighty sun.

THE GARDEN.

(TRANSLATED.)

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid,
While all the flowers, and trees, do close,
To weave the garlands of repose!

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.

Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name:
Little, alas! they know or heed,
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race;
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wond'rous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;—
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;—
Yet it creates, transcending these,

Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walked without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new,
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we!
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?

ON THE

VICTORY OBTAINED BY BLAKE,

OVER THE SPANIARDS, IN THE BAY OF SANTA CRUZ IN THE ISLAND OF TENERIFFE, 1657.

Now does Spain's fleet her spacious wings unfold,
Leaves the new world, and hastens for the old;
But though the wind was fair, they slowly swum,
Freighted with acted guilt, and guilt to come;
For this rich load, of which so proud they are,
Was raised by tyranny, and raised for war.
Every capacious galleon's womb was filled
With what the womb of wealthy kingdoms yield;
The new world's wounded entrails they had tore,
For wealth wherewith to wound the old once more,
Wealth which all other's avarice might cloy,
But yet in them caused as much fear, as joy.
For now upon the main themselves they saw
That boundless empire, where you give the law;
Of wind's and water's rage they fearful be,
But much more fearful are your flags to see.

Day, that to those who sail upon the deep,
More wished for and more welcome is than sleep,
They dreaded to behold, lest the sun's light,
With English streamers should salute their sight:
In thickest darkness they would choose to steer,
So that such darkness might suppress their fear:
At length it vanishes, and fortune smiles,
For they behold the sweet Canary isles,
One of which doubtless is by nature blessed
Above both worlds, since 'tis above the rest.
For lest some gloominess might stain her sky,
Trees there the duty of the clouds supply:
O noble trust which heaven on this isle pours,
Fertile to be, yet never need her showers!
A happy people, which at once do gain
The benefits, without the ills, of rain!
Both health and profit fate cannot deny,
Where still the earth is moist, the air still dry;
The jarring elements no discord know,
Fuel and rain together kindly grow;
And coolness there with heat does never fight,
This only rules by day, and that by night.
Your worth to all these isles a just right brings,
The best of lands should have the best of kings.
And these want nothing heaven can afford,
Unless it be, the having you their lord;
But this great want will not a long one prove,
Your conquering sword will soon that want remove;

For Spain had better, she'll ere long confess,
Have broken all her swords, than this one peace;
Casting that league off, which she held so long,
She cast off that which only made her strong.
Forces and art, she soon will feel, are vain,
Peace, against you, was the sole strength of Spain;
By that alone those islands she secures,
Peace makes them hers, but war will make them yours.
There the rich grape the soil indulgent breeds,
Which of the gods the fancied drink exceeds.
They still do yield, such is their precious mould,
All that is good, and are not cursed with gold;
With fatal gold, for still where that does grow
Neither the soil, nor people, quiet know;
Which troubles men to raise it when 'tis ore,
And when 'tis raised does trouble them much more.
Ah, why was thither brought that cause of war,
Kind nature had from thence removed so far!
In vain doth she those islands free from ill,
If fortune can make guilty what she will.
But whilst I draw that scene, where you, ere long,
Shall conquests act, you present are unsung.

For Santa Cruz the glad fleet takes her way,
And safely there casts anchor in the bay.

Never so many, with one joyful cry,
That place saluted, where they all must die.
Deluded men! Fate with you did but sport,
You 'scaped the sea, to perish in your port.
'Twas more for England's fame you should die there,
Where you had most of strength and least of fear.
The Peak's proud height the Spaniards all admire,
Yet in their breasts carry a pride much higher.
Only to this vast hill a power is given,
At once both to inhabit earth and heaven.
But this stupendous prospect did not near
Make them admire, so much as they did fear.

For here they met with news, which did produce
A grief, above the cure of grape's best juice.
They learned with terror, that nor summer's heat,
Nor winter's storms, had made your fleet retreat.
To fight against such foes was vain, they knew,
Which did the rage of elements subdue,
Who on the ocean, that does horror give
To all beside, triumphantly do live.

With haste they therefore all their galleons moor,
And flank with cannon from the neighbouring shore;

Forts, lines, and sconces, all the bay along,
They build, and act all that can make them strong.

Fond men! who knew not whilst such works they raise,
They only labour to exalt your praise.
Yet they by restless toil became at length,
So proud and confident of their made strength,
That they with joy their boasting general heard
Wish then for that assault he lately feared.
His wish he had, for now undaunted Blake,
With winged speed, for Santa Cruz does make.
For your renown, the conquering fleet does ride,
O'er seas as vast as is the Spaniard's pride.
Whose fleet and trenches viewed, you soon did say,
We to their strength are more obliged than they;
Wer't not for that, they from their fate would run,
And a third world seek out, our arms to shun.
Those forts, which there so high and strong appear,
Do not so much suppress, as show their fear.
Of speedy victory let no man doubt,
Our worst work passed, now we have found them out.
Behold their navy does at anchor lie,
And they are ours, for now they cannot fly.

This said, the whole fleet gave it their applause,
And all assume your courage, in your cause.
That bay they enter, which unto them owes
The noblest wreaths which victory bestows;
Bold Stanier leads; this fleet's designed by fate
To give him laurel, as the last did plate.

The thundering cannon now begins the fight,
And, though it be at noon, creates a night;
The air was soon, after the fight begun,
Far more enflamed by it, than by the sun.
Never so burning was that climate known;
War turned the temperate, to the torrid zone.

Fate these two fleets, between both worlds, had brought,
Who fight, as if for both those worlds they sought.
Thousands of ways, thousands of men there die,
Some ships are sunk, some blown up in the sky.
Nature ne'er made cedars so high aspire
As oaks did then, urged by the active fire
Which, by quick powder's force, so high was sent
That it returned to its own element.
Torn limbs some leagues into the island fly,
Whilst others lower, in the sea, do lie;
Scarce souls from bodies severed are so far
By death, as bodies there were by the war.

The all-seeing sun ne'er gazed on such a sight,
Two dreadful navies there at anchor fight,
And neither have, or power, or will, to fly;
There one must conquer, or there both must die.
Far different motives yet engaged them thus,
Necessity did them, but choice did us,
A choice which did the highest worth express,
And was attended by as high success;
For your resistless genius there did reign,
By which we laurels reaped e'en on the main.
So prosperous stars, though absent to the sense,
Bless those they shine for by their influence.

Our cannon now tears every ship and sconce,
And o'er two elements triumphs at once.
Their galleons sunk, their wealth the sea does fill,
The only place where it can cause no ill.

Ah! would those treasures which both Indias have
Were buried in as large, and deep a grave!
War's chief support with them would buried be,
And the land owe her peace unto the sea.
Ages to come your conquering arms will bless,
There they destroyed what had destroyed their peace;
And in one war the present age may boast,
The certain seeds of many wars are lost.

All the foe's ships destroyed by sea or fire,
Victorious Blake does from the bay retire.
His siege of Spain he then again pursues,
And there first brings of his success the news:
The saddest news that e'er to Spain was brought,
Their rich fleet sunk, and ours with laurel fraught,
Whilst fame in every place her trumpet blows,
And tells the world how much to you it owes.

THE LOYAL SCOT.

BY CLEVELAND'S GHOST, UPON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN DOUGLAS, WHO WAS BURNED ON HIS SHIP AT CHATHAM.

Of the old heroes when the warlike shades
Saw Douglas marching on the Elysian glades,
They all, consulting, gathered in a ring,
Which of the poets should his welcome sing;
And, as a favourable penance, chose
Cleveland, on whom they would that task impose.
He understood, but willingly addressed
His ready muse, to court that noble guest.
Much had he cured the tumour of his vein,
He judged more clearly now and saw more plain;
For those soft airs had tempered every thought,
Since of wise Lethe he had drunk a draught.

Abruptly he begun, disguising art,
As of his satire this had been a part.*

Not so, brave Douglas, on whose lovely chin
The early down but newly did begin,
And modest beauty yet his sex did veil
While envious virgins hope he is a male.
His yellow locks curl back themselves to seek,
Nor other courtship knew but to his cheek.
Oft as he in chill Esk or Tyne, by night,
Hardened and cooled his limbs, so soft, so white,
Among the reeds, to be espied by him,
The nymphs would rustle, he would forward swim.
They sighed, and said, fond boy, why so untame,
To fly love's fires, reserved for other flame?

First on his ship he faced that horrid day,
And wondered much at those who ran away.
No other fear himself could comprehend,
Than lest heaven fall ere thither he ascend:
But entertains the while his time, too short,
With birding at the Dutch, as if in sport;
Or waves his sword, and, could he them conjure
Within his circle, knows himself secure.

* Cleveland wrote a poem, in Latin and English, which he called, *Rebellis Scotus*, The Rebel Scot: A satire on the nation in general. He ends thus,

"A Scot, when from the gallows-tree got loose,
"Drops into Styx, and turns a Soland goose."

The fatal bark him boards with grappling fire,
And safely through its port the Dutch retire.
That precious life he yet disdains to save,
Or with known art to try the gentle wave.
Much him the honour of his ancient race
Inspired, nor would he his own deeds deface;
And secret joy in his calm soul does rise,
That Monk looks on to see how Douglas dies.
Like a glad lover the fierce flames he meets,
And tries his first embraces in their sheets;
His shape exact, which the bright flames enfolds
Like the sun's statue stands of burnished gold;
Round the transparent fire about him glows,
As the clear amber on the bees does close,
And, as on angels' heads their glories shine,
His burning locks adorn his face divine.
But when in his immortal mind he felt
His altering form and soldered limbs to melt,
Down on the deck he laid himself, and died,
With his dear sword reposing by his side,
And on the flaming plank so rests his head,
As one that warmed himself, and went to bed.
His ship burns down, and with his relics sinks,
And the sad stream beneath his ashes drinks.
Fortunate boy! if either pencil's fame,
Or if my verse can propagate thy name,
When Œta and Alcides are forgot,
Our English youth shall sing the valiant Scot.

Ship-saddles, Pegasus, thou needst not brag,
Sometimes the galloway proves the better nag.
Shall not a death so generous, when told,
Unite our distance, fill our breaches old?
So in the Roman forum, Curtius brave
Galloping down, closed up the gaping cave.
No more discourse of Scotch and English race,
Nor chant the fabulous hunt of Chevy-Chace;
Mixed in Corinthian metal at thy flame,
Our nations melting thy Colossus frame.
Prick down the point, whoever has the art,
Where nature Scotland does from England part;—
Anatomists may sooner fix the cells
Where life resides, and understanding dwells.
But this we know, though that exceeds our skill,
That whosoever separates them does ill.
Will you the Tweed that sullen bounder call,
Of soil, of wit, of manners, and of all?
Why draw you not, as well, the thrifty line
From Thames, from Humber, or at least the Tyne?
So may we the state-corpulence redress,
And little England, when we please, make less.
What ethic river is this wond'rous Tweed,
Whose one bank virtue, t'other vice, does breed?
Or what new perpendicular does rise,
Up from her streams, continued to the skies,

That between us the common air should bar,
And split the influence of every star?
But who considers right, will find indeed,
'Tis Holy Island parts us, not the Tweed.
Nothing but clergy could us two seclude,
No Scotch was ever like a bishop's feud.
All Litanies in this have wanted faith,
There's no *deliver us from a bishop's wrath.*
Never shall Calvin pardoned be for sales,
Never, for Burnet's sake, the Lauderdales;
For Becket's sake, Kent always shall have tales.
Who sermons e'er can pacify and prayers?
Or to the joint stools reconcile the chairs?
Though kingdoms join, yet church will kirk oppose;
The mitre still divides, the crown does close;
As in Rogation week they whip us round,
To keep in time the Scotch and English bound.
What the ocean binds is by the bishops rent,
As seas make islands in the continent.
Nature in vain us in one land compiles,
If the cathedral still shall have its isles.
Nothing, not bogs nor sands nor seas nor Alps,
Separates the world so as the bishops scalps;
Stretch for the line their surcingle alone,
'Twill make a more inhabitable zone.
The friendly loadstone has not more combined,
Than bishops cramped the commerce of mankind.
Had it not been for such a bias strong,
Two nations ne'er had missed the mark so long.

The world in all doth but two nations bear,
The good, the bad, and these mixed everywhere;
Under each pole place either of these two,
The bad will basely, good will bravely, do;
And few, indeed, can parallel our climes,
For worth heroic, or heroic crimes.
The trial would, however, be too nice,
Which stronger were, a Scotch or English vice;
Or whether the same virtue would reflect,
From Scotch or English heart, the same effect.
Nation is all but name, a Shibboleth,
Where a mistaken accent causes death.
In Paradise names only nature showed,
At Babel names from pride and discord flowed;
And ever since men, with a female spite,
First call each other names, and then they fight.
Scotland and England cause a just uproar;
Do man and wife signify rogue and whore?
Say but a Scot and straight we fall to sides;
That syllable like a Picts' wall divides.
Rational men's words pledges are of peace;
Perverted, serve dissension to increase.
For shame extirpate from each loyal breast
That senseless rancour, against interest.
One king, one faith, one language, and one isle,
English and Scotch, 'tis all but cross and pile.
Charles, our great soul, this only understands;
He our affections both, and wills, commands;
And where twin-sympathies cannot alone,
Knows the last secret, how to make us one.

Just so the prudent husbandman, that sees
The idle tumult of his factious bees,
The morning dews, and flowers, neglected grown,
The hive a comb-case, every bee a drone,
Powders them o'er, till none discerns his foes,
And all themselves in meal and friendship lose;
The insect kingdom straight begins to thrive,
And all work honey for the common hive.

Pardon, young hero, this so long transport,
Thy death more noble did the same extort.
My former satire for this verse forget,
My fault against my recantation set.
I single did against a nation write,
Against a nation thou didst singly fight.
My differing crimes do more thy virtue raise,
And, such my rashness, best thy valour praise.

Here Douglas smiling said, he did intend,
After such frankness shown, to be his friend,
Forewarned him therefore, lest in time he were
Metempsychos'd to some Scotch Presbyter.

A HORATIAN ODE

UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND.

THE forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing:
'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armour's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corselet of the hall.
So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urged his active star;
And, like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide;
(For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy,
And with such to inclose,
Is more than to oppose;)

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.
'Tis madness to resist or blame
The force of angry heaven's flame;
And if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,
Who from his private gardens, where
He lived reserved and austere,
As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,
Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of Time,
And cast the kingdoms old,
Into another mould.
Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain,
[But those do hold or break,
As men are strong or weak,]
Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.
What field of all the civil war,
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art;
Where, twining subtile fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope

That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case,
That thence the royal actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn,
While round the armed bands,
Did clap their bloody hands:
He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.
This was that memorable hour,
Which first assured the forced power;
So, when they did design
The capitol's first line,
A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run;
And yet in that the state
Foresaw its happy fate.
And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed;
So much one man can do,
That does both act and know.
They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confessed
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust.

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the republic's hand,
(How fit he is to sway,
That can so well obey!)
He to the Commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents;
And, what he may, forbears
His fame, to make it theirs;
And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
To lay them at the public's skirt:
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,
She, having killed, no more doth search,
But on the next green bough to perch;
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.
What may not then our isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume?
What may not others fear,
If thus he crowns each year?
As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy a Hannibal,
And to all states not free,
Shall climacteric be.
The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his party-coloured mind,
But, from this valour sad,
Shrink underneath the plaid;
Happy, if in the tufted brake,
The English hunter him mistake,

Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.
But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on,
And for the last effect,
Still keep the sword erect;
Beside the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY

OF

THE GOVERNMENT UNDER HIS HIGHNESS

THE LORD PROTECTOR.

LIKE the vain curlings of the watery maze,
Which in smooth streams a sinking weight doth raise,
So man, declining, always disappears
In the weak circles of increasing years;
And his short tumults of themselves compose,
While flowing time above his head doth close.

Cromwell alone, with greater vigour runs
(Sun-like) the stages of succeeding suns,
And still the day which he doth next restore,
Is the just wonder of the day before;
Cromwell alone doth with new lustre spring,
And shines the jewel of the yearly ring.
'Tis he the force of scattered time contracts,
And in one year the work of ages acts;
While heavy monarchs make a wide return,
Longer and more malignant than Saturn,

And they, though all Platonic years should
reign,
In the same posture would be found again;
Their earthly projects under ground they lay,
More slow and brittle than the China clay;
Well may they strive to leave them on their
son,
For one thing never was by one king done.
Yet some, more active, for a frontier town
Took in by proxy, begs a false renown;
Another triumphs at the public cost,
And will have won, if he no more have lost;
They fight by others, but in person wrong,
And only are against their subjects strong;
Their other wars are but a feigned contest,
This common enemy is still opprest;
If conquerors, on them they turn their might,
If conquered, on them they wreak their spite;
They neither build the temple in their days,
Nor matter for succeeding founders raise;
Nor sacred prophecies consult within,
Much less themselves to perfect them begin;
No other care they bear of things above,
But with astrologers, divine of Jove,
To know how long their planet yet reprieves
From the deserved fate their guilty lives.
Thus (image-like) a useless time they tell,
And with vain sceptre strike the hourly bell,
Nor more contribute to the state of things,
Than wooden heads unto the viol's strings,

While indefatigable Cromwell tries,
And cuts his way still nearer to the skies,
Learning a music in the region clear,
To tune this lower to that higher sphere.

So when Amphion did the lute command,
Which the God gave him, with his gentle hand,
The rougher stones, unto his measures hewed,
Danced up in order from the quarries rude;
This took a lower, that a higher place,
As he the treble altered, or the base;
No note he struck, but a new story laid,
And the great work ascended while he played.

The listening structures he with wonder eyed,
And still new stops to various time applied;
Now through the strings a martial rage he throws,
And joining, straight the Theban tower arose;
Then as he strokes them with a touch more sweet,
The flocking marbles in a palace meet;
But for he most the graver notes did try,
Therefore the temples reared their columns high;
Thus, ere he ceased, his sacred lute creates
The harmonious city of the seven gates.
Such was that wondrous order and consent,
When Cromwell tuned the ruling instrument;
While tedious statesmen many years did hack,
Framing a liberty that still went back;

Whose numerous gorge could swallow in an hour,
That island which the sea cannot devour:
Then our Amphion issues out and sings,
And once he struck, and twice the powerful strings.
The Commonwealth then first together came,
And each one entered in the willing frame.

All other matter yields, and may be ruled,
But who the minds of stubborn men can build?
No quarry bears a stone so hardly wrought,
Nor with such labour from its centre brought:
None to be sunk in the foundation bends,
Each in the house the highest place contends;
And each the hand that lays him will direct,
And some fall back upon the architect;
Yet all, composed by his attractive song,
Into the animated city throng.

The Commonwealth does through their centres all
Draw the circumference of the public wall;
The crossest spirits here do take their part,
Fastening the contignation which they thwart:
And they whose nature leads them to divide,
Uphold, this one, and that the other side;
But the most equal still sustain the height,
And they, as pillars, keep the work upright,
While the resistance of opposed minds,
The fabric, as with arches, stronger binds,

Which, on the basis of a senate free,
Knit by the roof's protecting weight, agree.

When for his foot he thus a place had found,
He hurls e'er since the world about him round;
And in his several aspects, like a star,
Here shines in peace, and thither shoots a war,
While by his beams observing princes steer,
And wisely court the influence they fear.
O, would they rather, by his pattern won,
Kiss the approaching, nor yet angry sun,
And in their numbered footsteps humbly tread
The path where holy oracles do lead,
How might they under such a captain raise
The great designs kept for the latter days!
But mad with reason, [so miscalled] of state,
They know them not, and what they know not, hate.
Hence still they sing Hosanna to the whore,
And, him whom they should massacre, adore;
But Indians, whom they should convert, subdue,
Nor teach, but traffic with, or burn the Jew.
Unhappy princes, ignorantly bred,
By malice some, by error more misled,
If gracious Heaven to my life give length,
Leisure to time, and to my weakness strength,
Then shall I once with graver accents shake
Your regal sloth and your long slumbers wake,
Like the shrill huntsman that prevents the east,
Winding his horn to kings that chase the beast!

Till then my muse shall halloo far behind
Angelic Cromwell, who outwings the wind,
And in dark nights, and in cold days, alone
Pursues the monster thorough every throne,
Which shrinking to her Roman den impure,
Gnashes her gory teeth; nor there secure.

Hence oft I think, if in some happy hour
High grace should meet in one with highest power,
And then a seasonable people still
Should bend to his, as he to Heaven's will,
What we might hope, what wonderful effect
From such a wished conjuncture might reflect!
Sure, the mysterious work, where none withstand,
Would forthwith finish under such a hand;
Foreshortened time its useless course would stay,
And soon precipitate the latest day:
But a thick cloud about that morning lies,
And intercepts the beams to mortal eyes,
That 'tis the most which we determine can,
If these the times, then this must be the man;
And well he therefore does, and well has guessed,
Who in his age has always forward pressed
And knowing not where Heaven's choice may light,
Girds yet his sword, and ready stands to fight.
But men, alas! as if they nothing cared,
Look on, all unconcerned, or unprepared;

And stars still fall, and still the dragon's tail
Swinges the volumes of its horrid flail;
For the great justice that did first suspend
The world by sin, does by the same extend.
Hence that blest day still counterpoised wastes,
The ill delaying, what the elected hastes;
Hence, landing, Nature to new seas is tost,
And good designs still with their authors lost.

And thou, great Cromwell, for whose happy birth
A mould was chosen out of better earth,
Whose saint-like mother we did lately see
Live out an age, long as a pedigree,
That she might seem, could we the fall dispute,
To have smelt the blossom, and not eat the fruit,—
Though none does of more lasting parents grow,
Yet never any did them honour so.
Though thou thine heart from evil still sustained,
And always hast thy tongue from fraud refrained,
Thou, who so oft through storms of thundering lead
Hast borne securely thine undaunted head;
Thy breast through poniarding conspiracies,
Drawn from the sheath of lying prophecies,
The proof beyond all other force or skill,
Our sins endanger, and shall one day kill.
How near they failed, and in thy sudden fall,
At once assayed to overturn us all?

Our British fury, struggling to be free,
Hurried thy horses, while they hurried thee;
When thou hadst almost quit thy mortal cares,
And soiled in dust thy crown of silver hairs.

Let this one sorrow interweave among
The other glories of our yearly song;
Like skilful looms, which through the costly thread
Of purling ore, a shining wave do shed,
So shall the tears we on past grief employ,
Still as they trickle, glitter in our joy;
So with more modesty we may be true,
And speak, as of the dead, the praises due,
While impious men, deceived with pleasure short,
On their own hopes shall find the fall retort.

But the poor beasts, wanting their noble guide,
[What could they more?] shrunk guiltily aside:
First winged fear transports them far away,
And leaden sorrow then their flight did stay.
See how they both their towering crests abate,
And the green grass and their known mangers hate,
Nor through wide nostrils snuff the wanton air,
Nor their round hoofs or curled manes compare;
With wandering eyes and restless ears they stood,
And with shrill neighings asked him of the wood.

Thou, Cromwell, falling, not a stupid tree,
Or rock so savage, but it mourned for thee;
And all about was heard a panic groan,
As if that nature's self were overthrown.
It seemed the earth did from the centre tear,
It seemed the sun was fallen from his sphere:
Justice obstructed lay, and reason fooled,
Courage disheartened, and religion cooled;
A dismal silence through the palace went,
And then loud shrieks the vaulted marbles rent:
Such as the dying chorus sings by turns,
And to deaf seas and ruthless tempests mourns,
When now they sink, and now the plundering
streams,
Break up each deck and rip the open seams.

But thee triumphant, hence, the fiery car
And fiery steeds had borne out of the war,
From the low world and thankless men, above
Unto the kingdom blest of peace and love:
We only mourned ourselves in thine ascent,
Whom thou hadst left beneath with mantle rent,
For all delight of life thou then didst lose,
When to command thou didst thyself depose,
Resigning up thy privacy so dear,
To turn the headstrong people's charioteer;
For to be Cromwell was a greater thing,
Than aught below, or yet above, a king:
Therefore thou rather didst thyself depress,
Yielding to rule, because it made thee less.

For neither didst thou from the first apply
Thy sober spirit unto things too high;
But in thine own fields exercisedst long
A healthful mind within a body strong,
Till at the seventh time, thou in the skies,
As a small cloud, like a man's hand didst rise;
Then did thick mists and winds the air deform,
And down at last thou pouredst the fertile storm
Which to the thirsty land did plenty bring;
But thou, forewarned, o'ertook and wet the king.
What since thou didst, a higher force thee pushed
Still from behind, and it before thee rushed.
Though undiscerned among the tumult blind,
Who think those high decrees by man designed,
'Twas Heaven would not that ere thy power should cease,
But walk still middle betwixt war and peace;
Choosing each stone, and poising every weight,
Trying the measures of the breadth and height,
Here pulling down, and there erecting new,
Founding a firm state by proportions true.

When Gideon so did from the war retreat,
Yet by the conquest of two kings grown great,
He on the peace extends a warlike power,
And Israel, silent, saw him rase the tower,
And how he Succoth's elders durst suppress
With thorns and briars of the wilderness;
No king might ever such a force have done,
Yet would not he be lord, nor yet his son.

Thou with the same strength, and a heart so
plain,
Didst like thine olive still refuse to reign;
Though why should others all thy labour spoil,
And brambles be anointed with thine oil,
Whose climbing flame, without a timely stop,
Had quickly levelled every cedar's top?
Therefore, first growing to thyself a law,
The ambitious shrubs thou in just time didst awe.

So have I seen at sea, when whirling winds
Hurry the bark, but more the seamen's minds,
Who with mistaken course salute the sand,
And threatening rocks misapprehend for land,—
While baleful tritons to the shipwreck guide,
And corposants* along the tacklings slide,—
The passengers all wearied out before,
Giddy, and wishing for the fatal shore,—
Some lusty mate, who with more careful eye,
Counted the hours, and every star did spy,
The helm does from the artless steersman strain,
And doubles back unto the safer main:
What though awhile they grumble, discontent?
Saving himself, he does their loss prevent.

'Tis not a freedom that, where all command,
Nor tyranny, where one does them withstand;

* Marine meteors, which Portuguese mariners call the Bodies of the Saints; *corpos santos*.

But who of both the bounders knows to lay,
Him, as their father, must the state obey.

Thou and thy house, like Noah's eight did rest,
Left by the war's flood, on the mountain's crest;
And the large vale lay subject to thy will,
Which thou but as an husbandman, wouldst till;
And only didst for others plant the vine
Of Liberty, not drunken with its wine.

That sober liberty which men may have,
That they enjoy, but more they vainly crave;
And such as to their parent's tents do press,
May show their own, not see his nakedness.

Yet such a clammish issue still doth rage,
The shame and plague both of the land and age,
Who watched thy halting, and thy fall divide,
Rejoicing when thy foot had slipped aside,
That their new king might the fifth sceptre
shake,
And make the world, by his example, quake;
Whose frantic army, should they want for men,
Might muster heresies, so one were ten.
What thy misfortune, they the spirit call,
And their religion only is to fall.
Oh Mahomet! now couldst thou rise again,
Thy falling-sickness should have made thee reign;
While Feak and Simpson would in many a tome
Have writ the comments of thy sacred foam:

For soon thou might'st have passed among their rant,
Wer't but for thine unmoved tulipant;
As thou must needs have owned them of thy band,
For prophecies fit to be alcoraned.

Accursed locusts, whom your king does spit
Out of the centre of the unbottomed pit;
Wanderers, adulterers, liars, Muntzer's rest,
Sorcerers, atheists, jesuits, possest,
You, who the Scriptures and the laws deface,
With the same liberty as points and lace;
O race! most hypocritically strict,
Bent to reduce us to the ancient Pict,
Well may you act the Adam and the Eve,
Ay, and the serpent too, that did deceive.

But the great captain, now the danger's o'er,
Makes you, for his sake, tremble one fit more;
And, to your spite, returning yet alive,
Does with himself, all that is good, revive.

So, when first man did through the morning dew,
See the bright sun his shining race pursue,
All day he followed, with unwearied sight,
Pleased with that other world of moving light;
But thought him, when he missed his setting beams,
Sunk in the hills, or plunged below the streams,

While dismal blacks hung round the universe,
And stars, like tapers, burned upon his hearse;
And owls and ravens with their screeching noise,
Did make their funerals sadder by their joys.
His weeping eyes the doleful vigils keep,
Not knowing yet the night was made for sleep.
Still to the west, where he him lost, he turned,
And with such accents, as despairing, mourned;
" Why did mine eyes once see so bright a ray?
Or why day last no longer than a day?"
When straight the sun behind him he descried,
Smiling serenely from the further side.

So while our star that gives us light and heat,
Seemed now a long and gloomy night to threat,
Up from the other world his flame doth dart,
And princes, shining through their windows, start;
Who their suspected counsellors refuse,
And credulous ambassadors accuse:
" Is this," saith one, " the nation that we read,
" Spent with both wars, under a captain dead!
" Yet rig a navy, while we dress us late,
" And ere we dine, rase and rebuild a state?
" What oaken forests, and what golden mines!
" What mints of men, what union of designs!
" Unless their ships do as their fowl proceed
" Of shedding leaves, that with their ocean breed.
" Theirs are not ships, but rather arks of war,
" And beaked promontories sailed from far;

"Of floating islands a new hatched nest,
"A fleet of worlds of other worlds in quest;
"An hideous shoal of wood Leviathans,
"Armed with three tire of brazen hurricanes,
"That through the centre shoot their thundering side,
"And sink the earth, that does at anchor ride.
"What refuge to escape them can be found,
"Whose watery leaguers all the world surround?
"Needs must we all their tributaries be,
"Whose navies hold the sluices of the sea!
"The ocean is the fountain of command,
"But that once took, we captives are on land;
"And those that have the waters for their share,
"Can quickly leave us neither earth nor air;
"Yet if through these our fears could find a pass
"Through double oak, and lined with treble brass;
"That one man still, although but named, alarms
"More than all men, all navies, and all arms;
"Him all the day, him in late nights I dread,
"And still his sword seems hanging o'er my head.
"The nation had been ours, but his one soul
"Moves the great bulk, and animates the whole,
"He secrecy with number hath inchased,
"Courage with age, maturity with haste;
"The valiant's terror, riddle of the wise,
"And still his falchion all our knots unties.
"Where did he learn those arts that cost us dear?
"Where below earth, or where above the sphere?

" He seems a king by long succession born,
" And yet the same to be a king doth scorn.
" Abroad a king he seems, and something more,
" At home a subject on the equal floor;
" Or could I once him with our title see,
" So should I hope yet he might die as we.
" But let them write his praise that love him best,
" It grieves me sore to have thus much confest."

Pardon, great Prince, if thus their fear or spite,
More than our love and duty do thee right;
I yield, nor further will the prize contend,
So that we both alike may miss our end;
While thou thy venerable head dost raise
As far above their malice as my praise;
And, as the angel of our commonweal,
Troubling the waters, yearly mak'st them heal.

A POEM

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS LATE HIGHNESS THE LORD PROTECTOR.

THAT Providence which had so long the care
Of Cromwell's head, and numbered every hair,
Now in itself (the glass where all appears)
Had seen the period of his golden years,
And thenceforth only did attend to trace
What death might least so fair a life deface.

The people, which, what most they fear, esteem,
Death when more horrid, so more noble deem,
And blame the last act, like spectators vain,
Unless the Prince whom they applaud, be slain;
Nor fate indeed can well refuse the right
To those that lived in war, to die in fight.

But long his valour none had left that could
Endanger him, or clemency that would;
And he (whom nature all for peace had made,
But angry heaven unto war had swayed,

And so less useful where he most desired,
For what he least affected, was admired;)
Deserved yet an end whose every part
Should speak the wondrous softness of his heart.
To Love and Grief the fatal writ was signed,
(Those nobler weaknesses of human kind,
From which those Powers that issued the decree,
Although immortal, found they were not free)
That they to whom his breast still open lies
In gentle passions, should his death disguise,
And leave succeeding ages cause to mourn,
As long as grief shall weep, or love shall burn.

Straight does a slow and languishing disease,
Eliza,* Nature's, and his darling, seize;
Her, when an infant, taken with her charms,
He oft would flourish in his mighty arms,
And lest their force the tender burthen wrong,
Slacken the vigour of his muscles strong,
Then to the mother's breast her softly move,
Which, while she drained of milk, she filled with love.
But as with riper years her virtue grew,
And every minute adds a lustre new;

* Elizabeth, Lady Claypole, the Protector's favorite daughter, died on Friday, 6th August, 1658. "But as to his Highness, it was observed that his sense of her outward misery in the pains she endured, took deep impression on him." Maidston, quoted in Carlyle's Cromwell, vol. ii. p. 402, (American edition.)

When with meridian height her beauty shined,
And thorough that sparkled her fairer mind;
When she with smiles serene, in words discreet,
His hidden soul at every turn could meet;
Then might you've daily his affection spied,
Doubling that knot which destiny had tied,
While they by sense, not knowing, comprehend
How on each other both their fates depend.
With her each day the pleasing hours he shares,
And at her aspect calms his growing cares;
Or with a grandsire's joy her children sees,
Hanging about her neck, or at his knees:
Hold fast, dear infants, hold them both, or none;
This will not stay, when once the other's gone.
A silent fire now wafts those limbs of wax,
And him within his tortured image racks.
So the flower withering, which the garden
: crowned,
The sad root pines in secret under ground.
Each groan he doubled, and each sigh she sighed,
Repeated over to the restless night;
No trembling string, composed to numbers new,
Answers the touch in notes more sad, more true.
She, lest he grieve, hides what she can, her pains,
And he, to lessen her's, his sorrow feigns;
Yet both perceived, yet both concealed their
skills,
And so, diminishing, increased their ills,
That whether by each other's grief they fell,
Or on their own redoubled, none can tell.

And now Eliza's purple locks were shorn,
Where she so long her father's fate had worn;
And frequent lightning to her soul that flies,
Divides the air and opens all the skies.
And now his life, suspended by her breath,
Ran out impetuously to hastening Death.
Like polished mirrors, so his steely breast
Had every figure of her woes exprest,
And with the damp of her last gasps obscured,
Had drawn such stains as were not to be cured.
Fate could not either reach with single stroke,
But, the dear image fled, the mirror broke.
Who now shall tell us more of mournful swans,
Of halcyons kind, or bleeding pelicans?
No downy breast did e'er so gently beat,
Or fan with airy plumes so soft a heat;
For he no duty by his height excused,
Nor, though a prince, to be a man refused;
But rather than in his Eliza's pain
Not love, not grieve, would neither live nor reign;
And in himself so oft immortal tried,
Yet in compassion of another died.

So have I seen a vine, whose lasting age,
Of many a winter hath survived the rage,
Under whose shady tent, men every year,
At its rich blood's expense their sorrows cheer;
If some dear branch where it extends its life,
Chance to be pruned by an untimely knife,

The parent tree unto the grief succeeds,
And through the wound its vital humour bleeds,
Trickling in watery drops, whose flowing shape
Weeps that it falls ere fixed into a grape;
So the dry stock, no more that spreading vine,
Frustrates the autumn, and the hopes of wine.

A secret cause does sure those signs ordain,
Foreboding princes' falls, and seldom vain:
Whether some kinder powers, that wish us well,
What they above cannot prevent, foretell;
Or the great world do by consent presage,
As hollow seas with future tempests rage;
Or rather Heaven, which us so long foresees,
Their funerals celebrates, while it decrees.
But never yet was any human fate
By nature solemnized with so much state:
He unconcerned the dreadful passage crost,
But oh! what pangs that death did Nature cost!

First the great thunder was shot off, and sent
The signal from the starry battlement:
The winds receive it, and its force outdo,
As practising how they could thunder too;
Out of the binder's hand the sheaves they tore,
And thrashed the harvest in the airy floor;
Or of huge trees, whose growth with his did rise,
The deep foundations opened to the skies;

Then heavy showers the winged tempests lead,
And pour the deluge o'er the chaos' head.
The race of warlike horses at his tomb,
Offer themselves in many a hecatomb;
With pensive head towards the ground they fall,
And helpless languish at the tainted stall.
Numbers of men decrease with pains unknown,
And hasten (not to see his death) their own.
Such tortures all the elements unfixed,
Troubled to part where so exactly mixed;
And as through air his wasting spirits flowed,
The world with throes laboured beneath their load.

Nature, it seemed, with him would nature vie,
He with Eliza, it with him would die.

He without noise still travelled to his end,
As silent suns to meet the night descend;
The stars that for him fought, had only power
Left to determine now his fatal hour,
Which since they might not hinder, yet they cast
To choose it worthy of his glories past.
No part of time but bare his mark away
Of honour,—all the year was Cromwell's day;
But this, of all the most auspicious found,
Twice had in open field him victor crowned,
When up the armed mountains of Dunbar
He marched, and through deep Severn, ending war:

What day should him eternize, but the same
That had before immortalized his name,
That so whoe'er would at his death have joyed,
In their own griefs might find themselves employed,
But those that sadly his departure grieved,
Yet joyed, remembering what he once achieved?
And the last minute his victorious ghost
Gave chase to Ligny on the Belgic coast:
Here ended all his mortal toils, he laid
And slept in peace under the laurel-shade.

O Cromwell! Heaven's favourite, to none,
Have such high honours from above been shown,
For whom the elements we mourners see,
And Heaven itself would the great herald be,
Which with more care set forth his obsequies
Than those of Moses, hid from human eyes;
As jealous only here, lest all be less
Than we could to his memory express.

Then let us too our course of mourning keep;
Where Heaven leads, 'tis piety to weep.
Stand back ye seas, and shrunk beneath the veil
Of your abyss, with covered head bewail
Your monarch: we demand not your supplies
To compass-in our isle,—our tears suffice,
Since him away the dismal tempest rent,
Who once more joined us to the continent;

Who planted England on the Flanderic shore,
And stretched our frontier to the Indian ore;
Whose greater truths obscure the fables old,
Whether of British saints or worthies told,
And in a valour lessening Arthur's deeds,
For holiness the Confessor exceeds.

He first put arms into Religion's hand,
And timorous conscience unto courage manned;
The soldier taught that inward mail to wear,
And fearing God, how they should nothing fear;
Those strokes, he said, will pierce through all below,
Where those that strike from Heaven fetch their blow.
Astonished armies did their flight prepare,
And cities strong were stormed by his prayer;
Of that forever Preston's field shall tell
The story, and impregnable Clonmel,
And where the sandy mountain Fenwick scaled,
The sea between, yet hence his prayer prevailed.
What man was ever so in Heaven obeyed,
Since the commanded sun o'er Gibeon stayed?
In all his wars needs must he triumph, when
He conquered God, still ere he fought with men:
Hence, though in battle none so brave or fierce,
Yet him the adverse steel could never pierce;
Pity it seemed to hurt him more, that felt
Each wound himself which he to others dealt,

Danger itself refusing to offend
So loose an enemy, so fast a friend.
Friendship, that sacred virtue, long does claim
The first foundation of his house and name:
But within one its narrow limits fall,
His tenderness extended unto all,
And that deep soul through every channel flows,
Where kindly Nature loves itself to lose.
More strong affections never reason served,
Yet still affected most what best deserved.
If he Eliza loved to that degree,
(Though who more worthy to be loved than she?)
If so indulgent to his own, how dear
To him the children of the Highest were!
For her he once did Nature's tribute pay;
For these his life adventured every day;
And 'twould be found, could we his thoughts have cast,
Their griefs struck deepest, if Eliza's last.
What prudence more than human did he need
To keep so dear, so differing minds agreed?
The worser sort, so conscious of their ill,
Lie weak and easy to the ruler's will;
But to the good (too many or too few)
All law is useless, all reward is due.
Oh! ill-advised, if not for love, for shame,
Spare yet your own, if you neglect his fame;
Lest others dare to think your zeal a mask,
And you to govern only Heaven's task.

Valour, Religion, Friendship, Prudence died
At once with him, and all that's good beside;
And we, Death's refuge, Nature's dregs, confined
To loathsome life, alas! are left behind.
Where we (so once we used) shall now no more,
To fetch day, press about his chamber-door,
From which he issued with that awful state,
It seemed Mars broke through Janus' double gate,
Yet always tempered with an air so mild,
No April suns that e'er so gently smiled;
No more shall hear that powerful language charm,
Whose force oft spared the labour of his arm;
No more shall follow where he spent the days
In war, in counsel, or in prayer and praise,
Whose meanest acts he would himself advance,
As ungirt David to the ark did dance.
All, all is gone of ours or his delight
In horses fierce, wild deer, or armour bright
Francisca fair can nothing now but weep,
Nor with soft notes shall sing his cares asleep.

I saw him dead: a leaden slumber lies,
And mortal sleep over those wakeful eyes;
Those gentle rays under the lids were fled,
Which through his looks that piercing sweetness shed;
That port, which so majestic was and strong,
Loose, and deprived of vigour, stretched along;

All withered, all discoloured, pale and wan,
How much another thing, no more that man!
O, human glory vain! O, Death! O, wings!
O, worthless world! O, transitory things!
Yet dwelt that greatness in his shape decayed,
That still though dead, greater than death he laid,
And in his altered face you something feign
That threatens Death, he yet will live again.
Not much unlike the sacred oak, which shoots
To Heaven its branches, and through earth its roots,
Whose spacious boughs are hung with trophies round,
And honored wreaths have oft the victor crowned,
When angry Jove darts lightning through the air
At mortal sins, nor his own plant will spare,
It groans and bruises all below, that stood
So many years the shelter of the wood,
The tree, erewhile foreshortened to our view,
When fall'n shows taller yet than as it grew;
So shall his praise to after times increase,
When truth shall be allowed, and faction cease;
And his own shadows with him fall; the eye
Detracts from objects than itself more high;
But when Death takes them from that envied state,
Seeing how little, we confess how great.

Thee, many ages hence, in martial verse
Shall the English soldier, ere he charge, rehearse;

Singing of thee, inflame himself to fight,
And, with the name of Cromwell, armies fright.
As long as rivers to the seas shall run,
As long as Cynthia shall relieve the sun,
While stags shall fly unto the forests thick,
While sheep delight the grassy downs to pick,
As long as future time succeeds the past,
Always thy honour, praise and name, shall last!

Thou in a pitch how far beyond the sphere
Of human glory tower'st, and reigning there
Despoiled of mortal robes, in seas of bliss
Plunging, dost bathe, and tread the bright abyss!
There thy great soul yet once a world doth see,
Spacious enough and pure enough for thee.
How soon thou Moses hast, and Joshua found,
And David, for the sword and harp renowned;
How straight canst to each happy mansion go,
(Far better known above than here below,)
And in those joys dost spend the endless day,
Which in expressing, we ourselves betray!

For we, since thou art gone, with heavy doom,
Wander like ghosts about thy loved tomb,
And lost in tears, have neither sight nor mind
To guide us upward through this region blind;
Since thou art gone, who best that way couldst teach,
Only our sighs, perhaps, may thither reach.

And Richard yet, where his great parent led,
Beats on the rugged track: he virtue dead
Revives, and by his milder beams assures;
And yet how much of them his grief obscures!
He, as his father, long was kept from sight
In private, to be viewed by better light;
But opened once, what splendour does he throw!
A Cromwell in an hour a prince will grow.
How he becomes that seat, how strongly strains,
How gently winds at once the ruling reins!
Heaven to this choice prepared a diadem,
Richer than any Eastern silk, or gem,
A pearly rainbow, where the sun inchased,
His brows like an imperial jewel graced.

We find already what those omens mean,
Earth ne'er more glad, nor Heaven more serene.
Cease now our griefs, calm peace succeeds a war,
Rainbows to storms, Richard to Oliver.
Tempt not his clemency to try his power,
He threats no deluge, yet foretells a shower.

SATIRES.

SATIRES.

THE CHARACTER OF HOLLAND,

HOLLAND, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but the off-scouring of the British sand,
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heaved the lead,
Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell
Of shipwrecked cockle and the muscle-shell,—
This indigested vomit of the sea
Fell to the Dutch by just propriety.

Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labour, fished the land to shore,
And dived as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if 't had been of ambergreese,
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what building swallows bear away,
Or than those pills which sordid beetles roll,
Transfusing into them their dunghill soul.

How did they rivet, with gigantic piles,
Thorough the centre their new-catched miles,
And to the stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground,
Building their watery Babel far more high
To reach the sea, than those to scale the sky!

Yet still his claim the injured ocean laid,
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played,
As if on purpose it on land had come
To show them what's their *mare liberum*.
A daily deluge over them does boil;
The earth and water play at level coil.
The fish ofttimes the burgher dispossessed,
And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest,
And oft the Tritons and the sea-nymphs saw
Whole shoals of Dutch served up for Cabillau,
Or, as they over the new level ranged
For pickled herring, pickled *heerin* changed.
Nature, it seemed, ashamed of her mistake,
Would throw their land away at duck and drake;
Therefore necessity, that first made kings,
Something like government among them brings;
For, as with pygmies, who best kills the crane,
Among the hungry he that treasures grain,
Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,
So rules among the drowned he that drains:
Not who first see the rising sun, commands,
But who could first discern the rising lands;

Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
Him they their Lord, and Country's Father, speak;
To make a bank, was a great plot of state;
Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.
Hence some small dike-grave, unperceived, invades
The power, and grows as 'twere a king of spades;
But, for less envy, some joined states endures,
Who look like a commission of the sewers:
For these Half-anders, half wet, and half dry,
Nor bear strict service, nor pure liberty.

'Tis probable religion, after this,
Came next in order, which they could not miss;
How could the Dutch but be converted, when
The Apostles were so many fishermen?
Besides, the waters of themselves did rise,
And, as their land, so them did re-baptize.
Though Herring for their God few voices missed,
And Poor-John to have been the Evangelist,
Faith, that could never twins conceive before,
Never so fertile, spawned upon this shore
More pregnant than their Marg'ret, that laid down
For Hans-in-Kelder of a whole Hans-Town.

Sure when religion did itself embark,
And from the east would westward steer its ark,

It struck, and splitting on this unknown ground,
Each one thence pillaged the first piece he found:
Hence Amsterdam, Turk-Christian-Pagan-Jew,
Staple of sects, and mint of schism grew;
That bank of conscience, where not one so strange
Opinion but finds credit, and exchange.
In vain for Catholics ourselves we bear;
The universal church is only there.
Nor can civility there want for tillage,
Where wisely for their court they chose a village:
How fit a title clothes their governors,
Themselves the hogs, as all their subjects boors!

Let it suffice to give their country fame,
That it had one Civilis called by name,
Some fifteen hundred and more years ago,
But surely never any that was so.

See but their mermaids, with their tails of fish,
Reeking at church over the chafing-dish!
A vestal turf, enshrined in earthen ware,
Fumes through the loopholes of a wooden square;
Each to the temple with these altars tend,
But still does place it at her western end,
While the fat steam of female sacrifice
Fills the priest's nostrils, and puts out his eyes.

Or what a spectacle the skipper gross,
A water Hercules, butter Coloss,
Tunned up with all their several towns of beer;
When, stagg'ring upon some land, snick and sneer,
They try, like statuaries, if they can,
Cut out each other's Athos to a man,
And carve in their large bodies, where they please,
The arms of the United Provinces.
But when such amity at home is showed,
What then are their confederacies abroad?
Let this one courtesy witness all the rest,
When their whole navy they together pressed,
Not Christian captives to redeem from bands,
Or intercept the western golden sands,
No, but all ancient rights and leagues must fail,
Rather than to the English strike their sail;
To whom their weather-beaten province owes
Itself, when, as some greater vessel tows
A cock-boat, tossed with the same wind and fate,
We buoyed so often up their sinking state.
Was this *jus belli et pacis?* Could this be
Cause why their burgomaster of the sea,
Rammed with gunpowder, flaming with brand wine
Should raging hold his linstock to the mine?
While, with feigned treaties, they invade by stealth
Our sore new-circumcised commonwealth.

Yet of his vain attempt no more he sees,
Than of case-butter shot, and bullet cheese;
And the torn navy staggered with him home,
While the sea laughed itself into a foam;
'Tis true, since that (as fortune kindly sports)
A wholesome danger drove us to our ports,
While half their banished keels the tempest tossed,
Half bound at home in prison to the frost;
That ours, meantime, at leisure might careen,
In a calm winter, under skies serene,
As the obsequious air and waters rest,
'Till the dear Halcyon hatch out all its nest.
The commonwealth doth by its losses grow,
And, like its own seas, only ebbs to flow;
Besides, that very agitation laves,
And purges out the corruptible waves.

And now again our armed Bucentore
Doth yearly their sea-nuptials restore;
And now the Hydra of seven provinces
Is strangled by our infant Hercules.
Their tortoise wants its vainly stretched neck,
Their navy, all our conquest, or our wreck,
Or, what is left, their Carthage overcome,
Would render fain unto our better Rome;
Unless our senate, lest their youth disuse
The war, (but who would?) peace, if begged refuse.
For now of nothing may our state despair,
Darling of heaven, and of men the care,

Provided that they be, what they have been,
Watchful abroad, and honest still within;
For while our Neptune doth a trident shake,
Steeled with those piercing heads, Dean, Monk,
and Blake,
And while Jove governs in the highest sphere,
Vainly in hell let Pluto domineer.

FLECNO, AN ENGLISH PRIEST AT ROME.

OBLIGED by frequent visits of this man,
Whom as priest, poet, and musician,
I for some branch of Melchisedek took,
(Though he derives himself from my Lord Brooke)
I sought his lodging which is at the sign
Of the sad Pelican,—subject divine
For poetry;—there, three stair-cases high,
Which signifies his triple property,
I found at last a chamber, as 'twas said,
But seemed a coffin set on the stair's head;
Not higher than seven, nor larger than three feet,
There neither was or ceiling, or a sheet,
Save that the ingenious door did, as you come,
Turn in, and show to wainscot half the room:
Yet of his state no man could have complained,
There being no bed where he entertained;
And though within one cell so narrow pent,
He'd stanzas for a whole apartiment.

Straight without farther information,
In hideous verse, he in a dismal tone,
Begins to exorcise, as if I were
Possessed,—and sure the devil brought me there.
But I, who now imagined myself brought
To my last trial, in a serious thought
Calmed the disorders of my youthful breast,
And to my martyrdom prepared rest.
Only this frail ambition did remain,
The last distemper of the sober brain,
That there had been some present to assure
The future ages how I did endure,
And how I, silent, turned my burning ear
Towards the verse, and when that could not hear,
Held him the other and unchanged yet,
Asked him for more and prayed him to repeat,
Till the tyrant, weary to persecute,
Left off, and tried to allure me with his lute.

Now as two instruments to the same key
Being tuned by art, if the one touched be,
The other opposite as soon replies,
Moved by the air and hidden sympathies,
So while he with his gouty fingers crawls
Over the lute, his murmuring belly calls,
Whose hungry guts, to the same straitness twined,
In echo to the trembling strings repined.

I that perceived now what his music meant,
Asked civilly, if he had eat his Lent?
He answered yes; with such, and such a one,
For he has this of generous, that alone
He never feeds, save only when he tries
With gristly tongue to dart the passing flies.
I asked if he eat flesh, and he, that was
So hungry, that though ready to say mass,
Would break his fast before, said he was sick,
And the ordinance was only politic.
Nor was I longer to invite him scant,
Happy at once to make him Protestant
And silent. Nothing now dinner stayed,
But till he had himself a body made,
I mean till he were dressed; for else so thin
He stands, as if he only fed had been
With consecrated wafers, and the host
Hath sure more flesh and blood than he can boast,
This basso-relievo of a man,
Who, as a camel tall, yet easily can
The needle's eye thread without any stitch,
(His only impossible is to be rich,)
Lest his too subtle body, growing rare,
Should leave his soul to wander in the air,
He therefore circumscribes himself in rhymes,
And swaddled in's own papers seven times,
Wears a close jacket of poetic buff,
With which he doth his third dimension stuff.
Thus armed underneath, he over all
Does make a primitive Sotana fall,

And above that yet casts an antique cloak,
Worn at the first council of Antioch,
Which by the Jews long hid, and disesteemed,
He heard of by tradition, and redeemed.
But were he not in this black habit decked,
This half transparent man would soon reflect
Each colour that he past by, and be seen,
As the chameleon, yellow, blue, or green.

He dressed, and ready to disfurnish now
His chamber, whose compactness did allow
No empty place for complimenting doubt,
But who came last is forced first to go out;
I meet one on the stairs who made me stand,
Stopping the passage, and did him demand;
I answered, "he is here, Sir, but you see
You cannot pass to him but thorough me."
He thought himself affronted, and replied,
"I, whom the palace never has denied,
Will make the way here;" I said, "Sir,
you'll do
Me a great favour, for I seek to go."
He, gathering fury, still made sign to draw,
But himself closed in a scabbard saw
As narrow as his sword's; and I that was
Delighted, said, "there can no body pass
Except by penetration hither where
To make a crowd, nor can three persons here
Consist but in one substance." Then, to fit
Our peace, the priest said I too had some wit;

To prov't, I said, "the place doth us invite,
By its own narrowness, Sir, to unite."
He asked me pardon; and to make me way
Went down, as I him followed to obey.
But the propitiatory priest had straight
Obliged us, when below, to celebrate
Together our atonement; so increased
Betwixt us two, the dinner to a feast.

Let it suffice that we could eat in peace,
And that both poems did, and quarrels, cease
During the table, though my new made friend
Did, as he threatened, ere 'twere long intend
To be both witty and valiant; I loath,
Said 'twas too late, he was already both.

But now, alas! my first tormentor came,
Who, satisfied with eating, but not tame,
Turns to recite: though judges most severe,
After the assizes' dinner, mild appear,
And on full stomach do condemn but few,
Yet he more strict my sentence doth renew,
And draws out of the black box of his breast
Ten quire of paper, in which he was dressed.
Yet that which was a greater cruelty,
Than Nero's poem, he calls charity:
And so the Pelican, at his door hung,
Picks out the tender bosom to its young.

Of all his poems there he stands ungirt,
Save only two foul copies for his shirt;

Yet these he promises as soon as clean:
But how I loathed to see my neighbour glean
Those papers, which he peeled from within
Like white flakes rising from a leper's skin!
More odious than those rags which the French youth
At ordinaries after dinner show'th,
When they compare their chancres and poulains!
Yet he first kissed them, and after takes pains
To read, and then, because he understood
Not one word, thought and swore that they were good.
But all his praises could not now appease
The provoked author, whom it did displease
To hear his verses, by so just a curse,
That were ill made, condemned to be read worse:
And how (impossible!) he made yet more
Absurdities in them than were before;
For his untuned voice did fall or raise
As a deaf man upon a viol plays,
Making the half-points and the periods run
Confuseder than the atoms in the sun.
Thereat the poet swelled with anger full,
And roared out like Perillus in's own bull;
Sir, you read false. That any one, but you,
Should know the contrary. Whereat, I now
Made mediator in my room, said *why?*
To say that you read false, Sir, is no lie.
Thereat the waxen youth relented straight,
But saw with sad despair that 'twas too late;

For the disdainful poet was retired
Home, his most furious satire to have fired
Against the rebel, who, at this struck dead,
Wept bitterly as disinherited.
Who would commend his mistress now? O who
Praise him? both difficult indeed to do
With truth. I counselled him to go in time,
Ere the fierce poet's anger turned to rhyme.

He hasted; and I, finding myself free,
As one 'scaped strangely from captivity,
Have made the chance be painted; and go now
To hang it in Saint Peter's for a vow.

TOM MAY'S DEATH.

As one put drunk into the packet-boat,
Tom May was hurried hence, and did not know't;
But was amazed on the Elysian side,
And, with an eye uncertain gazing wide,
Could not determine in what place he was,
(For whence, in Steven's alley, trees or grass?)
Nor where the Pope's-Head, nor the Mitre lay,
Signs by which still he found and lost his way
At last, while doubtfully he all compares,
He saw near hand, as he imagined, Ares.
Such did he seem for corpulence and port,
But 'twas a man much of another sort;
'Twas Ben, that in the dusky laurel shade,
Amongst the chorus of old poets, laid,
Sounding of ancient heroes, such as were
The subject's safety, and the rebel's fear,
And how a double-headed vulture eats
Brutus and Cassius, the people's cheats;

But, seeing MAY, he varied straight his song,
Gently to signify that he was wrong.
* Cups more than civil of Emathian wine,
I sing (said he) and the Pharsalian sign,
Where the historian of the commonwealth,
In his own bowels sheathed the conquering
health.
By this MAY to himself and them was come,
He found he was translated, and by whom,
Yet then with foot as stumbling as his tongue,
Pressed for his place among the learned throng;
But BEN, who knew not either foe or friend,
Sworn enemy to all that do pretend,
Rose more than ever he was seen severe,
Shook his gray locks, and his own bays did tear
At this intrusion; then, with laurel wand,
The awful sign of his supreme command,
At whose dread whisk VIRGIL himself does
quake,
And HORACE patiently its strokes does take,
As he crowds in, he whipped him o'er the pate,
Like PEMBROKE at the masque, and then did
rate:

Far from these blessed shades tread back
agen,
Most servile wit, and mercenary pen.

* Alluding to the beginning of MAY's translation of LUCAN's Pharsalia.

Polydore, Lucan, Alan, Vandal, Goth,
Malignant poet and historian both.
Go seek the novice statesmen, and obtrude
On them some Roman cast similitude;
Tell them of liberty, the story's fine,
Until you all grow consuls in your wine,
Or thou, dictator of the glass, bestow
On him the CATO, this the CICERO,
Transferring old Rome hither in your talk,
As BETHLEM house did to LORETTO walk.
Foul architect! that hadst not eye to see
How ill the measures of these states agree,
And who by Rome's example England lay,
Those but to LUCAN do continue MAY;
But thee, nor ignorance, nor seeming good
Misled, but malice fixed and understood.
Because some one than thee more worthy wears
The sacred laurel, hence are all these tears.
Must therefore all the world be set on flame,
Because a Gazette-writer missed his aim?
And for a tankard-bearing muse must we,
As for the basket, Guelphs and Ghibelines be?
When the sword glitters o'er the judge's head,
And fear has coward churchmen silenced,
Then is the poet's time, 'tis then he draws,
And single fights forsaken virtue's cause.
He, when the wheel of empire whirleth back,
And though the world's disjointed axle crack,
Sings still of ancient rights and better times,
Seeks wretched good, arraigns successful crimes;

But thou, base man, first prostituted hast,
Our spotless knowledge and the studies chaste,
Apostatizing from our arts and us,
To turn the chronicler to SPARTACUS;
Yet wast thou taken hence with equal fate,
Before thou couldst great CHARLES'S death relate,
But what will deeper wound thy little mind,
Hast left surviving DAVENANT still behind,
Who laughs to see in this thy death renewed,
Right Roman poverty and gratitude.
Poor poet thou, and grateful senate they,
Who thy last reckoning did so largely pay,
And with the public gravity would come,
When thou hadst drunk thy last, to lead thee home,
If that can be thy home where SPENSER lies,
And reverend CHAUCER; but their dust does rise
Against thee, and expels thee from their side,
As the eagle's plumes from other birds divide:
Nor here thy shade must dwell, return, return,
Where sulphury PHLEGETHON does ever burn!
There CERBERUS with all his jaws shall gnash,
MEGÆRA thee with all her serpents lash;
Thou, riveted unto IXION'S wheel,
Shalt break and the perpetual vulture feel!
'Tis just what torments poets e'er did feign,
Thou first historically shouldst sustain.

Thus, by irrevocable sentence cast,
MAY only master of these revels passed,
And straight he vanished in a cloud of pitch,
Such as unto the sabbath bears the witch.

OCEANA AND BRITANNIA.

Non ego sum vates, sed prisci conscius ævi.

OCEANA.

WHITHER, O whither, wander I forlorn,
Fatal to friends, and to my foes a scorn?
My pregnant womb is laboring to bring forth
Thy offspring, Archon, heir to thy just worth.
Archon, O Archon, hear my groaning cries!
Lucina, help, assuage my miseries!
Saturnian spite pursues me through the earth,
No corner's left to hide my long wished birth.
Great queen of isles, yield me a safe retreat
From the crowned gods, who would my infants eat;
On me, O Delos, on my child-bed, smile,
My happy seed shall fix thy floating isle;
I feel fierce pangs assault my teeming womb:
Lucina, O Britannia, mother come!

BRITANNIA.

What doleful shrieks pierce my affrighted ear?
Shall I ne'er rest for this lewd ravisher?

Rapes, burnings, murders, are his royal sport,
These modish monsters haunt his perjured court.
No tumbling player so oft e'er changed his shape,
As this goat, fox, wolf, timorous French ape.
True Protestants, in Roman habits dressed,
With Scroggs* he baits, that rav'nous butcher's beast;
Tresilian Jones,† that fair-faced crocodile,
Tearing their hearts, at once doth weep and smile:
Neronian flames at London dó him please,‡
At Oxford plots,¶ to act Agathocles.
His plots revealed, his mirth is at an end,
And 's fatal hour shall know no foe nor friend.
Last martyr's day I saw a cherub stand
Across my seas, one foot upon the land,
The other on the enthralled Gallic shore,
Proclaiming loud their time shall be no more.
This mighty power heaven's equal balance swayed,
And in one scale, crowns, crosiers, sceptres, laid;

* Sir William Scroggs was a judge, of whom Bishop Burnet gives this account. "In all the trials he set himself, even with indecent earnestness, to get the prisoners to be always cast."

† One of the same principles with Scroggs. He was preferred when Jeffreys was made Lord Chief Justice.

‡ The fire of London.

¶ In the time of the plague, in the year 1665, the court resided at Oxford, where the parliament was then held; at which time were several private cabals, formed against the Protestants.

In the other a sweet smiling babe did lie,
Circled with glories, decked with majesty.
With steady hand he poised the golden pair;
The gilded gewgaws mounted in the air.
The ponderous babe, descending in its scale,
Leaped on my shore————
Nature triumphed, joy echoed through the earth,
The heavens bow down to see the blessed birth.
What's that I hear? A new born babe's soft cries,
And joyful mother's tender lullabies.
'Tis so; behold, my daughter's passed all harms,
Cradling an infant in her fruitful arms;
The very same the angelic vision showed,
In mien, in majesty, how like a god!
What a firm health does on her visage dwell!
Her sparkling eyes immortal youth foretell.
Rome, Sparta, Venice, could not all bring forth
So strong, so temperate, such lasting worth.
Marpesia, from the north with speed advance,
Thy sister's birth brings thy deliverance.
Fergusian founders this just babe exceeds,
In the arts of peace, and mighty martial deeds.
Kneel, Panopeians, to your equal queen,
Safe from the foreign sword, and barbarous skene.
Transports of joy divert my yearning heart,
For my dear child, my soul, my better part.
Heaven shower her choicest blessings on thy womb,
Our present help, our stay in time to come!

Thou best of daughters, mothers, matrons, say
What forced thy birth, and got this glorious day?

OCEANA.

'Scaped the slow jaws o' the grinding pensioners,
I fell i' the trap of Rome's dire murderers;
Twice rescued by my loyal senate's power,
Twice I expected my babe's happy hour.
Malignant force twice checked their pious aid,
And to my foes as oft my state betrayed.
Great, full of pain, in a dark winter's night,
Threatened, pursued, I 'scaped by sudden flight.
Pale fear gave speed to my weak trembling feet,
And far I fled ere day our world could greet.
That dear loved light, which the whole globe doth cheer,
Spurred on my flight, and added to my fear;
Whilst black conspiracy, that child of night,
In royal purple clad, outdares the light;
By day herself the faith's defender styles,
By night digs pits, and spreads her papal toils:
By day she to the pompous chapel goes,
By night, with York, adores Rome's idol-shows.
Witness, ye stars, and silent powers of night,
Her treacheries have forced my guiltless flight.
With the broad day my danger too drew near;
Of help, of counsel void, how should I steer!
In pulpit damned, strumpet at court proclaimed,
Where should I hide, where should I rest defamed?

Tortured in thought, I raised my weeping eyes,
And sobbing voice, to the all-helping skies.
As by heaven sent, a reverend sire appears,
Charming my grief, stopping my flood of tears.
His busy circling orbs, two restless spies,
Glanced to and fro, outranging Argos' eyes;
Like fleeting Time, on's front one lock did grow,
From his glib tongue torrents of words did flow;
Propose, resolve, Agrarian, forty-one,
Lycurgus, Brutus, Solon, Harrington.
He said he knew me in my swaddling bands,
Had often danced me in his careful hands.
He knew Lord Archon too, then wept, and swore,
Enshrined in me, his fame he did adore.
His name I asked; he said, Politico,
Descended from the divine Nicolo.
My state he knew, my danger seemed to dread,
And to my safety vowed hand, heart, and head.
Grateful returns I up to heaven send,
That in distress had sent me such a friend.
I asked him where I was? Pointing he showed
Oxford's old towers, once the learned arts'
abode;
Once great in fame, now a piratic port,
Where Romish priests, and elvish monks
resort.
He added; near a new-built college stood,
Endowed by Plato, for the public good;
Thither allured by learned honest men,
Plato vouchsafed once more to live again.

Securely there I might myself repose,
From my fierce griefs, and my more cruel foes.
Tired with long flights, e'en hunted down with fear,
The welcome news my drooping soul did cheer.
His pleasing words shortened the time and way,
And me beguiled at Plato's house to stay.
When we came in, he told me after rest,
He'd show me Plato, and's Venetian guest:
I scarce replied, with weariness oppressed;
To my desired apartment I repaired,
Invoking sleep, and heaven's almighty guard.
My waking cares, and stabbing frights recede,
And nodding sleep dropped on my drowsy head.
At last the summons of a busy bell,
And glimmering lights did sleep's kind mists dispel.
From bed I stole, and creeping by the wall,
Through a small chink I spied a spacious hall;
Tapers, as thick as stars, did shed their light
Around the place, and made a day of night.
The curious art of some great master's hand
Adorned the room: Hyde, Clifford, Danby, stand
In one large piece; next them, the two Dutch wars
In bloody colours paint our fatal jars;
Here London flames in clouds of smoke aspire,
Done to the life, I'd almost cried out *fire!*
But living figures did my eyes divert
From these, and many more of wond'rous art.

There entered in three mercenary bands:
The different captains had distinct commands.
The beggar's desperate troop did first appear,
Littleton led, proud S——re had the rear.
The disguised papists under Garroway,
Talbot lieutenant, none had better pay.
Next greedy Lee led party-coloured slaves;
Deaf fools i' the right, i' the wrong sagacious knaves,
Brought up by M——: then a nobler train,
In malice mighty, impotent in brain,
The Pope's solicitors brought into the hall,
Not guilty lay, much guilty spiritual.
I also spied behind a private screen,
Colbert and Portsmouth, York and Mazarine.
Immediately in close cabal they join,
And all applaud the glorious design.
'Gainst me, and my loved senate's free-born breath,
Dire threats I heard, the hall did echo death.
A curtain drawn, another scene appeared,
A tinkling bell, a mumbling priest I heard.
At elevation every knee adored
The baker's craft, infallible's vain lord.
When Catiline with vipers did conspire
To murder Rome, and bury it in fire,
A sacramental bowl of human gore,
Each villain took, and as he drank he swore.
The cup denied, to make their plot complete,
These Catilines their conjured gods did eat.

Whilst to their breaden whimseys they did
kneel,
I crept away, and to the door did steal.
As I got out by providence, I flew
To this close wood; too late they did pursue:
That dreadful night my childbed throes
brought on,
My cries moved your, and heaven's compassion.

BRITANNIA.

O happy day! a jubilee proclaim;
Daughter adore the unutterable name!
With grateful heart breathe out thyself in
prayer;
In the mean time the babe shall be my care.
There is a man, my island's hope and grace,
The chief delight, and joy, of human race,
Exposed himself to war in tender age,
To free his country from the Gallic rage;
With all the graces blessed his riper years,
And full-blown virtue waked the tyrant's fears:
By 's sire rejected, but by heaven he's called
To break my yoke, and rescue the enthralled.
This, this is he, who, with a stretched out hand,
And matchless might, shall free my groaning
land.
On earth's proud basilisks he'll justly fall,
Like Moses' rod, and prey upon them all.
He'll guide my people through the raging seas,
To holy wars, and certain victories;

His spotless fame, and his immense desert,
Shall plead love's cause, and storm this virgin's heart;
She, like Ægeria, shall his breast inspire
With justice, wisdom, and celestial fire;
Like Numa, he her dictates shall obey,
And by her oracles the world shall sway.

BRITANNIA AND RALEIGH.

BRITANNIA.

Ah! Raleigh, when thou didst thy breath resign
To trembling James, would I had quitted mine.
Cubs didst thou call them? Hadst thou seen this brood
Of earls, and dukes, and princes of the blood,
No more of Scottish race thou would'st complain,
Those would be blessings in this spurious reign.
Awake, arise from thy long blessed repose,
Once more with me partake of mortal woes!

RALEIGH.

What mighty power has forced me from my rest?
Oh! mighty queen, why so untimely dressed?

BRITANNIA.

Favoured by night, concealed in this disguise,
Whilst the lewd court in drunken slumber lies,
I stole away, and never will return,
Till England knows who did her city burn;

Till cavaliers shall favourites be deemed,
And loyal sufferers by the court esteemed;
Till *Leigh and Galloway shall bribes reject;
Thus O——n's golden cheat I shall detect:
Till atheist Lauderdale shall leave this land,
And Commons' votes shall cut-nose guards disband:
Till Kate a happy mother shall become,
Till Charles loves parliaments, and James hates Rome.

RALEIGH.

What fatal crimes make you for ever fly
Your once loved court, and martyr's progeny?

BRITANNIA.

A colony of French possess the court;
Pimps, priests, buffoons, in privy-chamber sport.
Such slimy monsters ne'er approached a throne,
Since Pharaoh's days, nor so defiled a crown.
In sacred ear tyrannic arts they croak,
Pervert his mind, and good intentions choke,
Tell him of golden Indias, fairy lands,
Leviathan, and absolute commands.
Thus fairy-like, they steal the king away,
And in his room a changeling Lewis lay.

* Leigh and Galloway were suspected to be bribed by Lord Danby, to side with the court.

How oft have I him to himself restored,
In 's left the scale, in 's right hand placed the sword?
Taught him their use, what dangers would ensue
To them who strive to separate these two?
The bloody Scottish chronicle read o'er,
Showed him how many kings, in purple gore,
Were hurled to hell, by cruel tyrant lore?

The other day famed Spenser I did bring,
In lofty notes Tudor's blessed race to sing;
How Spain's proud powers her virgin arms controlled,
And golden days in peaceful order rolled;
How like ripe fruit she dropped from off her throne,
Full of gray hairs, good deeds, and great renown.
As the Jessean hero did appease
Saul's stormy rage, and stopped his black disease,
So the learned bard, with artful song, suppressed
The swelling passion of his cankered breast,
And in his heart kind influences shed
Of country's love, by truth and justice bred.
Then to perform the cure so well begun,
To him I showed this glorious setting sun;
How, by her people's looks pursued from far,
She mounted on a bright celestial car,
Outshining Virgo, or the Julian star.
Whilst in truth's mirror this good scene he spied,
Entered a dame, bedecked with spotted pride,

Fair flower-de-luce within an azure field,
Her left hand bears the ancient Gallic shield,
By her usurped; her right a bloody sword,
Inscribed Leviathan, our sovereign Lord;
Her towery front a fiery meteor bears,
An exhalation bred of blood and tears;
Around her Jove's lewd ravenous curs complain,
Pale death, lust, tortures, fill her pompous train;
She from the easy king Truth's mirror took,
And on the ground in spiteful fall it broke;
Then frowning thus, with proud disdain she spoke:

"Are thread-bare virtues ornaments for kings?
Such poor pedantic toys teach underlings.
Do monarchs rise by virtue, or by sword?
Who e'er grew great by keeping of his word?
Virtue's a faint green-sickness to brave souls,
Dastards their hearts, their active heat controls.
The rival gods, monarchs of t'other world,
This mortal poison among princes hurled,
Fearing the mighty projects of the great
Should drive them from their proud celestial seat,
If not o'erawed by this new holy cheat.
Those pious frauds, too slight to ensnare the brave,
Are proper arts the long-eared rout to enslave.

Bribe hungry priests to deify your might,
To teach your will's your only rule to right,
And sound damnation to all dare deny 't.
Thus heaven's designs 'gainst heaven you shall turn,
And make them feel those powers they once did scorn.
When all the gobbling interest of mankind,
By hirelings sold to you, shall be resigned,
And by impostures, God and man betrayed,
The church and state you safely may invade;
So boundless Lewis in full glory shines,
Whilst your starved power in legal fetters pines.
Shake off those baby-bands from your strong arms,
Henceforth be deaf to that old witch's charms;
Taste the delicious sweets of sovereign power,
'Tis royal game whole kingdoms to deflower.
Three spotless virgins to your bed I'll bring,
A sacrifice to you, their God and king.
As these grow stale, we'll harass human kind,
Rack nature, till new pleasures you shall find,
Strong as your reign, and beauteous as your mind."

When she had spoke, a confused murmur rose,
Of French, Scotch, Irish, all my mortal foes;
Some English too, O shame! disguised I spied,
Led all by the wise son-in-law of Hyde.

With fury drunk, like bacchanals, they roar,
Down with that common *Magna Charta* whore!
With joint consent on helpless me they flew,
And from my Charles to a base gaol me drew;
My reverend age exposed to scorn and shame,
To prigs, bawds, whores, was made the public game.
Frequent addresses to my Charles I send,
And my sad state did to his care commend;
But his fair soul, transformed by that French dame,
Had lost all sense of honour, justice, fame.
He in 's seraglio like a spinster sits,
Besieged by whores, buffoons, and bastard chits;
Lulled in security, rolling in lust,
Resigns his crown to angel Carwell's trust;
Her creature O——n the revenue steals;
False F—h, knave Ang—sey misguide the seals.
Mac-James the Irish bigots does adore,
His French and Teague command on sea and shore.
The Scotch-scalado of our court two isles,
False Lauderdale, with ordure, all defiles.
Thus the state's nightmared by this hellish rout,
And no one left these furies to cast out.
Ah! Vindex come, and purge the poisoned state;
Descend, descend, ere the cure's desperate.

RALEIGH.

Once more, great queen, thy darling strive to save,
Snatch him again from scandal and the grave;
Present to 's thoughts his long-scorned parliament,
The basis of his throne and government.
In his deaf ears sound his dead father's name:
Perhaps that spell may 's erring soul reclaim:
Who knows what good effects from thence may spring?
'Tis godlike good to save a falling king.

BRITANNIA.

Raleigh, no more, for long in vain I've tried
The Stuart from the tyrant to divide;
As easily learned virtuosos may
With the dog's blood his gentle kind convey
Into the wolf, and make him guardian turn
To the bleating flock, by him so lately torn:
If this imperial juice once taint his blood,
'Tis by no potent antidote withstood.
Tyrants, like lep'rous kings, for public weal
Should be immured, lest the contagion steal
Over the whole. The elect of the Jessean line
To this firm law their sceptre did resign;
And shall this base tyrannic brood invade
Eternal laws, by God for mankind made?

To the serene Venetian state I'll go,
From her sage mouth famed principles to know;
With her the prudence of the ancients read,
To teach my people in their steps to tread;
By their great pattern such a state I'll frame,
Shall eternize a glorious lasting name.
Till then, my Raleigh, teach our noble youth
To love sobriety, and holy truth;
Watch and preside over their tender age,
Lest court corruption should their souls engage;
Teach them how arts, and arms, in thy young days,
Employed our youth,—not taverns, stews, and plays;
Tell them the generous scorn their race does owe
To flattery, pimping, and a gaudy show;
Teach them to scorn the Carwells, Portsmouths, Nells,
The Clevelands, O——ns, Berties, Lauderdales:
Poppæa, Tigelline, and Arteria's name,
All yield to these in lewdness, lust, and fame.
Make them admire the Talbots, Sydneys, Veres,
Drake, Cavendish, Blake, men void of slavish fears,
True sons of glory, pillars of the state,
On whose famed deeds all tongues and writers wait.
When with fierce ardour their bright souls do burn,
Back to my dearest country I'll return.

Tarquin's just judge, and Cæsar's equal peers,
With them I'll bring to dry my people's tears;
Publicola with healing hands shall pour
Balm in their wounds, and shall their life restore;
Greek arts, and Roman arms, in her conjoined,
Shall England raise, relieve oppressed mankind.
As Jove's great son the infested globe did free
From noxious monsters, hell-born tyranny,
So shall my England, in a holy war,
In triumph lead chained tyrants from afar;
Her true Crusada shall at last pull down
The Turkish crescent, and the Persian sun.
Freed by thy labours, fortunate, blest isle,
The earth shall rest, the heaven shall on thee smile;
And this kind secret for reward shall give,
No poisoned tyrants on thy earth shall live.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER, ABOUT THE DUTCH WARS, 1667.

After two sittings,* now our Lady State,
To end her picture, does the third time wait;
But ere thou fallest to work, first, Painter, see,
Is it too slight grown or too hard for thee?
Canst thou paint without colours? Then 'tis right:
For so we too without a fleet can fight.
Or canst thou daub a sign-post, and that ill?
'Twill suit our great debauch, and little skill.
Or hast thou marked how antic masters limn
The alley-roof with snuff of candle dim,
Sketching in shady smoke prodigious tools?
'Twill serve this race of drunkards, pimps, and fools.
But if to match our crimes thy skill presumes,
As the Indians draw our luxury in plumes,
Or if to score out our compendious fame,
With Hooke then through your microscope take aim,

* See Waller's, and Denham's, poems.

Where like the new comptroller all men laugh,
To see a tall louse brandish a white staff,
Else shalt thou oft thy guiltless pencil curse,
Stamp on thy pallet, not perhaps the worse.
The painter having so long vexed his cloth,
Of his hound's mouth to feign the raging froth,
His desperate pencil at the work did dart;
His anger reached that rage which passed
his art;
Chance finished that, which art could not begin,
And he sat smiling as his dog did grin,
So mayest thou perfect by a lucky blow,
What all thy softest touches cannot do.

Paint then St. Alban's full of soup and gold,
The new court's pattern, stallion of the old,
Him neither wit nor courage did exalt,
But Fortune chose him for her pleasure's salt.
Paint him with drayman's shoulders, butcher's
mien,
Membered like mule, with elephantine chin.
Well he the title of St. Alban's bore,
For never Bacon studied nature more;
But age, allaying now that youthful heat,
Fits him in France to play at cards, and cheat.

Draw no commission, lest the court should lie,
And, disavowing treaty, ask supply.
He needs no seal but to St. James's lease,
Whose breeches were the instruments of peace;

Who, if the French dispute his power, from thence
Can straight produce them a plenipotence.
Nor fears he the Most Christian should trepan
Two saints at once, St. German and Alban;
But thought the golden age was now restored,
When men and women took each other's word.

Paint then again her highness to the life,
Philosopher beyond Newcastle's wife.
She naked can Archimedes' self put down,
For an experiment upon the crown.
She perfected that engine oft essayed,
How after child-birth to renew a maid;
And found how royal heirs might be matured
In fewer months than mothers once endured.
Hence Crowder made the rare inventress free
Of's Highness's Royal Society.
Happiest of women if she were but able
To make her glassen Duke once malleable!
Paint her with oyster-lip, and breath of fame,
Wide mouth, that sparagus may well proclaim;
With chancellor's belly, and so large a rump,
Where (not behind the coach) her pages jump.
Express her studying now, if China clay
Can, without breaking, venomed juice convey:
Or how a mortal poison she may draw
Out of the cordial meal of the cocoa.
Witness ye stars of night, and thou the pale
Moon, that o'ercome with the sick steam, didst fail:

Ye neighb'ring elms, which your green leaves
did shed,
And fawns which from the womb abortive fled.
Not unprovoked she tries forbidden arts,
But in her soft breast love's hid cancer smarts,
While she resolves at once Sydney's disgrace,
And herself scorned for emulous Denham's
face; *
And nightly hears the hated guard, away
Galloping with the Duke to other prey.

Paint Castlemain in colours which will hold
Her, not her picture, for she now grows old.
She through her lackey's drawers, as he ran,
Discerned love's cause, and a new flame began.
Her wonted joys thenceforth, and court, she
shuns,
And still within her mind the footman runs;
His brazen calves, his brawny thighs, (the face
She slights) his feet shaped for a smoother race!
Then, poring with her glass, she re-adjusts;
Her locks, and oft-tried beauty now distrusts;
Fears lest he scorned a woman once assayed,
And now first wished she e'er had been a maid.
Great love! how dost thou triumph, and how
reign,
That to a groom couldst humble her disdain!

* The Duke of York was thought to have an intrigue with Sir John Denham's lady.

Stripped to her skin, see how she stooping
stands,
Nor scorns to rub him down with those fair
hands,
And washing (lest the scent her crime disclose)
His sweaty hoofs, tickles him betwixt the toes.
But envious fame too soon began to note
More gold in 's fob, more lace upon his coat;
And he unweary, and of tongue too fleet,
No longer could conceal his fortune sweet.
Justly the rogue was whipped in Porter's den,
And Jermain straight has leave to come again.
Ah Painter! now could Alexander live,
And this Campaspe the Apelles give! *

Draw next a pair of tables opening, then
The House of Commons clattering like the men.
Describe the court and country both set right
On opposite points, the black against the white,
Those having lost the nation at tick-tack,
These now adventuring how to win it back.
The dice betwixt them must the fate divide,
As chance does still in multitudes decide.
But here the court doth its advantage know,
For the cheat, Turner, for them both must
throw;

* Campaspe was Alexander's mistress, whom Apelles, by Alexander's command, painted naked, and fell violently in love with her. Alexander perceived it, and, for fear of any fatal consequence to Apelles, gave her to him.

As some from boxes, he so from the chair
Can strike the dice, and still with them have share.

Here, Painter, rest a little and survey
With what small arts the public game they play:
For so too, Rubens, with affairs of state,
His labouring pencil oft would recreate.

The close Cabal marked how the navy eats,
And thought all lost that goes not to the cheats:
So therefore secretly for peace decrees,
Yet for a war the parliament would squeeze;
And fix to the revenue such a sum
Should Goodrick silence, and make Paston dumb,
Should pay land armies, should dissolve the vain
Commons, and ever such a court maintain,
Hyde's avarice, Bennet's luxury, should suffice,
And what can these defray but the excise,
Excise, a monster worse than e'er before
Frighted the midwife, and the mother tore?
A thousand hands she has, a thousand eyes,
Breaks into shops, and into cellars pries;
With hundred rows of teeth the shark exceeds,
And on all trades, like Casawar, she feeds;
Chops off the piece where'er she close the jaw,
Else swallows all down her indented maw.
She stalks all day in streets, concealed from sight,
And flies like bats with leathern wings by night;
She wastes the country, and on cities preys.
Her, of a female harpy in dog-days,

Black Birch, of all the earth-born race most hot,
And most rapacious, like himself begot;
And of his brat enamoured, as she increased,
Buggered in incest with the mongrel beast.

Say Muse, for nothing can escape thy sight,
And Painter, wanting other, draw this fight,
Who in an English senate fierce debate
Could raise so long, for this new whore of state.

Of early wittols first the troop marched in,
For diligence renowned, and discipline;
In loyal haste they left your wives in bed,
And Denham these with one consent did head.

Of the old courtiers next a squadron came,
Who sold their master, led by Ashburnham.

To them succeeds a despicable rout,
But knew the word, and well could face about;
Expectants pale, with hopes of spoil allured,
Though yet but pioneers, and led by Steward.

Then damning cowards ranged the vocal plain;
Wood these commands, knight of the horn and cane:
Still his hook-shoulder seems the blow to dread,
And under 's arm-pit he defends his head.
The posture strange men laugh at, of his poll
Hid with his elbow like the spice he stole:

Headless St. Dennis so his head does bear,
And both of them alike French martyrs were.

Court officers, as used, the next place took,
And followed F———x, but with disdainful look:
His birth, his youth, his brokage all dispraise
In vain; for always he commands that pays.

Then the procurers under Progers filed,
Gentlest of men, and his lieutenant mild;
Bronkard, love's squire, through all the field arrayed,
No troop was better clad, nor so well paid.

Then marched the troop of Clarendon, all full,
Haters of fowl, to teal preferring bull;
Gross bodies, grosser minds, and grosser cheats,
And bloated Wren conducts them to their seats.

Charlton advances next (whose wife does awe
The mitred troop) and with his looks gives law.
He marched with beaver cocked of bishop's brim,
And hid much fraud under an aspect grim.

Next do the lawyers, sordid band, appear,
Finch in the front, and Thurland in the rear.

The troop of privilege, a rabble bare
Of debtors deep, fell to Trelawney's care;

Their fortune's error they supplied in rage,
Nor any farther would than these engage.

Then marched the troop, whose valiant acts before
Their public acts, obliged them to do more,
For chimney's sake they all Sir Pool obeyed,
Or, in his absence, him that first it laid.

Then came the thrifty troop of privateers,
Whose horses each with other interferes:
Before them Higgins rides with brow compact,
Mourning his countess, anxious for his act.

Sir Frederick and Sir Solomon draw lots,
For the command of politics and Scots;
Thence fell to words; but quarrels to adjourn,
Their friends agreed they should command by turn.

Carteret the rich did the accountants guide,
And in ill English all the world defied.

The papists (but of those the house had none,
Else) Talbot offered to have led them on.

Bold Duncomb next, of the projectors chief,
And old Fitz Harding of the eaters beef.

Late and disordered out the drunkards drew,
Scarce them their leaders, they their leaders knew.

Before them entered, equal in command,
Apsley and Brotherick marching hand in hand.

Last then but one, Powel, that could not ride
Left the French standard weltering in his stride;
He, to excuse his slowness, truth confessed,
That 'twas so long before he could be dressed.

The lords' sons last all these did reënforce,
Cornbury before them managed hobby-horse.

Never before nor since an host so steeled
Trooped on to muster in the Tuttle-field.

Not the first cock-horse that with cork was shod
To rescue Albemarle from the sea-cod:
Nor the late feather-man, whom Tomkins fierce
Shall with one breath like thistle down disperse,
All the two Coventrys their generals chose,
For one had much, the other nought to lose.
Not better choice all accidents could hit,
While hector Harry steers by Will the wit.
They both accept the charge with merry glee,
To fight a battle from all gunshot free.
Pleased with their numbers, yet in valour wise,
They feigned a parley, better to surprise,
They who ere long shall the rude Dutch upbraid,
Who in a time of treaty dare invade.

Thick was the morning, and the house was thin,
The speaker early, when they all fell in.
Propitious heavens! had not you them crossed,
Excise had got the day, and all been lost:
For t'other side all in close quarters lay
Without intelligence, command or pay;
A scattered body, which the foe ne'er tried,
But often did among themselves divide.
And some run o'er each night, while others sleep,
And undescried returned 'fore morning peep.
But Strangeways, who all night still walked the round,
For vigilance and courage both renowned,
First spied the enemy, and gave the alarm,
Fighting it single till the rest might arm;
Such Roman Cocles stood before the foe,
The falling bridge behind, the streams below.*
Each ran as chance him guides to several post,
And all to pattern his example, boast;
Their former trophies they recall to mind,
And now, to edge their anger, courage grind.

First entered forward Temple, conqueror
Of Irish cattle, and solicitor.

* Cocles, a noble Roman, maintained a pass alone, and kept back a whole army, till the bridge behind him was broke down, and then threw himself into the Tiber, and swam to land.

Then daring S—r, that with spear and shield
Had stretched the monster patent on the field.
Keen Whoorwood next in aid of damsel frail,
That pierced the giant Mordaunt through his mail:
And surly Williams the accountant's bane,
And Lovelace young of chimney-men the cane.
Old Waller, trumpet general, swore he'd write
This combat truer than the naval fight.
Of birth, state, wit, strength, courage, Howard presumes,
And in his breast wears many Montezumes.*
These, with some more, with single valour stay
The adverse troops, and hold them all at bay.
Each thinks his person represents the whole,
And with that thought does multiply his soul;
Believes himself an army; there's one man,
As easily conquered; and believing, can
With heart of bees so full and head of mites,
That each, though duelling, a battle fights.
So once Orlando, famous in romance,
Broached whole brigades like larks upon his lance.

But strength at last still under number bows,
And the faint sweat trickling down Temple's brows;

* Montezuma is the hero of the Indian Queen, a tragedy written by Mr. Dryden and Sir Robert Howard.

Even iron Strangeway chasing yet gave back,
Spent with fatigue to breathe a while tobac,
When marching in, a seasonable recruit
Of citizens and merchants held dispute,
And charging all their pipes, a sullen band
Of Presbyterian Switzers made a stand.

Nor could all these the field have long maintained,
But for the unknown reserve that still remained;
A gross of English gentry, nobly born,
Of clear estates, and to no faction sworn,
Dear lovers of their king, and death to meet
For country's cause, that glorious thing and sweet;
To speak not forward, but in action brave,
In giving generous, but in council grave;
Candidly credulous for once, nay twice;
But sure the devil cannot cheat them thrice.
The van in battle, though retiring, falls
Without disorder in their intervals,
Then closing all, in equal front, fall on,
Led by great Garraway, and great Littleton.
Lee equal to obey, or to command,
Adjutant-general was still at hand.
The marshal standard, Sands displaying, shows
St. Dunstan in it tweaking Satan's nose.
See sudden chance of war, to paint or write,
Is longer work, and harder than to fight:

At the first charge the enemy give out,
And the excise receives a total rout.

Broken in courage, yet the men the same,
Resolve henceforth upon their other game:
Where force had failed, with stratagem to play,
And what haste lost, recover by delay.
St. Albans straight is sent to, to forbear,
Lest the sure peace (forsooth) too soon appear.
The seamen's clamours to three ends they use,
To cheat their pay, feign want, and the house accuse.
Each day they bring the tale and that too true,
How strong the Dutch their equipage renew;
Meantime through all the yards their orders run,
To lay the ships up, cease the keels begun.
The timber rots, the useless axe does rust;
The unpractised saw lies buried in its dust;
The busy hammer sleeps, the ropes untwine;
The store and wages all are mine and thine;
Along the coasts and harbours they take care
That money lacks, nor forts be in repair.
Long thus they could against the house conspire,
Load them with envy, and with sitting tire;
And the loved king, that's never yet denied,
Is brought to beg in public, and to chide:
But when this failed, and months enough were spent,
They with the first day's proffer seem content;

And to land-tax from the excise turn round,
Bought off with eighteen hundred thousand pound.
Thus like fair thieves, the Commons' purse they share,
But all the members' lives consulting spare.

Blither than hare that hath escaped the hounds,
The house prorogued, the chancellor rebounds.
Not so decrepid Æson, hashed and stewed
With magic herbs, rose from the pot renewed,
And with fresh age felt his glad limbs unite,
His gout (yet still he cursed) had left him quite.
What frosts to fruits, what arsenic to the rat,
What to fair Denham mortal chocolate,
What an account to Carteret, that and more,
A parliament is to the chancellor.
So the sad tree shrinks from the morning's eye,
But blooms all night and shoots its branches high;
So at the sun's recess, again returns
The comet dread, and earth and heaven burns.

Now Mordaunt may within his castle tower
Imprison parents, and their child deflower.

The Irish herd is now let loose, and comes
By millions over, not by hecatombs;

And now, now the Canary patent may
Be broached again for the great Holy-day.
See how he reigns in his new palace culminant,
And sits in state divine like Jove the fulminant.
First Buckingham that durst 'gainst him rebel,
Blasted with lightning, struck with thunder fell,
Next the twelve commons are condemned to groan,
And roll in vain at Sisyphus's stone.
But still he cared, whilst in revenge he braved,
That peace secured, and money might be saved.
Gain and revenge, revenge and gain, are sweet;
United most, when most by turns they meet.
France had St. Albans promised, (so they sing)
St. Albans promised him, and he the king.
The court forthwith is ordered all to close,
To play for Flanders, and the stake to lose,
While chained together, two ambassadors
Like slaves shall beg for peace at Holland's doors.
This done, among his Cyclops he retires
To forge new thunder, and inspect their fires.

The court, as once of war, now fond of peace,
All to new sports their wonted fears release.
From Greenwich (where intelligence they hold)
Comes news of pastime martial and old.
A punishment invented first to awe
Masculine wives transgressing nature's law;

Where when the brawny female disobeys,
And beats the husband, till for peace he prays,
No concerned jury damage for him finds,
Nor partial justice her behaviour binds;
But the just street does the next house invade,
Mounting the neighbour couple on lean jade.
The distaff knocks, the grains from kettle fly,
And boys and girls in troops run hooting by.
Prudent antiquity! that knew by shame,
Better than law, domestic broils to tame;
And taught the youth by spectacle innocent:
So thou and I, dear Painter, represent
In quick effigy, others' faults; and feign,
By making them ridiculous, to restrain;
With homely sight they chose thus to relax
The joys of state for the new peace and tax.
So Holland with us had the mastery tried,
And our next neighbours, France and Flanders, ride.

But a fresh news the great designment nips
Off, at the isle of Candy; Dutch and ships
Bab May and Arlington did wisely scoff,
And thought all safe if they were so far off.
Modern geographers! 'twas there they thought,
Where Venice twenty years the Turks had fought,
(While the first year the navy is but shown,
The next divided, and the third we've none.
They by the name mistook it for that isle,
Where pilgrim Palmer travelled in exile,

With the bull's horn to measure his own head,
And on Pasiphae's tomb to drop a bead.
But Morrice learned demonstrates by the post,
This isle of Candy was on Essex coast.

Fresh messengers still the sad news assure,
More timorous now we are than first secure.
False terrors our believing fears devise,
And the French army one from Calais spies.
Bennet and May, and those of shorter reach,
Change all for guineas, and a crown for each;
But wiser men, and men foreseen in chance,
In Holland theirs had lodged before, and France;
Whitehall 's unsafe, the court all meditates
To fly to Windsor, and mure up the gates.
Each doth the other blame and all distrust,
But Mordaunt new obliged would sure be just.
Not such a fatal stupefaction reigned
At London flames, nor so the court complained.
The Bloodworth Chancellor gives (then does recall)
Orders, amazed, at last gives none at all.

St. Albans writ too, that he may bewail
To Monsieur Lewis, and tell coward tale,
How that the Hollanders do make a noise,
Threaten to beat us and are naughty boys.
Now Doleman 's disobedient, and they still
Uncivil, his unkindness would us kill:

Tell him our ships unrigged, our forts unmanned,
Our money spent, else 'twere at his command;
Summon him therefore of his word, and prove
To move him out of pity, if not love;
Pray him to make De Wit and Ruyter cease,
And whip the Dutch unless they hold their peace.
But Lewis was of memory but dull,
And to St. Albans too undutiful;
Nor word nor near relation did revere,
But asked him bluntly for his character.
The gravelled count did with this answer faint,
(His character was that which thou didst paint)
And so enforced like enemy or spy,
Trusses his baggage, and the camp does fly:
Yet Lewis writes, and lest our heart should break,
Condoles us morally out of Senec.

Two letters next unto Breda are sent,
In cipher one to Harry Excellent.
The first intrusts (our verse that name abhors)
Plenipotentiary embassadors
To prove by Scripture, treaty does imply
Cessation, as the look adultery;
And that by law of arms, in martial strife,
Who yields his sword, has title to his life.
Presbyter Hollis the first point should clear,
The second Coventry the cavalier:
But, would they not be argued back from sea,
Then to return home straight *infectâ re.*

But Harry 's ordered, if they won't recall
Their fleet, to threaten,—we will give them all.
The Dutch are then in proclamation shent,
For sin against the eleventh commandment.
Hyde's flippant style there pleasantly curvets,
Still his sharp wit on states and princes whets:
So Spain could not escape his laughter's spleen,
None but himself must choose the king and queen.
But when he came the odious clause to pen,
That summons up the parliament agen,
His writing-master many times he banned,
And wished himself the gout to seize his hand.
Never old lecher more repugnant felt,
Consenting for his rupture to be gelt.
But still in hope he solaced, ere they come
To work the peace, and so to send them home;
Or in their hasty call to find a flaw,
Their acts to vitiate, and them overawe:
But more relied upon this Dutch pretence,
To raise a two-edged army for 's defence.

First then he marched our whole militia's force,
(As if, alas! we ships, or Dutch had horse;)
Then from the usual commonplace he blames
These, and in standing armies' praise declaims;
And the wise court, that always loved it dear,
Now thinks all but too little for their fear.
Hyde stamps, and straight upon the ground the swarms
Of current myrmidons appear in arms:

And for their pay he writes as from the king,
With that cursed quill plucked from a vulture's wing,
Of the whole nation now to ask a loan;
The eighteen hundred thousand pounds are gone.
This done, he pens a proclamation stout
In rescue of the bankers banquerout,
His minion imps, which in his secret part
Lie nuzzling at the sacramental wart,
Horse-leeches sucking at the hemorrhoid vein;
He sucks the king, they him, he them again.
The kingdom's farm he lets to them bid least,
(Greater the bribe) and cheats at interest.
Here men induced by safety, gain, and ease,
Their money lodge, confiscate when he please;
These can at need, at instant with a scrip,
(This liked him best) his cash beyond sea whip.
When Dutch invade, and parliament prepare;
How can he engines so convenient spare?
Let no man touch them, or demand his own,
Pain of displeasure of great Clarendon.

The state-affairs thus marshalled, for the rest,
Monk in his shirt against the Dutch is pressed.
Often, dear Painter, have I sat and mused
Why he should be on all adventures used;
Do they for nothing ill, like ashen wood,
Or think him, like Herb-John, for nothing good?
Whether his valour they so much admire,
Or that for cowardice they all retire,

As heaven in storms, they call, in gusts of state,
On Monk and Parliament,—yet both do hate.
All causes sure concur, but most they think
Under Herculean labours he may sink.
Soon then the independent troops would close,
And Hyde's last project of his place dispose.

Ruyter, the while,* that had our ocean curbed,
Sailed now amongst our rivers undisturbed;
Surveyed their crystal streams and banks so green,
And beauties ere this never naked seen:
Through the vain sedge the bashful nymphs he eyed,
Bosoms, and all which from themselves they hide.
The sun much brighter, and the sky more clear,
He finds, the air and all things sweeter here;
The sudden change, and such a tempting sight,
Swells his old veins with fresh blood, fresh delight;
Like amorous victors he begins to shave,
And his new face looks in the English wave;
His sporting navy all about him swim,
And witness their complacence in their trim;
Their streaming silks play through the weather fair,
And with inveigling colours court the air,
While the red flags breathe on their topmasts high
Terror and war, but want an enemy.

* The Dutch Admiral who burned our ships at Chatham.

Among the shrouds the seamen sit and sing,
And wanton boys on every rope do cling:
Old Neptune springs the tides, and waters lent,
(The Gods themselves do help the provident)
And where the deep keel on the shallow cleaves,
With trident's lever and great shoulder heaves;
Æolus their sails inspires with eastern wind,
Puffs them along, and breathes upon them kind;
With pearly shell the Tritons all the while
Sound the sea-march, and guide to Sheppy isle.

So have I seen in April's bud arise
A fleet of clouds sailing along the skies;
The liquid region with their squadrons filled,
Their airy sterns the sun behind doth gild,
And gentle gales them steer, and heaven drives,
When all on sudden their calm bosom rives,
With thunder and lightning from each armed cloud;
Shepherds themselves in vain in bushes shroud;—
So up the stream the Belgic navy glides,
And at Sheerness unloads its stormy sides.

Sprag there, though practised in the sea-command,
With panting heart lay like a fish on land,
And quickly judged the fort was not tenable,
Which if a house, yet were not tenantable;
No man can sit there safe, the cannon pours
Through walls untight, and through the bullet showers.

The neighbourhood ill, and an unwholsome seat,
He at the first salute resolves retreat;
And swore that he would never more dwell there,
Until the city put it in repair;
So he in front, his garrison in rear,
Marched straight to Chatham to increase their fear.

There our sick ships unrigged in summer lay,
Like moulting fowl, a weak and easy prey,
For whose strong bulk earth scarce could timber find,
The ocean water, or the heavens wind,
Those oaken giants of the ancient race,
That ruled all seas, and did our channel grace;
The conscious stag, though once the forest's dread,
Flies to the wood, and hides his armless head.
Ruyter forthwith a squadron doth untack;
They sail securely through the river's track.
An English pilot too (O, shame! O, sin!)
Cheated of 's pay, was he that showed them in.

Our wretched ships within their fate attend,
And all our hopes now on frail chain depend,
(Engine so slight to guard us from the sea,
It fitter seemed to captivate a flea;)
A skipper rude shocks it without respect,
Filling his sails more force to recollect;

The English from shore the iron deaf invoke
For its last aid: hold, chain, or we are broke!
But with her sailing weight the Holland keel,
Snapping the brittle links, does thorough reel,
And to the rest the opening passage show;
Monk from the bank that dismal sight does view;
Our feather gallants, who came down that day
To be spectators safe of the new play,
Leave him alone when first they hear the gun,
Cornbury the fleetest, and to London run.

Our seamen, whom no danger's shape could fright,
Unpaid, refuse to mount their ships for spite,
Or to their fellows swim on board the Dutch,
Who show the tempting metal in their clutch.
Oft had he sent, of Duncombe and of Legge,
Cannon and powder, but in vain, to beg;
And Upnor castle's ill-deserted wall,
Now needful does for ammunition call.
He finds, where'er he succour might expect,
Confusion, folly, treachery, fear, neglect.

But when the Royal Charles (what rage! what grief!)
He saw seized, and could give her no relief;
That sacred keel that had, as he, restored
Its exiled sovereign on its happy board,
And thence the British Admiral became,
Crowned for that merit with his master's name;

That pleasure-boat of war, in whose dear side
Secure, so oft he had this foe defied,
Now a cheap spoil, and the mean victor's slave,
Taught the Dutch colours from its top to wave,—
Of former glories the reproachful thought,
With present shame compared, his mind distort.

Such from Euphrates' bank, a tigress fell
After her robbers for her whelps doth yell,
But sees enraged the river flow between,
Frustrate revenge, and love by loss more keen;
At her own breast her useless claws does arm,
She tears herself, 'cause him she cannot harm.

The guards, placed for the chain's and fleet's defence,
Long since were fled on many a feigned pretence.

Daniel had there adventured, man of might;
Sweet Painter, draw his picture while I write.
Paint him of person tall, and big of bone,
Large limbs like ox, not to be killed but shown.
Scarce can burned ivory feign a hair so black,
Or face so red thine ochre and thy lac;
Mix a vain terror in his martial look,
And all those lines by which men are mistook.
But when by shame constrained to go on board,
He heard how the wild cannon nearer roared,
And saw himself confined like sheep in pen,
Daniel then thought he was in lion's den.

But when the fire-ships terrible he saw,
Pregnant with sulphur, nearer to him draw,
Captain, Lieutenant, Ensign, all make haste,
Ere in the fiery furnace they be cast;
Three children tall, unsinged, away they row,
Like Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego.
Each doleful day still with fresh loss returns,
The Loyal London now a third time burns;
And the true Royal Oak, and Royal James,
Allied in fate, increase with theirs her flames.
Of all our navy none should now survive,
But that the ships themselves were taught to dive,
And the kind river in its creek them hides,
Freighting their pierced keels with oozy tides;
Up to the bridge contagious terror struck,
The Tower itself with the near danger shook;
And were not Ruyter's maw with ravage cloyed,
Even London's ashes had been then destroyed.
Officious fear, however to prevent
Our loss, does so much more our loss augment.
The Dutch had robbed those jewels of the crown;
Our merchant-men, lest they should burn, we drown:
So when the fire did not enough devour,
The houses were demolished near the Tower.
Those ships that yearly from their teeming hole
Unloaded here the birth of either pole,
Fir from the north, and silver from the west,
From the south perfumes, spices from the east,

From Gambo gold, and from the Ganges gems,
Take a short voyage underneath the Thames,
Once a deep river, now with timber floored,
And shrunk, less navigable, to a ford.

Now nothing more at Chatham 's left to burn,
The Holland squadron leisurely return;
And spite of Rupert's and of Albemarle's,
To Ruyter's triumph led the captive Charles.
The pleasing sight he often does prolong,
Her mast erect, tough cordage, timber strong,
Her moving shape, all these he doth survey,
And all admires, but most his easy prey.
The seamen search her all within, without;
Viewing her strength, they yet their conquest doubt;
Then with rude shouts, secure, the air they vex,
With gamesome joy insulting on her decks.
Such the feared Hebrew captive, blinded, shorn,
Was led about in sport the public scorn.

Black day accursed! on thee let no man hail
Out of the port, or dare to hoist a sail,
Or row a boat in thy unlucky hour!
Thee, the year's monster, let thy dam devour,
And constant Time, to keep his course yet right,
Fill up thy space with a redoubled night.
When aged Thames was bound with fetters base,
And Medway chaste ravished before his face,

And their dear offspring murdered in their sight,
Thou and thy fellows saw the odious light.
Sad Chance, since first that happy pair was wed,
With all the rivers graced their nuptial bed;
And father Neptune promised to resign
His empire old to their immortal line;
Now with vain grief their vainer hopes they rue,
Themselves dishonoured, and the gods untrue;
And to each other, helpless couple, moan,
As the sad tortoise for the sea does groan;
But most they for their darling Charles complain,
And were it burned, yet less would be their pain.
To see that fatal pledge of sea-command,
Now in the ravisher De Ruyter's hand,
The Thames roared, swooning Medway turned her tide,
And were they mortal, both for grief had died.

The court in flattering yet itself doth please,
(And female Stewart there rules the four seas.)
But fate does still accumulate our woes,
And Richmond her commands, as Ruyter those.

After this loss, to relish discontent,
Some one must be accused by parliament.
All our miscarriages on Pett must fall,
His name alone seems fit to answer all.
Whose counsel first did this mad war beget?
Who all commands sold through the navy? Pett.

Who would not follow when the Dutch were beat?
Who treated out the time at Bergen? Pett.
Who the Dutch fleet with storms disabled met?
And, rifling prizes, them neglected? Pett.
Who with false news prevented the Gazette?
The fleet divided? writ for Rupert? Pett.
Who all our seamen cheated of their debt,
And all our prizes who did swallow? Pett.
Who did advise no navy out to set?
And who the forts left unprepared? Pett.
Who to supply with powder did forget
Languard, Sheerness, Gravesend, and Upnor? Pett.
Who all our ships exposed in Chatham net?
Who should it be but the fanatic Pett?
Pett, the sea-architect in making ships,
Was the first cause of all these naval slips;
Had he not built, none of these faults had been;
If no creation, there had been no sin;
But his great crime, one boat away he sent,
That lost our fleet and did our flight prevent.
Then, that reward might in its turn take place,
And march with punishment in equal pace,
Southampton dead, much of the treasure's care,
And place in council, fell to Duncombe's share.
All men admired he to that pitch could fly:
Powder ne'er blew man up so soon, so high;
But sure his late good husbandry in petre,
Showed him to manage the Exchequer meeter;

And who the forts would not vouchsafe a corn,
To lavish the king's money more would scorn;
Who hath no chimneys, to give all, is best,
And ablest speaker, who of law hath least;
Who less estate, for treasurer most fit,
And for a chancellor he that has least wit;
But the true cause was, that in 's brother May,
The Exchequer might the privy-purse obey.

And now draws near the parliament's return;
Hyde and the court again begin to mourn;
Frequent in council, earnest in debate,
All arts they try how to prolong its date.
Grave Primate Sheldon (much in preaching there)
Blames the last session, and this more does fear:
With Boynton or with Middleton 'twere sweet,
But with a parliament abhors to meet;
And thinks 'twill ne'er be well within this nation,
Till it be governed by a Convocation.

But in the Thames' mouth still De Ruyter laid;
The peace not sure, new army must be paid.
Hyde saith he hourly waits for a despatch;
Harry came post just as he showed his watch.
All to agree the articles were clear,
The Holland fleet and parliament so near,
Yet Harry must job back and all mature,
Binding, ere the houses meet, the treaty sure;

And 'twixt necessity and spite, till then
Let them come up, so to go down again.
Up ambles country justice on his pad,
And vest bespeaks, to be more seemly clad.
Plain gentlemen are in stage-coach o'erthrown,
And deputy-lieutenants in their own;
The portly burgess, through the weather hot,
Does for his corporation sweat and trot;
And all with sun and choler come adust,
And threaten Hyde to raise a greater dust.

But fresh, as from the mint, the courtiers fine
Salute them, smiling at their vain design;
And Turner gay up to his perch doth march,
With face new bleached, smoothed, and stiff with starch;
Tells them he at Whitehall had took a turn,
And for three days thence moves them to adjourn.
Not so, quoth Tomkins, and straight drew his tongue,
Trusty as steel that always ready hung;
And so proceeding in his motion warm,
The army soon raised, he doth as soon disarm.
True Trojan! whilst this town can girls afford,
And long as cider lasts in Hereford,
The girls shall always kiss thee, though grown old,
And in eternal healths thy name be trolled.

Meanwhile the certain news of peace arrives
At court, and so reprieves their guilty lives.

Hyde orders Turner that he should come late,
Lest some new Tomkins spring a fresh debate;
The king, that early raised was from his rest,
Expects, as at a play, till Turner 's dressed;
At last, together Eaton came and he,
No dial more could with the sun agree;
The speaker, summoned to the Lords, repairs,
Nor gave the Commons leave to say their prayers,
But like his prisoners to the bar them led,
Where mute they stand to hear their sentence read:
Trembling with joy and fear, Hyde them prorogues,
And had almost mistook, and called them rogues.

Dear Painter, draw this Speaker to the foot:
Where pencil cannot, there my pen shall do 't;
That may his body, this his mind explain;
Paint him in golden gown with mace's train;
Bright hair, fair face, obscure and dull of head,
Like knife with ivory haft, and edge of lead:
At prayers his eyes turn up the pious white,
But all the while his private bill 's in sight:
In chair he smoking sits like master cook,
And a poll-bill does like his apron look.
Well was he skilled to season any question,
And make a sauce fit for Whitehall's digestion,
Whence every day, the prelate more to tickle,
Court-mushrooms ready are sent in to pickle.

When grievances urged, he swells like squatted toad,
Frisks like a frog to croak a tax's load:
His patient piss he could hold longer than
An urinal, and sit like any hen;
At table jolly as a country host,
And soaks his sack with Norfolk like a toast;
At night than Chanticleer more brisk and hot,
And sergeant's wife serves him for Partelot.

Paint last the King, and a dead shade of night,
Only dispersed by a weak taper's light,
And those bright gleams which dart along and glare
From his clear eyes, (yet these too dart with care;)
There, as in the calm horror all alone,
He wakes and muses of the uneasy throne,
Raise up a sudden shape with virgin's face,
Though ill agree her posture, hour or place;
Naked as born, and her round arms behind,
With her own tresses interwove and twined:
Her mouth locked up, a blind before her eyes,
Yet from beneath her veil her blushes rise,
And silent tears her secret anguish speak,
Her heart throbs, and with very shame would break.
The object strange in him no terror moved,
He wondered first, then pitied, then he loved:
And with kind hand does the coy vision press,
Whose beauty greater seemed by her distress:

But soon shrunk back, chilled with a touch so cold,
And the airy picture vanished from his hold.
In his deep thoughts the wonder did increase,
And he divined 'twas England, or the peace.
Express him startling next, with listening ear,
As one that some unusual noise doth hear;
With cannons, trumpets, drums, his door surround,
But let some other Painter draw the sound.
Thrice he did rise, thrice the vain tumult fled,
But again thunders when he lies in bed.
His mind secure does the vain stroke repeat,
And finds the drums Lewis's march did beat.
Shake then the room, and all his curtains tear,
And with blue streaks infect the taper clear,
While the pale ghost his eyes doth fixed admire
Of grandsire Harry, and of Charles his sire.
Harry sits down, and in his open side
The grisly wound reveals of which he died;
And ghostly Charles, turning his collar low,
The purple thread about his neck doth show;
Then whispering to his son in words unheard,
Through the locked door both of them disappeared.
The wondrous night the pensive King revolves,
And rising straight, on Hyde's disgrace resolves.
At his first step he Castlemain does find,
Bennet and Coventry as 'twas designed;
And they not knowing, the same thing propose
Which his hid mind did in its depths inclose.

Through their feigned speech their secret hearts
he knew,
To her own husband Castlemain untrue;
False to his master Bristol, Arlington;
And Coventry falser than any one,
Who to his brother, brother would betray;
Nor therefore trusts himself to such as they.
His father's ghost too whispered him one note,
That who does cut his purse will cut his throat;
But he in wise anger does their crimes forbear,
As thieves reprieved from executioner,
While Hyde, provoked, his foaming tusk does
whet,
To prove them traitors, and himself the Pett.

Painter adjourn. How well our arts agree!
Poetic picture, painted poetry!
But this great work is for our monarch fit,
And henceforth Charles only to Charles shall sit;
His master-hand the ancients shall outdo,
Himself the Painter, and the Poet too.

TO THE KING.

So his bold tube man to the sun applied,
And spots unknown in the bright star descried,
Showed they obscure him, while too near they
please,
And seem his courtiers, are but his disease;
Through optic trunk the planet seemed to hear,
And hurls them off e'er since in his career.

And you, great Sir, that with him empire
share,
Sun of our world, as he the Charles is there,
Blame not the Muse that brought those spots to
sight,
Which, in your splendour hid, corrode your
light;
(Kings in the country oft have gone astray,
Nor of a peasant scorned to learn the way.)
Would she the unattended throne reduce,
Banishing love, trust, ornament, and use;

Better it were to live in cloister's lock,
Or in fair fields to rule the easy flock:
She blames them only who the court restrain,
And where all England serves, themselves would reign.

Bold and accursed are they who all this while
Have strove to isle this monarch from this isle,
And to improve themselves by false pretence,
About the common prince have raised a fence;
The kingdom from the crown distinct would see,
And peel the bark to burn at last the tree.
As Ceres corn, and Flora is the spring,
As Bacchus wine, the Country is the King.

Not so does rust insinuating wear,
Nor powder so the vaulted bastion tear,
Nor earthquakes so an hollow isle o'erwhelm,
As scratching courtiers undermine a realm,
And through the palace's foundations bore,
Burrowing themselves to hoard their guilty store.
The smallest vermin make the greatest waste,
And a poor warren once a city rased.
But they whom born to virtue and to wealth,
Nor guilt to flattery binds, nor want to stealth;
Whose generous conscience, and whose courage high,
Does with clear counsels their large souls supply;

Who serve the king with their estates and care,
And as in love on parliaments can stare;
Where few the number, choice is there less
hard;
Give us this court, and rule without a guard.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER.

PART II.

SPREAD a large canvas, Painter, to contain
The great assembly, and the numerous train;
Where all about him shall in triumph sit,
Abhorring wisdom, and despising wit;
Hating all justice, and resolved to fight,
To rob their native country of their right.

First draw his Highness prostrate to the south,
Adoring Rome, this label in his mouth,—
"Most holy father! being joined in league
"With father Patrick, Danby, and with Teague,
"Thrown at your sacred feet, I humbly bow,
"I, and the wise associates of my vow,
"A vow, nor fire nor sword shall ever end,
"Till all this nation to your footstool bend.
"Thus armed with zeal and blessing from your hands,
"I'll raise my Papists, and my Irish bands,

"And by a noble well-contrived plot,
"Managed by wise Fitz-Gerald, and by Scott,
"Prove to the world, I'll make old England know,
"That common sense is my eternal foe.
"I ne'er can fight in a more glorious cause,
"Than to destroy their liberty and laws;
"Their House of Commons, and their House of Lords,
"Their parchment precedents, and dull records,
"Shall these e'er dare to contradict my will,
"And think a prince o'the blood can e'er do ill?
"It is our birthright to have power to kill.
"Shall they e'er dare to think they shall decide
"The way to heaven, and who shall be my guide?
"Shall they pretend to say, that bread is bread,
"If we affirm it is a God indeed?
"Or there 's no Purgatory for the dead?
"That extreme unction is but common oil?
"And not infallible the Roman soil?
"I 'll have those villains in our notions rest;
"And I do say it, therefore it 's the best."

Next, Painter, draw his Mordaunt by his side,
Conveying his religion and his bride:
He, who long since abjured the royal line,
Does now in popery with his master join.
Then draw the princess with her golden locks,
Hastening to be envenomed with the pox,

And in her youthful veins receive a wound,
Which sent N. H. before her under ground;
The wound of which the tainted C——ret fades,
Laid up in store for a new set of maids.
Poor princess, born under a sullen star,
To find such welcome when you came so far!
Better some jealous neighbour of your own
Had called you to a sound, though petty throne;
Where 'twixt a wholesome husband and a page,
You might have lingered out a lazy age,
Than on dull hopes of being here a Queen,
Ere twenty die, and rot before fifteen.
Now, Painter, show us in the blackest dye,
The counsellors of all this villany.
Clifford, who first appeared in humble guise,
Was always thought too gentle, meek, and wise;
But when he came to act upon the stage,
He proved the mad Cethegus of our age.
He and his Duke had both too great a mind,
To be by justice or by law confined:
Their broiling heads can bear no other sounds,
Than fleets and armies, battles, blood and wounds:
And to destroy our liberty they hope,
By Irish fools, and an old doting Pope.

Next, Talbot must by his great master stand,
Laden with folly, flesh, and ill-got land;

He 's of a size indeed to fill a porch,
But ne'er can make a pillar of the church.
His sword is all his argument, not his book;
Although no scholar, he can act the cook,
And will cut throats again, if he be paid;
In the Irish shambles he first learned the trade.

Then, Painter, show thy skill, and in fit place
Let 's see the nuncio Arundel's sweet face;
Let the beholders by thy art espy
His sense and soul, as squinting as his eye.

Let Bellasis' autumnal face be seen,
Rich with the spoils of a poor Algerine;
Who, trusting in him, was by him betrayed,
And so shall we, be his advice obeyed.
The hero once got honour by his sword;
He got his wealth by breaking of his word;
And now his daughter he hath got with child,
And pimps to have his family defiled.

Next, Painter, draw the rabble of the plot;
Jermain, Fitz-Gerald, Loftus, Porter, Scott:
These are fit heads indeed to turn a state,
And change the order of a nation's fate;
Ten thousand such as these shall ne'er control
The smallest atom of an English soul.

Old England on its strong foundation stands,
Defying all their heads and all their hands;

Its steady basis never could be shook,
When wiser men her ruin undertook;
And can her guardian angel let her stoop
At last to madmen, fools, and to the Pope?
No, Painter, no! close up the piece, and see
This crowd of traitors hanged in effigy.

TO THE KING.

GREAT Charles, who full of mercy might'st command,
In peace and pleasure, this thy native land,
At last take pity of thy tottering throne,
Shook by the faults of others, not thine own;
Let not thy life and crown together end,
Destroyed by a false brother and false friend.
Observe the danger that appears so near,
That all your subjects do each minute fear:
One drop of poison, or a popish knife,
Ends all the joys of England with thy life.
Brothers, 'tis true, by nature should be kind;
But a too zealous and ambitious mind,
Bribed with a crown on earth, and one above,
Harbours no friendship, tenderness, or love.
See in all ages what examples are
Of monarchs murdered by the impatient heir.
Hard fate of princes, who will ne'er believe,
Till the stroke's struck which they can ne'er retrieve!

END OF THE SECOND PART.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER.

PART III.

PAINTER, once more thy pencil reassume,
And draw me, in one scene, London and Rome:
Here holy Charles, there good Aurelius sat,
Weeping to see their sons degenerate;
His Romans taking up the teemer's trade,
The Britons jigging it in masquerade;
While the brave youths, tired with the toil of state,
Their weary minds and limbs to recreate,
Do to their more beloved delights repair,
One to his —, the other to his player.

Then change the scene, and let the next present
A landscape of our motley Parliament;
And place, hard by the bar, on the left hand,
Circean Clifford with his charming wand;
Our pig-eyed———— on his—fashion,
Set by the worst attorney of our nation,
This great triumvirate that can divide
The spoils of England; and along that side

Place Falstaff's regiment of threadbare coats,
All looking this way, how to give their votes;
And of his dear reward let none despair,
For money comes when Sey——r leaves the chair.
Change once again, and let the next afford
The figure of a motley council-board
At Arlington's, and round about it set
Our mighty masters in a warm debate.
Full bowls of lusty wine make them repeat,
To make the other council-board forget
That while the King of France with powerful arms,
Gives all his fearful neighbours strange alarms,
We in our glorious bacchanals dispose
The humbled fate of a plebeian nose;*
Which to effect, when thus it was decreed,
Draw me a champion mounted on a steed;
And after him a brave brigade of horse,
Armed at all points, ready to reënforce
His; this assault upon a single man.
* * * * *
'Tis this must make O'Brian great in story,
And add more beams to Sands's former glory.

Draw our Olympia next, in council set
With Cupid, S——r, and the tool of state:
Two of the first recanters of the house,
That aim at mountains, and bring forth a mouse;

* Alluding to the assault upon Sir John Coventry.

Who make it, by their mean retreat, appear
Five members need not be demanded here.
These must assist her in her countermines,
To overthrow the Derby-House designs;
Whilst Positive walks, like Woodcock in the park,
Contriving projects with a brewer's clerk; *
Thus all employ themselves, and, without pity,
Leave Temple singly to be beat in the city.

* Sir Robert Howard, and Sir William Bucknell the brewer

END OF THE THIRD PART.

A

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO HORSES.

1674.

THE INTRODUCTION.

We read, in profane and sacred records,
Of beasts which have uttered articulate words:
When magpies and parrots cry, *walk, knaves, walk!*
It is a clear proof that birds too may talk;
And statues, without either windpipes or lungs,
Have spoken as plainly as men do with tongues.
Livy tells a strange story, can hardly be fellowed,
That a sacrificed ox, when his guts were out, bellowed;
Phalaris had a bull, which, as grave authors tell ye,
Would roar like a devil with a man in his belly;
Friar Bacon had a head that spake, made of brass;
And Balaam the prophet was reproved by his ass;
At Delphos and Rome stocks and stones, now and then, sirs,
Have to questions returned articulate answers.

All Popish believers think something divine,
When images speak, possesseth the shrine;
But they who faith catholic ne'er understood,
When shrines give an answer, a knave 's on the rood.
Those idols ne'er spoke, but are miracles done
By the devil, a priest, a friar, or a nun.
If the Roman church, good Christians, oblige ye
To believe man and beast have spoke in effigy,
Why should we not credit the public discourses,
In a dialogue between two inanimate horses?
The horses I mean of Wool-Church and Charing,
Who told many truths worth any man's hearing,
Since Viner and Osborn did buy and provide 'em*
For the two mighty monarchs who now do bestride 'em.
The stately brass stallion, and the white marble steed,
The night came together, by all 'tis agreed;
When both kings were weary of sitting all day,
They stole off, incognito, each his own way;
And then the two jades, after mutual salutes,
Not only discoursed, but fell to disputes.

* The statue at Charing-Cross was erected by the Lord Danby; that at Wool-Church by Sir Robert Viner, then lord-mayor.

THE DIALOGUE.

QUOTH the marble horse,

WOOL-CHURCH.

It would make a stone speak,
To see a lord-mayor and a Lombard-street break,*
Thy founder and mine to cheat one another,
When both knaves agreed to be each other's brother,—

Here Charing broke forth, and thus he went on:

CHARING.

My brass is provoked as much as thy stone,
To see church and state bow down to a whore,
And the king's chief-minister holding the door;
The money of widows and orphans employed,
And the bankers quite broke to maintain the whore's pride.

* Alluding to the failure of the bankers.

WOOL-CHURCH.

To see *Dei Gratia* writ on the throne,
And the king's wicked life say, God there is none.

CHARING.

That he should be styled Defender of the Faith,
Who believes not a word what the word of God saith.

WOOL-CHURCH.

That the Duke should turn papist, and that church defy,
For which his own father a martyr did die.

CHARING.

Though he changed his religion, I hope he's so civil
Not to think his own father is gone to the Devil.

WOOL-CHURCH.

That bondage and beggary should be in a nation
By a cursed House of Commons, and a blessed Restoration.

CHARING.

To see a white staff make a beggar a lord,
And scarce a wise man at a long council-board.

WOOL-CHURCH.

That the Bank should be seized, yet the 'Chequer so poor,
(Lord have mercy!) and a cross might be set on the door.

CHARING.

That a million and half should be the revenue,
Yet the King of his debts pay no man a penny.

WOOL-CHURCH.

That the King should consume three kingdoms' estates,
And yet all the court be as poor as church rats.

CHARING.

That of four seas dominion, and of all their guarding,
No token should appear, but a poor copper farthing.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Our worm-eaten ships to be laid up at Chatham,
Not our trade to secure, but for fools to come at 'em.*

* Alluding to our ships being burned by the Dutch.

CHARING.

And our few ships abroad become Tripoli's scorn,
By pawning for victuals their guns at Leghorn.

WOOL-CHURCH.

That making us slaves by horse and foot guards,
For restoring the king, shall be all our rewards.

CHARING.

The basest ingratitude ever was heard!
But tyrants ungrateful are always afeared.

WOOL-CHURCH.

On Harry the Seventh's head who placed the crown,
Was after rewarded by losing his own.

CHARING.

That parliament-men should rail at the court,
And get good preferments immediately for 't;
To see them who suffered for father and son,
And helped to bring the latter to his throne,
Who with lives and estates did loyally serve,
And yet for all this can nothing deserve;
The king looks not on 'em, preferment 's denied 'em,
The roundheads insult, and the courtiers deride 'em,
And none get preferments, but who will betray
Their country to ruin; 'tis that opes the way
Of the bold talking members.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Of the bastards you add
What a number of rascally lords have been made.

CHARING.

That traitors to a country, in a bribed House of Commons,
Should give away millions at every summons.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Yet some of those givers, such beggarly villains,
As not to be trusted for twice fifty shillings.

CHARING.

No wonder that beggars should still be for giving,
Who out of what 's given do get a good living.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Four knights and a knave, who were burgesses made,
For selling their consciences were liberally paid.

CHARING.

How base are the souls of such low-prized sinners,
Who vote with the country for drink and for dinners!

WOOL-CHURCH.

'Tis they who brought on us this scandalous yoke,
Of excising our cups, and taxing our smoke.

CHARING.

But thanks to the whores who made the king dogged,
For giving no more the rogues are prorogued.

WOOL-CHURCH.

That a king should endeavour to make a war cease,
Which augments and secures his own profit and peace.

CHARING.

And plenipotentiaries sent into France,
With an addle-headed knight, and a lord without brains.

WOOL-CHURCH.

That the king should send for another French whore,
When one already had made him so poor.

CHARING.

The misses take place, each advanced to be duchess,
With pomp great as queens in their coach and six horses;
Their bastards made dukes, earls, viscounts, and lords,
And all the high titles that honour affords.

WOOL-CHURCH.

While these brats and their mothers do live in such plenty,
The nation 's impoverished, and the 'Chequer quite empty;
And though war was pretended when the money was lent,
More on whores, than in ships or in war, hath been spent.

CHARING.

Enough, my dear brother, although we speak reason,
Yet truth many times being punished for treason,
We ought to be wary, and bridle our tongue,
Bold speaking hath done both men and beasts wrong.
When the ass so boldly rebuked the prophet,
Thou knowest what danger had like to come of it;
Though the beast gave his master ne'er an ill word,
Instead of a cudgel, Balaam wished for a sword.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Truth 's as bold as a lion, I am not afraid;
I 'll prove every tittle of what I have said.
Our riders are absent, who is 't that can hear?
Let 's be true to ourselves, whom then need we fear?
Where is thy king gone?

CHARING.

To see bishop Laud.

WOOL-CHURCH.

To cuckold a scrivener, mine is in masquerade;
For on such occasions he oft steals away,
And returns to remount me about break of day.
In very dark nights sometimes you may find him,
With a harlot got up on my crupper behind him.

CHARING.

Pause brother awhile, and calmly consider
What thou hast to say against my royal rider.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Thy priest-ridden king turned desperate fighter
For the surplice, lawn-sleeves, the cross, and the mitre;
Till at last on the scaffold he was left in the lurch,
By knaves, who cried up themselves for the church,
Archbishops and bishops, archdeacons and deans.

CHARING.

Thy king will ne'er fight unless for his queans.

WOOL-CHURCH.

He that dies for ceremonies, dies like a fool.

CHARING.

The king on thy back is a lamentable tool.

WOOL-CHURCH.

The goat and the lion I equally hate,
And freemen alike value life and estate;
Though the father and son be different rods,
Between the two scourgers we find little odds;
Both infamous stand in three kingdoms' votes,
This for picking our pockets, that for cutting our throats.

CHARING.

More tolerable are the lion-king's slaughters,
Than the goat making whores of our wives and our daughters:
The debauched and cruel since they equally gall us,
I had rather bear Nero than Sardanapalus.

WOOL-CHURCH.

One of the two tyrants must still be our case,
Under all who shall reign of the false Stuart's race.
DeWitt and Cromwell had each a brave soul,
I freely declare it, I am for old Noll;
Though his government did a tyrant resemble,
He made England great, and his enemies tremble.

CHARING.

Thy rider puts no man to death in his wrath,
But is buried alive in lust and in sloth.

WOOL-CHURCH.

What is thy opinion of James, Duke of York?

CHARING.

The same that the frogs had of Jupiter's stork.
With the Turk in his head, and the Pope in his heart,
Father Patrick's disciples will make England smart.
If e'er he be king, I know Britain's doom,
We must all to a stake, or be converts to Rome.
Ah, Tudor! ah, Tudor! of Stuarts enough;
None ever reigned like old Bess in the ruff.
Her Walsingham could dark counsels unriddle,
And our Sir Joseph write news, books, and fiddle.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Truth, brother, well said; but that's somewhat bitter;
His perfumed predecessor was never more fitter:
Yet we have one secretary honest and wise;
For that very reason, he 's never to rise.
But can'st thou devise when things will be mended?

CHARING.

When the reign of the line of the Stuarts is ended.

CONCLUSION.

If speeches from animals in Rome's first age,
Prodigious events did surely presage,
That should come to pass, all mankind may swear
That which two inanimate horses declare.
But I should have told you before the jades parted,
Both galloped to Whitehall, and there humbly farted;
Which tyranny's downfall portended much more,
Than all that the beasts had spoken before.
If the Delphic Sibyl's oracular speeches
(As learned men say) came out of their breeches,
Why might not our horses, since words are but wind,
Have the spirit of prophecy likewise behind?
Though tyrants make laws, which they strictly proclaim,
To conceal their own faults and to cover their shame,
Yet the beasts in the field, and the stones in the wall,
Will publish their faults and prophesy their fall;
When they take from the people the freedom of words,
They teach them the sooner to fall to their swords.

Let the city drink coffee and quietly groan,—
They who conquered the father won't be slaves
to the son.
For wine and strong drink make tumults increase,
Chocolate, tea, and coffee, are liquors of peace;
No quarrels, or oaths are among those who drink
'em,
'Tis Bacchus and the brewer swear, *damn 'em!*
and *sink 'em!*
Then Charles thy edict against coffee recall,
There 's ten times more treason in brandy and ale.

HODGE'S VISION FROM THE MONUMENT,
DECEMBER 1675.

A country clown called HODGE, went up to view
The pyramid; pray mark what did ensue.

WHEN Hodge had numbered up how many score
The airy pyramid contained, he swore
No mortal wight e'er climbed so high before.
To the best vantage placed, he views around
The imperial town, with lofty turrets crowned;
That wealthy storehouse of the bounteous flood,
Whose peaceful tides o'erflow our land with good;
Confused forms flit by his wandering eyes,
And his rapped soul 's o'erwhelmed with extasies.
Some god it seems has entered his plain breast,
And with 's abode the rustic mansion blessed;
A mighty change he feels in every part,
Light shines in 's eyes, and wisdom rules his heart.
So when her pious son fair Venus showed
His flaming Troy, with slaughtered Dardans strewed,

She purged his optics, filled with mortal night,
And Troy's sad doom he read by heaven's light.
Such light divine broke on the clouded eyes
Of humble Hodge.
Regions remote, courts, councils, policies,
The circling wiles of tyrants' treacheries
He views, discerns, unciphers, penetrates,
From Charles's Dukes, to Europe's armed states.
First he beholds proud Rome and France combined,
By double vassalage to enslave mankind;
That would the soul, this would the body sway,
Their bulls and edicts none must disobey.
For these with war sad Europe they inflame,
Rome says for God, and France declares for fame.
See, sons of Satan, how religion's force
Is gentleness, fame bought with blood a curse.
He whom all styled "Delight of human kind,"
Justice and mercy, truth with honour joined;
His kindly rays cherished the teeming earth,
And struggling virtue blessed with prosperous birth.
Like Chaos you the tottering globe invade,
Religion cheat, and war ye make a trade.
Next the lewd palace of the plotting King,
To 's eyes new scenes of frantic folly bring.
Behold (says he) the fountain of our woe,
From whence our vices and our ruin flow.

Here parents their own offspring prostitute,
By such vile arts to obtain some viler suit.
Here blooming youth adore Priapus' shrine,
And priests pronounce him sacred and divine.
The goatish god behold in his alcove,
(The secret scene of damned incestuous love)
Melting in lust, and drunk like Lot, he lies
Betwixt two bright daughter-divinities.
Oh! that like Saturn he had eat his brood,
And had been thus stained with their impious blood;
He had in that less ill, more manhood showed.
Cease, cease, (O Charles) thus to pollute our isle,
Return, return, to thy long-wished exile;
There with thy court defile thy neighbour-states,
And with their crimes precipitate their fates.
See where the Duke in damned divan does sit,
To 's vast designs wracking his pigmy wit;
Whilst a choice senate of the Ignatian crew,
The ways to murder, treason, conquest show.
Dissenters they oppress with law severe,
That whilst to wound those innocents we fear,
Their cursed sect we may be forced to spare.
Twice the reformed must fight a bloody prize,
That Rome and France may on their ruin rise.
Old Bonner single heretics did burn,
These reformed cities into ashes turn,
And every year new fires do make us mourn.

Ireland stands ready for his cruel reign ;
Well-fattened once, she gapes for blood again,
For blood of English martyrs basely slain.
Our valiant youth abroad must learn the trade
Of unjust war, their country to invade,
Whilst others here do guard us, to prepare
Our galled necks his iron yoke to bear.
Lo ! how the Wight already is betrayed,
And Bashaw Holmes does the poor isle invade.
To ensure the plot, France must her legions lend,
Rome to restore, and to enthrone Rome's friend.
'Tis in return, James does our fleet betray,
(That fleet whose thunder made the world obey.)
Ships once our safety, and our glorious might,
Are doomed with worms and rottenness to fight,
Whilst France rides sovereign o'er the British main,
Our merchants robbed, and our brave seamen ta'en.
Thus the rash Phaeton with fury hurled,
And rapid rage, consumes our British world.
Blast him, O heavens ! in his mad career,
And let this isle no more his frenzy fear.
Cursed James, 'tis he that all good men abhor,
False to thyself, and to thy friend much more ;
To him who did thy promised pardon hope,*
Whilst with pretended joy he kissed the rope :

* Coleman.

O'erwhelmed with guilt, and gasping out a lie,
Deceived and unprepared, thou let'dst him die,
With equal gratitude and charity.
In spite of Jermin, and of black-mouthed fame,
This Stuart's trick legitimates thy name.
With one consent we all her death desire,
Who durst her husband's and her king's conspire.*
And now just Heaven 's prepared to set us free,
Heaven and our hopes are both opposed by thee.
Thus fondly thou dost Hyde's old treason own,
Thus make thy new-suspected treason known.

Bless me! What's that at Westminster I see?
That piece of legislative pageantry!
To our dear James has Rome her conclave lent?
Or has Charles bought the Paris parliament?
None else James would promote with so much zeal,
Who by proviso hopes the crown to steal.
See how in humble guise the slaves advance,
To tell a tale of army, and of France,
Whilst proud prerogative in scornful guise,
Their fear, love, duty, danger, does despise.

* Queen Catherine was suspected to be in a plot against the king's life.

There, in a bribed committee, they contrive
To give our birthrights to prerogative:
Give, did I say? They sell, and sell so dear
That half each tax Danby distributes there.
Danby, 'tis fit the price so great shall be,
They sell religion, sell their liberty.
These vipers have their mother's entrails torn,
And would by force a second time be born.
They haunt the place to which you once were sent,
This ghost of a departed parliament.
Gibbets and halters, countrymen, prepare,
Let none, let none their renegadoes spare.
When that day comes, we 'll part the sheep and goats,
The spruce bribed monsieurs from the true gray coats.
New parliaments, like manna, all tastes please,
But kept too long, our food turns our disease.
From that loathed sight, Hodge turned his weeping eyes,
And London thus alarms with loyal cries:
"Though common danger does approach so nigh,
This stupid town sleeps in security.
Out of your golden dreams awake, awake,
Your all, though you see not, your all 's at stake!
More dreadful fires approach your falling town
Than those which burned your stately structures down,
Such fatal fires as once in Smithfield shone.

If then ye stay till Edwards orders give,*
No mortal arm your safety can retrieve.
See how with golden baits the crafty Gaul
Has bribed our geese to yield the capitol.
And will ye tamely see yourselves betrayed?
Will none stand up in our dear country's aid?

"Self-preservation, nature's first great law,
All the creation, except man, does awe:
'Twas in him fixed, till lying priests defaced
His heaven-born mind, and nature's tablets rased.
Tell me, ye forging crew, what law revealed
By God, to kings the *jus divinum* sealed?
If to do good, ye *jus divinum* call,
It is the grand prerogative of all:
If to do ill, unpunished, be their right,
Such power's not granted that great king of night.
Man's life moves on the poles of hope and fear,
Reward and pain all orders do revere.
But if your dear lord sovereign you would spare,
Admonish him in his blood-thirsty heir.
So when the royal lion does offend,
The beaten cur's example makes him mend."
This said, poor Hodge, then in a broken tone,
Cried out, "Oh Charles! thy life, thy life, thy crown!

* Edwards, then lord-mayor.

Ambitious James, and bloody priests conspire,
Plots, papists, murders, massacres, and fire;
Poor Protestants!" with that his eyes did roll,
His body fell, out fled his frighted soul.

CLARENDON'S HOUSE-WARMING.

When Clarendon had discerned beforehand
(As the cause can easily foretell the effect)
At once three deluges threatening our land,*
'Twas the season, he thought, to turn architect.

Us Mars, and Apollo, and Vulcan consume;
While he the betrayer of England and Flanders,
Like the kingfisher chooseth to build in the broom,
And nestles in flames like the salamander.

But observing that mortals run often behind,
(So unreasonable are the rates they buy at)
His omnipotence therefore much rather designed,
How he might create a house with a fiat.

He had read of Rhodope, a lady of Thrace,
Who was digged up so often ere she did marry;

* The Dutch war, the plague, and the fire of London.

And wished that his daughter had had as much
grace,
To erect him a pyramid out of her quarry.

But then recollecting how the harper Amphion
Made Thebes dance aloft while he fiddled and
sung,
He thought, as an instrument he was most free on,
To build with the Jew's-trump of his own tongue.

Yet a precedent fitter in Virgil he found,
Of African Poultney, and Tyrian Dide;
That he begged for a palace so much of his
ground,*
As might carry the measure and name of a
Hyde.

Thus daily his gouty inventions him pained,
And all for to save the expenses of brickbat;
That engine so fatal which Denham had brained,
And too much resembled this wife's chocolate.

But while these devices he all doth compare,
None solid enough seemed for his strong castor;
He himself would not dwell in a castle of air,
Though he had built full many a one for his
master.

* The Earl of Clarendon had a grant from King Charles the Second, for a piece of ground near St. James's, to build a house on.

Already he had got all our money and cattle,
To buy us for slaves, and purchase our lands
What Joseph by famine, he wrought by sea battle;
Nay, scarce the priest's portion could 'scape from his hands.

And hence like Pharaoh that Israel pressed
To make mortar and brick, yet allowed 'em no straw,
He cared not though Egypt's ten plagues us distressed,
So he could to build but make policy law.

The Scotch forts and Dunkirk, but that they were sold,
He would have demolished to raise up his walls;
Nay e'en from Tangier have sent back for the mould,
But that he had nearer the stones of St. Paul's.*

His woods would come in at the easier rate,
So long as the yards had a deal or a spar:
His friend in the navy would not be ingrate,
To grudge him some timber, who framed him the war.

* There was then a design of repairing St. Paul's, which was afterwards laid aside, and the stones intended for that, were bought by the Lord Clarendon to build his house with.

To proceed in the model, he called in his Allens,
The two Allens when jovial, who ply him with gallons;
The two Allens who served his blind justice for balance,
The two Allens who served his injustice for talons.

They approve it thus far, and said it was fine;
Yet his lordship to finish it would be unable,
Unless all abroad he divulged the design,
For his house then would grow like a vegetable.

His rent would no more in arrear run to Wor'ster;
He should dwell more noble and cheap too at home,
While into a fabric the presents would muster;
As by hook and by crook the world clustered of atom.

He liked the advice and then soon it essayed,
And presents crowd headlong to give good example,
So the bribes overlaid her that Rome once betrayed;
The tribes ne'er contributed so to the temple.

Straight judges, priests, bishops, true sons of the seal,
Sinners, governors, farmers, bankers, patentees,

Bring in the whole mite of a year at a meal,
As the Chedder club's dairy to the incorporate cheese.

Bulteale's, Beak'n's,* Morley's, Wren's fingers with telling
Were shrivelled, and Clutterbuck's, Eager's, and Kipps';
Since the act of oblivion was never such selling,
As at this benevolence out of the snips.

'Twas then that the chimney-contractors he smoked,
Nor would take his beloved canary in kind:
But he swore that the patent should ne'er be revoked,
No, would the whole parliament kiss him behind.

Like Jove under Ætna o'erwhelming the giant,
For foundation the Bristol sunk in the earth's bowel;
And St. John must now for the leads be compliant,
Or his right hand shall be cut off with a trowel.

For surveying the building, 'twas Prat did the feat;
But for the expense he relied on Worstenholm,
Who sat heretofore at the king's receipt,
But received now and paid the Chancellor's custom.

* Perhaps Beachem, a jeweller mentioned by Pepys.

By subsidies thus both cleric and laic,
And with matter profane cemented with holy;
He finished at last his palace mosaic,
By a model more excellent than Lesly's folly.

And upon the terrace, to consummate all,
A lantern like Faux's, surveys the burnt town,
And shows on the top by the regal gilt ball,
Where you are to expect the sceptre and crown.

Fond city, its rubbish and ruins that builds,
Like vain chemists, a flower from its ashes returning,
Your metropolis house is in St. James's fields,
And till there you remove, you shall never leave burning.

This temple of war and of peace is the shrine,
Where this idol of state sits adored and accursed;
To handsel his altar and nostrils divine,
Great Buckingham's sacrifice must be the first.

Now some (as all builders must censure abide)
Throw dust in its front, and blame situation:
And others as much reprehend his back-side,
As too narrow by far for his expatiation;

But do not consider how in process of times,
That for namesake he may with Hyde-Park it enlarge,
And with that convenience he soon, for his crimes,
At Tyburn may land and spare the Tower-barge.

Or rather how wisely his stall was built near,
Lest with driving too far his tallow impair;
When like the good ox, for public good-cheer,
He comes to be roasted next St. James's fair.

UPON HIS HOUSE.

HERE lie the sacred bones
Of Paul beguiled of his stones:
Here lie golden briberies,
The price of ruined families;
The cavalier's debenture wall,
Fixed on an eccentric basis:
Here 's Dunkirk-Town and Tangier-Hall,*
The Queen's marriage and all,
The Dutchman's *templum pacis*.†

* Some call it Dunkirk house, intimating that it was builded by his share of the price of Dunkirk. Tangier was part of Queen Catherine's portion, the match between whom and the King he was suspected to have a hand in making.

† It was said he had money of the Dutch, to treat of a

ON THE

LORD MAYOR, AND COURT OF ALDERMEN,

PRESENTING THE KING AND THE DUKE OF YORK, EACH WITH A COPY OF HIS FREEDOM, ANNO DOM. 1674.

A BALLAD.

I.

THE Londoners gent
To the King do present,
In a box, the City maggot;
'Tis a thing full of weight,
That requires all the might
Of the whole Guild-Hall team to drag it.

II.

Whilst their churches unbuilt,
And their houses undwelt,
And their orphans want bread to feed 'em;
Themselves they've bereft
Of the little wealth they 'd left,
To make an offering of their freedom.

III.

O ye addle-brained cits!
Who henceforth, in their wits,

Would intrust their youth to your heeding?
When in diamonds and gold
You have him thus enrolled?
Ye know both his friends and his breeding!

IV.

Beyond sea he began,
Where such a riot he ran,
That every-one there did leave him;
And now he 's come o'er
Ten times worse than before,
When none but such fools would receive him.

V.

He ne'er knew, not he,
How to serve or be free,
Though he has passed through so many adventures;
But e'er since he was bound,
(That is, he was crowned)
He has every day broke his indentures.

VI.

He spends all his days
In running to plays,
When he ought in his shop to be poring;
And he wastes all his nights
In his constant delights,
Of revelling, drinking, and whoring.

VII.

Throughout Lombard-street,
Each man he did meet,
He would run on the score with and borrow;
When they asked for their own,
He was broke and was gone,
And his creditors all left to sorrow.

VIII.

Though oft bound to the peace,
Yet he never would cease
To vex his poor neighbours with quarrels;
And when he was beat,
He still made his retreat
To his Clevelands, his Nells, and his Carwells.

IX.

Nay, his company lewd
Were twice grown so rude,
That had not fear taught him sobriety,
And the house being well barred,
With guard upon guard,
They 'd robbed us of all our propriety.

X.

Such a plot was laid,
Had not Ashley betrayed,
As had cancelled all former disasters;
And your wives had been strumpets
To his highness's trumpets,

And footboys had all been your masters.

XI.

So many are the debts,
And the bastards he gets,
Which must all be defrayed by London;
That notwithstanding the care
Of Sir Thomas Player,
The chamber must needs be undone.

XII.

His words or his oath
Cannot bind him to troth,
And he values not credit or history;
And though he has served through
Two 'prenticeships now,
He knows not his trade nor his mystery.

XIII.

Then, London, rejoice
In thy fortunate choice,
To have him made free of thy spices;
And do not mistrust,
He may once grow more just,
When he 's worn off his follies and vices.

XIV.

And what little thing
Is that which you bring
To the Duke, the kingdom's darling?

Ye hug it, and draw
Like ants at a straw,
Though too small for the gristle of sterling.

XV.

It is a box of pills
To cure the Duke's ills?
He is too far gone to begin it!
Or does your fine show
In processioning go,
With the pyx and the host within it?

XVI.

The very first head
Of the oath you him read,
Show you all how fit he 's to govern,
When in heart, you all knew,
He ne'er was, nor 'll be, true
To his country or to his sovereign.

XVII.

And who, pray, could swear,
That he would forbear
To cull out the good of an alien,
Who still doth advance
The government of France
With a wife and religion Italian?

XVIII.

And now, worshipful sirs,
Go fold up your furs,

And Viners turn again, turn again;
I see (whoe'er's freed,)
You for slaves are decreed,
Until you burn again, burn again.

ON BLOOD'S STEALING THE CROWN.

When daring Blood, his rent to have regained,
Upon the English diadem distrained,
He chose the cassock, surcingle, and gown,
The fittest mask for one that robs the crown:
But his lay-pity underneath prevailed,
And whilst he saved the keeper's life he failed;
With the priest's vestment had he but put on
The prelate's cruelty, the crown had gone.

NOSTRADMUS' PROPHECY.

For faults and follies London's doom shall fix;
And she must sink in flames in sixty-six.
Fire-balls shall fly, but few shall see the train,
As far as from Whitehall to Pudding-Lane,
To burn the city, which again shall rise,
Beyond all hopes, aspiring to the skies,
Where vengeance dwells. But there is one thing more,
Though its walls stand, shall bring the city lower:
When legislators shall their trust betray,
Saving their own, shall give the rest away;
And those false men, by the easy people sent,
Give taxes to the king by parliament;
When barefaced villains shall not blush to cheat,
And chequer-doors shall shut up Lombard-street; *

* In the year 1672, the court resolving on a war, looked out for money to carry it on. The method they took to get it was this: The King had agreed with some bankers, with whom he had contracted a debt of near a million and a half, to assign over the revenue to them; and he paid them at the rate of eight per cent. and in some proclamations promised

When players come to act the part of queens,
Within the curtains, and behind the scenes; *
When sodomy shall be prime minister's sport,
And whoring shall be the least crime at court;
When boys shall take their sisters for their mate,
And practise incest between seven and eight;
When no man knows in whom to put his trust,
And e'en to rob the chequer shall be just;
When declarations, lies, and every oath,
Shall be in use at court, but faith and troth;
When two good kings shall be at Brentford town,
And when in London there shall not be one;
When the seat's given to a talking fool,
Whom wise men laugh at, and whom women rule,
A minister able only in his tongue,
To make harsh empty speeches two hours long;
When an old Scotch covenanter shall be
The champion for the English hierarchy; †
When bishops shall lay all religion by,
And strive by law to establish tyranny;

he would make good all his assignments, till the whole debt was paid; but, in order for a supply, the payments were stopped for a year. This was a great shock to the bankers; for many of the nobility and gentry, who were in the secret, took their money, before the design was publicly known, out of the hands of their bankers.

* Reflecting on the King for taking Mrs. Gwyn from the stage.

† Lauderdale, who was at first a noted Dissenter.

When a lean treasurer shall in one year
Make himself fat, his king and people bare;
When the English prince shall Englishmen
despise,
And think French only loyal, Irish wise;
When wooden shoon shall be the English wear,
And Magna Charta shall no more appear;—

Then the English shall a greater tyrant know,
Than either Greek or Latin story show;
Their wives to's lust exposed, their wealth to's
spoil,
With groans, to fill his treasury, they toil;
But like the Belides must sigh in vain,
For that still filled flows out as fast again;
Then they with envious eyes shall Belgium see,
And wish in vain Venetian liberty.

The frogs too late, grown weary of their pain,
Shall pray to Jove to take him back again.

ROYAL RESOLUTIONS.

I.

When plate was at pawn, and fob at an ebb,
And spider might weave in bowels its web,
And stomach as empty as brain;
Then Charles without acre,
Did swear by his Maker,
If e'er I see England again,
I'll have a religion all of my own,
Whether Popish or Protestant shall not be known;
And if it prove troublesome, I will have none.

II.

I'll have a long parliament always to friend,
And furnish my treasure as fast as I spend,
And if they will not, they shall have an end.

III.

I'll have a council shall sit always still,
And give me a license to do what I will;
And two secretaries shall piss through a quill.

IV.

My insolent brother shall bear all the sway;
If parliaments murmur, I 'll send him away,
And call him again as soon as I may.

V.

I 'll have a rare son, in marrying though marred,
Shall govern (if not my kingdom) my guard,
And shall be successor to me or Gerard.

VI.

I 'll have a new London instead of the old,
With wide streets and uniform to my old mould;
But if they build too fast, I 'll bid 'em hold.

VII.

The ancient nobility I will lay by,
And new ones create their rooms to supply,
And they shall raise fortunes for my own fry.

VIII.

Some one I 'll advance from a common descent,
So high that he shall hector the parliament,
And all wholesome laws for the public prevent,

IX.

And I will assert him to such a degree
That all his foul treasons, though daring and high,
Under my hand and seal shall have indemnity.

X.

And, whate'er it cost me, I'll have a French whore,
As bold as Alice Pierce, and as fair as Jane Shore;
And when I am weary of her, I'll have more.

XI.

Which if any bold commoner dare to oppose,
I'll order my bravos to cut off his nose,*
Though for 't I a branch of prerogative lose.

XII.

My pimp shall be my minister premier,
My bawds call ambassadors far and near,
And my wench shall dispose of Congè d'Elire.

XIII.

I'll wholly abandon all public affairs,
And pass all my time with buffoons and players,
And saunter to Nelly when I should be at prayers.

XIV.

I'll have a fine pond with a pretty decoy,
Where many strange fowl shall feed and enjoy,
And still in their language quack *Vive le Roy!*

* Alluding to the barbarity acted on Sir John Coventry.

A HISTORICAL POEM.

Of a tall stature, and of sable hue,
Much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew,
Twelve years complete he suffered in exile,
And kept his father's asses all the while;
At length, by wonderful impulse of fate,
The people call him home to help the state,
And, what is more, they send him money too,
And clothe him all, from head to foot, anew.
Nor did he such small favours then disdain,
Who in his thirteenth year began his reign:
In a slashed doublet then he came ashore,
And dubbed poor Palmer's* wife his royal whore.
Bishops, and deans, peers, pimps, and knights, he made;
Things highly fitting for a monarch's trade!
With women, wine, and viands of delight,
His jolly vassals feast him day and night.

* Mrs. Palmer, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland, whom the king took from her husband.

But the best times have ever some allay,
His* younger brother died by treachery.
Bold James survives, no dangers make him
flinch,
He marries signor Fal——h's pregnant wench.
The pious mother queen, hearing her son
Was thus enamoured with a buttered bun,
And that the fleet was gone, in pomp and state,
To fetch, for Charles, the flowery Lisbon Kate,
She chants *Te Deum*, and so comes away,
To wish her hopeful issue timely joy.
Her most uxorious mate she ruled of old,
Why not with easy youngsters make as bold?
From the French court she haughty topics
brings,
Deludes their pliant nature with vain things;
Her mischief-breeding breast did so prevail,
The new-got Flemish town was set to sale;
For these, and Germain's sins, she founds a
church,
So slips away, and leaves us in the lurch.
Now the court-sins did every place defile,
And plagues and war fall heavy on the isle;
Pride nourished folly, folly a delight,
With the Batavian commonwealth to fight,
But the Dutch fleet fled suddenly with fear,
Death and the duke so dreadful did appear.

* The Duke of Gloucester, third brother to the king. He was much more loved than the Duke of York.

The dreadful victor took his soft repose,
Scorning pursuit of such mechanic foes.

But now York's genitals grew over hot,
With Denham's and Carnegie's infected plot,
Which, with religion so inflamed his ire,
He left the city when 'twas set on fire.
So Philip's son, inflamed with a miss,
Burned down the palace of Persepolis.
Toiled thus by Venus, he Bellona woos,
And with the Dutch a second war renews;
But here his French-bred prowess proved in vain,
De Ruyter claps him in Solebay again.

This isle was well reformed, and gained renown,
Whilst the brave Tudors wore the imperial crown:
But since the royal race of Stuarts came,
It was recoiled to popery and shame;
Misguided monarchs, rarely wise and just,
Tainted with pride, and with impetuous lust.

Should we the Blackheath project here relate,
Or count the various blemishes of state,
My muse would on the reader's patience grate.
The poor Priapus king, led by the nose,
Looks as a thing set up to scare the crows;
Yet, in the mimics of the spinstrian sport,
Outdoes Tiberius, and his goatish court.

In* love's delights none did them e'er excel,
Not Tereus with his sister Philomel;
As they at Athens, we at Dover meet,
And gentlier far the Orleans duchess treat.
What sad event attended on the same.
We 'll leave to the report of common fame.
The senate, which should headstrong princes stay,
Let loose the reins, and gave the realm away;
With lavish hands they constant tributes give,
And annual stipends for their guilt receive;
Corrupt with gold, they wives and daughters bring
To the black idol for an offering.
All but religious cheats might justly swear,
He true vicegerent to old Moloch were.

Priests were the first deluders of mankind,
Who with vain faith made all their reason blind;
Not Lucifer himself more proud than they,
And yet persuade the world they must obey;
Of avarice and luxury complain,
And practise all the vices they arraign.

* The king's sister, the Duchess of Orleans, was a woman of great intrigue. In the year 1671, she and her brother met at Dover. When she returned into France, the Duke of Orleans, who had received very strange accounts of her behaviour in England, ordered a great dose of sublimate to be given her in a glass of succory water, of which she died in great torment.

Riches and honour they from laymen reap
And with dull crambo feed the silly sheep.
As Killigrew buffoons his master, they
Droll on their god, but a much duller way.
With hocus-pocus, and their heavenly fight,
They gain on tender consciences at night.
Whoever has an over-zealous wife,
Becomes the priest's Amphitryo during life.
Who would such men heaven's messengers
believe,
Who from the sacred pulpit dare deceive?
Baal's wretched curates legerdemained it so,
And never durst their tricks above-board show.

When our first parents Paradise did grace,
The serpent was the prelate of the place;
Fond Eve did, for this subtle tempter's sake,
From the forbidden tree the pippin take;
His God and Lord this preacher did betray,
To have the weaker vessel made his prey.
Since death and sin did human nature blot,
The chiefest blessings Adam's chaplain got.

Thrice wretched they, who nature's laws detest,
To trace the ways fantastic of a priest,
Till native reason 's basely forced to yield,
And hosts of upstart errors gain the field.

My muse presumed a little to digress,
And touch their holy function with my verse.

Now to the stage again she tends direct,
And does on giant Lauderdale reflect.
This haughty monster, with his ugly claws,
First tempered poison to destroy our laws;
Declares the council's edicts are beyond
The most authentic statutes of the land;
Sets up in Scotland *à la mode de* France;
Taxes, excise, and armies does advance.
This Saracen his country's freedom broke,
To bring upon their necks the heavier yoke;
This is the savage pimp, without dispute,
First brought his mother for a prostitute;
Of all the miscreants e'er went to hell,
This villain rampant bears away the bell.

Now must my muse deplore the nation's fate,
Like a true lover for her dying mate.
The royal evil so malignant grows,
Nothing the dire contagion can oppose.
In our weal-public scarce one thing succeeds,
For one man's weakness a whole nation bleeds,
Ill-luck starts up, and thrives like evil weeds.
Let Cromwell's ghost smile with contempt, to see
Old England struggling under slavery.

His meagre highness, now he 's got astride,
Does on Britannia, as on Churchill, ride.

White-livered D—— calls for his swift jackal
To hunt down 's prey, and hopes to master all.

Clifford and Hyde before had lost the day;
One hanged himself, and t'other ran away.
'Twas want of wit and courage made them fail,
But C————n, and the duke, must needs prevail.
The duke now vaunts with Popish myrmidons;
Our fleets, our ports, our cities and our towns,
Are manned by him, or by his Holiness;
Bold Irish ruffians to his court address.
This is the colony to plant his knaves,
From hence he picks and culls his murdering braves.
Here for an ensign, or lieutenant's place,
They 'll kill a judge or justice of the peace.
At his command Mac will do any thing:
He 'll burn a city, or destroy a king.
From Tiber came the advice-boat monthly home,
And brought new lessons to the duke from Rome.
Here with cursed precepts, and with counsels dire,
The godly cheat-king (would be) did inspire;
Heaven had him chieftain of Great Britain made,
Tells him the holy church demands his aid;
Bade him be bold, all dangers to defy,
His brother, sneaking heretic, should die;
A priest should do it, from whose sacred stroke
All England straight should fall beneath his yoke;
God did renounce him, and his cause disown,
And in his stead had placed him on his throne.
From Saul the land of promise thus was rent,
And Jesse's son placed in the government.

The Holy Scripture vindicates his cause,
And monarchs are above all human laws.

Thus said the Scarlet Whore to her gallant,
Who straight designed his brother to supplant:
Fiends of ambition here his soul possessed,
And thirst of empire calentured his breast.

Hence ruin and destruction had ensued,
And all the people been in blood imbrued,
Had not Almighty Providence drawn near,
And stopped his malice in his full career.

Be wise, ye sons of men, tempt God no more;
To give you kings in 's wrath to vex you sore:
If a king's brother can such mischiefs bring,
Then how much greater mischiefs such a king?

CARMINA MISCELLANEA.

CARMINA MISCELLANEA.

ROS.

Cernis, ut Eoi descendat gemmula roris,
Inque rosas roseo transfluat orta sinu.
Sollicitâ flores stant ambitione supini,
Et certant foliis pellicuisse suis.
Illa tamen patriæ lustrans fastigia sphæræ,
Negligit hospitii limina picta novi,
Inque sui nitido conclusa voluminis orbe,
Exprimit ætherei, quà licet, orbis aquas.
En, ut odoratum spernat generosior ostrum,
Vixque premat casto mollia strata pede;
Suspicit at longis distantem obtutibus axem,
Inde et languenti lumine pendet amans,
Tristis, et in liquidum mutata dolore dolorem,
Marcet, uti roseis lachryma fusa genis.
Ut pavet, et motum tremit irrequieta cubile,
Et, quoties zephyri fluctuat aura, fugit!
Qualis inexpertam subeat formido puellam,
Sicubi nocte redit incomitata domum,
Sic et in horridulas agitatur gutta procellas,
Dum pro virgineo cuncta pudore timet;

Donec oberrantem radio clemente vaporet,
Inque jubar reducem sol genitale trahat.
Talis, in humano si possit flore videri,
Exul ubi longas mens agit usque moras;
Hæc quoque natalis meditans convivia cœli,
Evertit calices, purpureosque toros;
Fontis stilla sacri, lucis scintilla perennis,
Non capitur Tyriâ veste, vapore Sabæ;
Tota sed in proprii secedens luminis arcem,
Colligit in gyros se sinuosa breves;
Magnorumque sequens animo convexa deorum,
Sidereum parvo fingit in orbe globum.
Quam bene in aversæ modulum contracta figuræ
Oppositum mundo claudit ubique latus;
Sed bibit in speculum radios ornata rotundum,
Et circumfuso splendet aperta die.
Quà superos spectat rutilans, obscurior infra,
Cætera dedignans, ardet amore poli.
Subsilit, hinc agili poscens discedere motu,
Undique cœlesti cincta soluta viæ.
Totaque in aëreos extenditur orbita cursus;
Hinc punctim carpens, mobile stringet iter.
Haud aliter mensis exundans manna beatis
Deserto jacuit stilla gelata solo;
Stilla gelata solo, sed solibus hausta benignis,
Ad sua, quà cecidit, purior astra redit.

HORTUS.

QUISNAM adeo, mortale genus! præcordia versat?
Heu palmæ, laurique furor, vel simplicis herbæ!
Arbor ut indomitos ornet vix una labores,
Tempora nec foliis præcingat tota malignis;
Dum simul implexi, tranquillæ ad serta quietis,
Omnigeni coëunt flores, integraque sylva.

Alma Quies, teneo te! et te, germana Quietis,
Simplicitas! vos ergo diu per templa, per urbes,
Quæsivi, regum perque alta palatia, frustrâ:
Sed vos hortorum per opaca silentia, longè
Celârunt plantæ virides, et concolor umbra.

O! mihi si vestros liceat violâsse recessus,
Erranti, lasso, et vitæ melioris anhelo,
Municipem servate novum; votoque potitum,
Frondosæ cives optate in florea regna.

Me quoque, vos Musæ, et te, conscie, testor, Apollo,
Non armenta juvant hominum, Circive boatus,

Mugitusve Fori: sed me penetralia Veris,
Honoresque trahunt muti, et consortia sola.

Virgineæ quem non suspendit gratia formæ?
Quam, candore nives vincentem, ostrumque rubore,
Vestra tamen viridis superet (me judice) virtus?
Nec foliis certare comæ, nec brachia ramis,
Nec possint tremulos voces æquare susurros.

Ah! quoties sævos vidi (quis credat?) amantes,
Sculpentes dominæ potiori in cortice nomen!
Nec puduit truncis inscribere vulnera sacris.
Ast ego, si vestras unquam temeravero stirpes,
Nulla Neæra, Chloe, Faustina, Corynna, legetur;
In proprio sed quæque libro signabitur arbos.
O charæ Platanus, Cyparissus, Populus, Ulmus!

Hic Amor, exutis, crepidatus inambulat, alis,
Enerves arcus, et stridula tela reponens,
Invertitque faces, nec se cupit usque timeri;
Aut exporrectus jacet, indormitque pharetræ;
Non auditurus, quanquam Cytherea vocârit.
Nequitias referunt, nec somnia vana, priores.

Lætantur Superi, defervescente tyranno,
Et licet experti toties Nymphasque Deasque,
Arbore nunc melius potiuntur quisque cupita.
Jupitur annosam, neglectâ conjuge, quercum
Deperit; haud aliâ doluit sic pellice Juno.

Lemniacum temerant vestigia nulla cubile,
Nec Veneris Mavors meminit, si Fraxinus absit.
Formosæ pressit Daphnes vestigia Phœbus
Ut fieret laurus; sed nil quæsiverat ultra.
Capripes et peteret quòd Pan Syringa fugacem,
Hoc erat, ut calamum posset reperire sonorum.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Nec tu, opifex horti, grato sine carmine abibis;
Qui brevibus plantis, et læto flore, notâsti
Crescentes horas, atque intervalla diei.
Sol ibi candidior fragrantia signa pererrat;
Proque truci Tauro, stricto pro forcipe Cancri,
Securis violæque rosæque allabitur umbris.
Sedula quin et apis, mellito intenta labori,
Horologo, sua pensa thymo, signare videtur.
Temporis O suaves lapsus! O otia sana!
O herbis dignæ numerari, et floribus, horæ!

DIGNISSIMO SUO AMICO DOCTORI WITTY.

DE TRANSLATIONE VULGI ERRORUM D. PRIMROSII.

NEMPÈ sic innumero succrescunt agmine libri,
Sepia vix toto ut jam natet una mari.
Fortius assidui surgunt à vulnere preli;
Quoque magis pressa est, auctior hydra redit.
Heu! quibus anticyris, quibus est sanabilis herbis,
Improba scribendi pestis, avarus amor!
India sola tenet tanti medicamina morbi,
Dicitur et nostris ingemuisse malis.
Utile tabacci dedit illa miserta venenum,
Acri veratro quod meliora potest.
Jamque vides olidas libris fumare popinas,
Naribus O doctis quàm pretiosus odor!
Hâc ego præcipuâ credo herbam dote placere,
Hinc tuus has nebulas doctor in astra vehit.
Ah! mea quid tandem facies timidissima charta?
Exequias siticen jam parat usque tuas.
Hunc subeas librum sancti seu limen asyli,
Quem neque delebit flamma, nec ira Jovis.

IN EUNUCHAM POETAM.

Nec sterilem te crede, licet, mulieribus exul,
Falcem virgineæ nequeas immittere messi,
Et nostro peccare modo. Tibi fama perenne
Prægnabit; rapiesque novem de monte sorores;
Et pariet modulos echo repetita nepotes.

IN LEGATIONEM DOMINI OLIVERI ST. JOHN, AD PROVINCIAS FOEDERATAS.

INGENIOSA viris contingunt nomina magnis,
Ut dubites casu vel ratione data.
Nam sors, cæca licet, tamen est præsaga futuri;
Et sub fatidico nomine vera premit.
Et tu, cui soli voluit respublica credi,
Fœdera seu Belgis seu nova bella feras;
Haud frustra cecidit tibi compellatio fallax,
Ast scriptum ancipiti nomine munus erat;
Scilicet hoc Martis, sed Pacis, nuntius, illo:
Clavibus his Jani ferrea claustra regis.
Non opus arcanos chartis committere sensus,
Et variâ licitos condere fraude dolos.
Tu quoque si taceas, tamen est Legatio nomen,
Et velut in scytale publica verba refert.
Vultis Oliverum, Batavi, Sanctumve Johannem?
Antiochus gyro non breviore stetit.

DOCTORI INGELO,

CUM DOMINO WHITLOCKE AD REGINAM SUECIÆ DELEGATO A PROTECTORE, RESIDENTI, EPISTOLA.

QUID facis, arctoi charissime transfuga cœli,
Ingele, proh serò cognite, rapte citò?
Num satis hybernum defendis pellibus astrum,
Qui modo tam mollis, nec bene firmus, eras?
Quæ gentes hominum, quæ sit natura locorum,
Sint homines, potius dic ibi sintne loca?
Num gravis horrisono polus obruit omnia lapsu,
Jungitur et præceps mundus utrâque nive?
An melius canis horrescit campus aristis,
Annuus agricolis et redit orbe labor?
Incolit, ut fertur, sævam gens mitior oram,
Pace vigil, bello strenua, justa foro.
Quin ibi sunt urbes, atque alta palatia regum,
Musarumque domus, et sua templa Deo.
Nam regit imperio populum Christina ferocem,
Et dare jura potest regia virgo viris.

Utque trahit rigidum Magnes aquilone metallum,
Gaudet eam soboles ferrea sponte sequi.
Dic quantum liceat fallaci credere famæ,
Invida num taceat plura, sonetve loquax.
At, si vera fides, mundi melioris ab ortu,
Sæcula Christinæ nulla tulere parem;
Ipsa licet redeat (nostri decus orbis) Eliza,
Qualis nostra tamen quantaque Eliza fuit.
Vidimus effigiem, mistasque coloribus umbras:
Sic quoque Sceptripotens, sic quoque visa Dea.
Augustam decorant (rarò concordia!) frontem
Majestas et Amor, Forma, Pudorque simul.
Ingens virgineo spirat Gustavus in ore:
Agnoscas animos, fulmineumque patrem.
Nulla suo nituit tam lucida stella sub axe:
Non ea quæ meruit crimine Nympha polum.
Ah! quoties pavidum demisit conscia lumen,
Utque suæ timuit Parrhasius ora Deæ?
Et, simulet falsâ ni pictor imagine vultus,
Delia tam similis nec fuit ipsa sibi.
Ni quod inornati Triviæ sint forte capilli,
Huic sed sollicitâ distribuantur acu.
Scilicet ut nemo est illâ reverentior æqui;
Haud ipsas igitur fert sine lege comas.
Gloria sylvarum pariter communis utrique
Est, et perpetuæ virginitatis honos.
Sic quoque Nympharum supereminet agmina collo,
Fertque choros Cynthia per juga, perque nives.
Haud alitur pariles ciliorum contrahit arcus,
Acribus ast oculis tela subesse putes.

Luminibus dubites an straverit illa sagittis,
Quæ fovet exuviis ardua colla, feram.
Alcides, humeros coopertus pelle Nemæa,
Haud ita labentis sustulit orbis onus.
Heu quæ cervices subnectunt pectora tales,
Frigidiora gelu, candidiora nive?
Cætera non licuit, sed vix ea tota, videri;
Nam clausi rigido stant adamante sinus.
Seu chlamys artifici nimium succurrerit auso,
Sicque imperfectum fugerit impar opus;
Sive tribus spernat victrix certare Deabus,
Et pretium formæ, nec spoiliata, ferat.
Junonis properans, et clara trophæa, Minervæ,
Mollia nam Veneris præmia nôsse piget.
Hinc neque consuluit fugitivæ prodiga formæ,
Nec timuit feris invigilâsse labris.
Insomnem quoties Nymphæ monuere sequaces,
Decedit roseis heu color ille genis.
Jamque vigil leni cessit Philomela sopori,
Omnibus et sylvis conticuere feræ:
Acrior illa tamen pergit, curasque fatigat;
Tanti est doctorum volvere scripta virûm;
Et liciti quæ sint moderamina discere regni,
Quid fuerit, quid sit, noscere, quicquid erit.
Sic quod in ingenuas Gothus peccaverit artes
Vindicat, et studiis expiat una suis.
Exemplum dociles imitantur nobile gentes,
Et geminis infans imbuit ora sonis.
Transpositos Suecis credas migrâsse Latinos,
Carmine Romuleo sic strepit omne nemus.

Upsala nec priscis impar memoratur Athenis,
Ægidaque et currus hìc sua Pallas habet.
Illinc O quales liceat sperâsse liquores,
Quum Dea præsideat fontibus ipsa sacris !
Illic lacte fluant, illic et flumina melle,
Fulvaque inauratam tingat arena* Salam.
Upsalides Musæ nunc et majora canemus,
Quæque mihi famæ non levis aura tulit.
Creditur haud ulli Christus signâsse suorum
Occultam gemmâ de meliore notam.
Quemque tenet charo descriptum nomine semper,
Non minus exculptum pectore fido refert.
Sola hæc virgineas depascit flamma medullas,
Et licito pergit solvere corda foco.
Tu quoque Sanctorum fastos, Christina, sacrabis,
Unica nec virgo Volsiniensis erit.
Discite nunc Reges (majestas proxima cœlo)
Discite, proh, magnos hinc coluisse Deos,
Ah ! pudeat tantos puerilia fingere cœpta,
Nugas nescio quas, et malè quærere opes ;.
Acer equo cunctos dum præterit ille Britanno,
Et pecoris spolium nescit inerme sequi ;
Ast aquilam poscit Germano pellere nido,
Deque Palatino monte fugare lupam ;
Vos etiam latos in prædam jungite campos,
Impiaque arctatis cingite lustra plagis :
Victor Oliverus nudum caput exerit armis,
Ducere sive sequi nobile lætus iter ;

* Issel, vulgo dicta.

Qualis jam senior Solymæ Godfredus ad arces,
Spinaque cui canis floruit alba comis.
Et Lappos Christina potest et solvere Finnos,
Ultima quos Boreæ carcere claustra premunt;
Æoliis quales venti fremuere sub antris,
Et tentant montis corripuisse moras.
Hanc Dea si summâ demiserit arce procellam,
Quam gravis Austriacis Hesperiisque cadat?
Omnia sed rediens olim narraveris ipse;
Nec reditus spero tempora longa petit.
Non ibi lenta pigro stringuntur frigore verba,
Solibus et tandem vere liquanda novo;
Sed radiis hyemem Regina potentior urit;
Hæcque magis solvit, quam ligat illa polum.
Dicitur et nostros mœrens audisse labores,
Fortis et ingenuam gentis amâsse fidem.
Oblatæ Batavâ nec paci commodat aurem;
Nec versat Danaos insidiosa dolos.
Sed pia festinat mutatis fœdera rebus,
Et libertatem, quæ dominatur, amat.
Digna cui Salomon meritos retulisset honores,
Et Saba concretum thure cremâsset iter.
Hanc tua, sed melius, celebraverit, Ingele, Musa;
Et labor est vestræ debitus ille lyræ.
Nos sine te frustra Thamesis saliceta subimus,
Sparsaque per steriles turba vagamur agros.
Et male tentanti querulam respondet avena:
Quin et Rogerio dissiluere fides.
Hæc tamen absenti memores dictamus amico,
Grataque speramus qualiacumque fore.

IN EFFIGIEM OLIVERI CROMWELL.

Hæc est quæ toties inimicos umbrâ fugavit,
At sub quâ cives otia lenta terunt.

IN EANDEM REGINÆ SUECIÆ TRANSMISSAM.

Bellipotens virgo, septem Regina Trionum,
Christina, arctoi lucida stella poli;
Cernis quas merui durâ sub casside rugas;
Sicque senex armis impiger ora fero;
Invia fatorum dum pur vestigia nitor,
Exsequor et populi fortia jussa manu,
At tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra,
Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.

AD REGEM CAROLUM, DE SOBOLE, 1637.

I.

JAM satis pestis, satis atque diri
Fulminis misit Pater, et rubenti
Dexterâ nostras jaculatus arces
Terruit urbem.

II.

Terruit cives, grave ne rediret
Pristinum seclum nova monstra questum,
Omne cum pestis pecus egit altos
Visere montes.

III.

Cum scholæ latis genus hæsit agris,
Nota quæ sedes fuerat bubulcis;
Cum, togâ abjectâ, pavidus reliquit
Oppida doctus.

IV.

Vidimus Chamum fluvium, retortis
Littore à dextro violenter undis,
Ire plorantem monumenta pestis,
Templaque clausa.

V.

Granta dum semet nimium querenti
Miscet uxori, vagus et sinistrâ
Labitur ripa, Jove comprobante,
Tristior amnis.

VI.

Audiit cœlos acuisse ferrum,
Quo graves Turcæ melius perirent;
Audiit mortes, vitio parentum,
Rara juventus.

VII.

Quem vocet Divûm populus ruentis
Imperî rebus? Prece quâ fatigent
Doctior cœtus minus audientes
Carmina cœlos?

VIII.

Cui dabit partes luis expiandæ
Jupiter? Tandem venias, precamur,
Nube candentes humeros amictus,
Auxiliator.

IX.

Sive tu mavis, Erycina nostra,
Quam Jocus circumvolat et Cupido,
Tuque neglectum genus et nepotes
Auxeris ipsa;

X.

Sola tam longam removere pestem,
Quam juvat luctus, faciesque tristis,
Proles, optatâ reparare, mole,
Sola potesque.

XI.

Sive felici Carolum figurâ
Parvulus princeps imitetur, almæ
Sive Mariæ decoret puellam
Dulcis imago.

XII.

Serus in cœlum redeas, diuque
Lætus intersis populo Britanno;
Neve te, nostris vitiis iniquum,
Ocior aura

XIII.

Tollat. Hìc magnos potius triumphos,
Hìc ames dici pater atque princeps,
Et novâ mortes reparare prole,
Te patre, Cæsar.

CUIDAM, QUI, LEGENDO SCRIPTURAM,

DESCRIPSIT FORMAM, SAPIENTIAM SORTEMQUE AUTHORIS.

ILLUTRISSIMO VIRO

DOMINO LANCELOTO JOSEPHO DE MANIBAN,

GRAMMATOMANTI.

Quis posthac chartæ committat sensa loquaci,
Si sua crediderit fata subesse stylo?
Conscia si prodat scribentis litera sortem,
Quicquid et in vitâ plus latuisse velit?
Flexibus in calami tamen omnia sponte leguntur:
Quod non significant verba, figura notat.
Bellerophonteas signat sibi quisque tabellas;
Ignaramque manum spiritus intus agit.
Nil præter solitum sapiebat epistola nostra,
Exemplumque meæ simplicitatis erat:
Fabula jucundos qualis delectat amicos;
Urbe, lepore, novis, carmine, tota scatens.

Hic tamen interpres, quo non securior alter.
(Non res, non voces, non ego notus ei.)
Rimatur fibras notularum cautus aruspex,
Scripturæque inhians consulit exta meæ.
Inde statim vitæ casus, animique recessus,
Explicat (haud Genio plura liquere putem.)
Distribuit totum nostris eventibus orbem,
Et quo me rapiat cardine sphæra docet.
Quæ Sol oppositus, quæ Mars adversa minetur,
Jupiter aut ubi me, Luna, Venusve, juvet.
Ut trucis intentet mihi vulnera Cauda Draconis;
Vipereo levet ut vulnere more caput.
Hinc mihi præteriti rationes atque futuri
Elicit; Astrologus certior Astronomo.
Ut conjecturas nequeam discernere vero,
Historiæ superet sed genitura fidem.
Usque adeo cœli respondet pagina nostra,
Astrorum et nexus syllaba scripta refert.
Scilicet et toto subsunt oracula mundo,
Dummodo tot foliis una Sibylla foret.
Partum, fortunæ mater natura, propinquum
Mille modis monstrat, mille per indicia;
Ingentemque uterum quâ mole puerpera solvat;
Vivit at in præsens maxima pars hominum.
Ast tu, sorte tuâ, gaude, celeberrime vatum:
Scribe, sed haud superest qui tua fata legat.
Nostra tamen si fas præsagia jungere vestris,
Quo magis inspêxti sydera spernis humum.
Et, nisi stellarum fueris divina propago,
Naupliada credam te Palamede satum;

Qui dedit ex avium scriptoria signa volatu,
Sydereâque idem nobilis arte fuit.
Hinc utriusque tibi cognata scientia crevit,
Nec minus augurium litera, quam, dat, avis.

IN DUOS MONTES, AMOSCLIVIUM ET BILBOREUM.

FARFACIO.

Cernis ut ingenti distinguant limite campum
Montis Amosclivî Bilboreique juga!
Ille stat indomitus turritis undique saxis;
Huic lætum cingit fraxinus alta caput.
Illi petra minax rigidis cervicibus horret;
Huic quatiunt virides lénia colla jubas.
Fulcit Atlanteo rupes ea vertice cœlos;
Collis at hic humeros subjicit Herculeos.
Hic, ceu carceribus, visum sylvâque coercet;
Ille oculos alter dum, quasi meta, trahit.
Ille giganteum surgit ceu Pelion Ossa;
Hic agit, ut Pindi culmine, nympha choros.
Erectus, præceps, salebrosus, et arduus, ille;
Acclivis, placidus, mollis, amœnus, hic est.
Ac similis domino coiit Natura sub uno;
Farfaciâque tremunt sub ditione pares.
Dumque triumphanti terros perlabitur axe,
Præteriens æquâ stringit utrumque rota.

Asper in adversos, facilis cedentibus idem ;
Ut credas montes extimulâsse suos.
Hi sunt Alcidæ Borealis nempe columnæ,
Quas medio scindit vallis opaca fretò.
An potius, longe sic prona cacumina nutant,
Parnassus capiant esse, Maria, tuus !

JOANNIS TROTTII EPITAPHIUM.

CHARISSIMO FILIO, ETC. PATER ET MATER, ETC. FUNEBREM TABULAM CURAVIMUS.

AGE, marmor, et pro solitâ tuâ humanitate,
(Ne, inter parentum dolorem et modestiam,
Supprimantur præclari juvenis meritæ laudes.)
Effare Johannis Trottii breve elogium.
Erat ille totus candidus, politus, solidus,
Ultra vel Parii marmoris metaphoram,
Et gemmâ sculpi dignus, non lapide.
E Scholâ Wintoniensi ad Academiam Oxonii,
Inde ad Interioris Templi Hospitium, gradum fecerat.
Summæ spei, summæ indolis, ubique vestigia reliquit.
Supra sexum venustus,
Supra ætatem doctus,
Ingeniosus supra fidem.
Et jam vicesimum tertium annum inierat,
Pulcherrimo undequaque vitæ prospectu,
Quem mors immatura obstruxit.

Ferales pustulæ corpus, tam affabrè factum,
Ludibrio habuere, et vivo incrustârunt sepulchro,
Anima evasit libera, æterna, fœlix,
Et morti insultans,
Mortalem sortem cum fœnore accipiet.
Nos interim, meri vespillones,
Parentes filio, extra ordinem, parentantes,
Subtus in gentilitiâ cryptâ reliquias composuimus,
Ipsi eandem ad Dei nutum subituri.
Natus est, &c.
Mortuus, &c.
Reviviscet primo Resurrectionis.

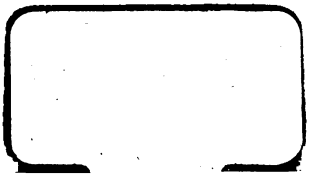
EDMUNDI TROTTII EPITAPHIUM.

CHARISSIMO FILIO, EDMUNDO TROTTIO, POSUIMUS PATER ET MATER, FRUSTRA SUPERSTITES.

LEGITE, parentes, vanissime hominum ordo,
Figuli filiorum, substructores hominum,
Fartores opum, longi speratores,
Et nostro, si fas, sapite infortunio.
Fuit Edmundus Trottius,
E quatuor masculæ stirpis residuus,
Staturâ justâ, formâ virili, specie eximiâ,
Medio juventutis robore simul et flore,
Aspectu, incessu, sermone, juxtà amabilis;
Et, si quid ultra cineri pretium addit,
Honestâ disciplinâ domi imbutus;
Peregre profectus
Generosis artibus animum,
Et exercitiis corpus, firmaverat.
Circæam insulam, scopulos Sirenum,
Præternavigavit;
Et in hoc naufragio morum et sæculi
Solus perdiderat nihil, auxit plurimum;

Hinc erga Deum pietate,
Erga nos amore et obsequio,
Comitate erga omnes, et intra se modestia
Insignis; et quantævis fortunæ capax.
Deliciæ æqualium, senum plausus,
Oculi parentum, nunc, ah! lachrymæ;
In eo tandem peccavit quòd mortalis.
Et fatali pustularum morbo aspersus,
Factus est
(Ut veræ laudis invidiam ficto convitio levemus)
Proditor amicorum, parricida parentum,
Familiæ spongia:
Et, naturæ invertens ordinem,
Nostri suique contemptor,
Mundi desertor, defecit ad Deum,
Undecimo Augusti; Æræ Christi 1667.

ΠΡΟΣ ΚΑΡΡΟΛΟΝ ΤΟΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΑ.

Ὦ δισαριστοτόκος, πέντ' ὦ δύσποτμος ἀριθμός!
Ὦ πέντε στυγερὸν, πέντ' Ἀΐδαο πύλαι!
Ἀγγλῶν ὦ μέγ' ὄνειδος, ὦ οὐρανίοισιν ἀπεχθές!
Ἀλλ' ἀπελύμαινες Κάρολε τοῦτον ἄνα.
Πέμπτον τέκνο ἔδωκε μογοστόκος Εἰλείθυια,
Πέντε δὲ πένταθλον τέκνα καλοῦσι τεύν,
Εἰ δὲ θέλεις βίβλοις ταῖς ὀψιγόνοισι τίεσθαι,
Πεντήτευχον ἔχεις παιδία διογενῆ.
Ἢ ὅτι θεσπεσίης φιλέεις Νήστωρας ἀοιδῆς,
Ἁρμονίην ποιεῖς τὴν διὰ πέντε Πάτερ.

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